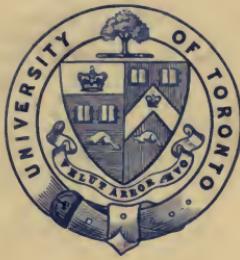


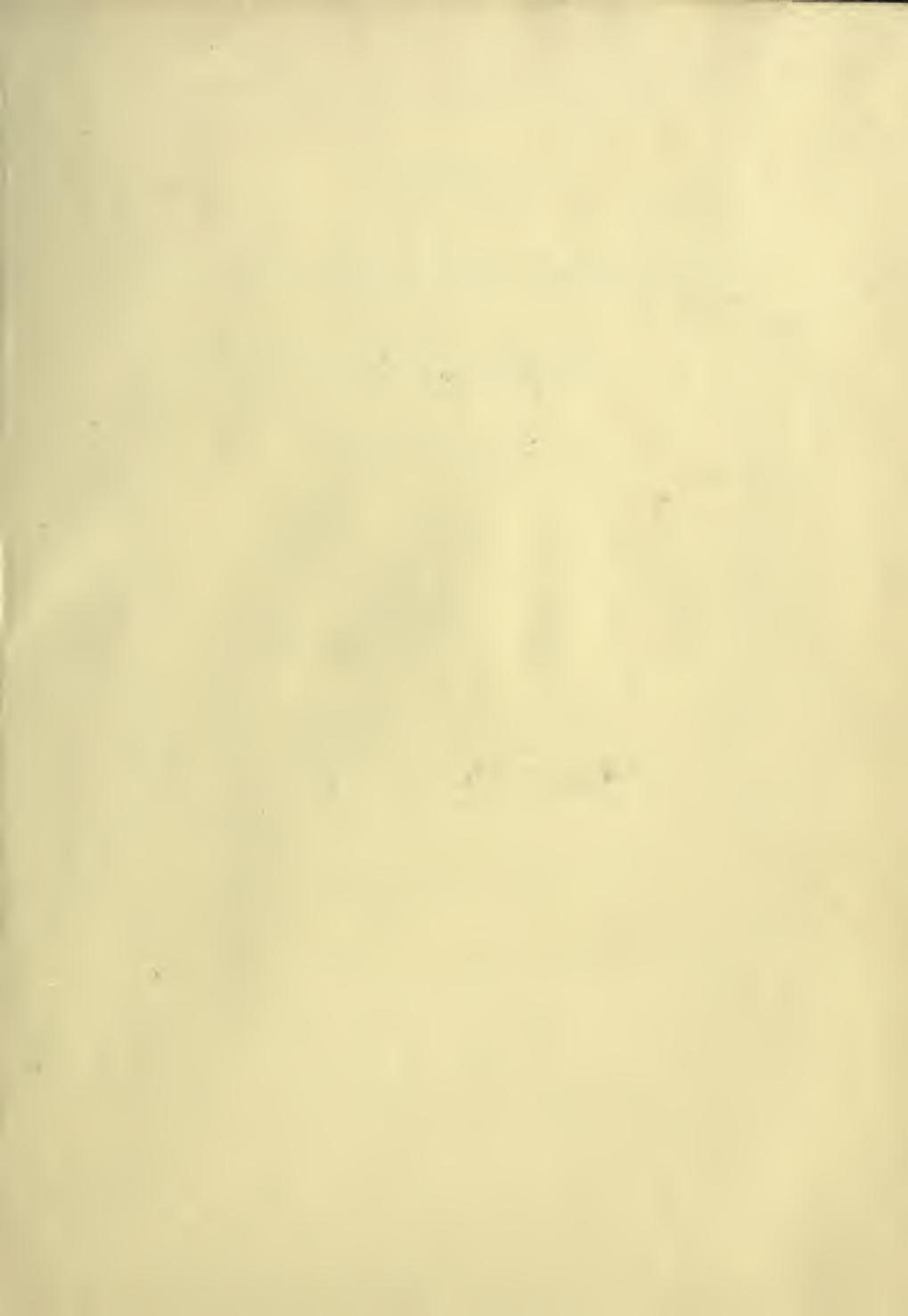
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Ancient
SPANISH BALLADS;

Historical and Romantic.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES,

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON THE ORIGIN, ANTIQUITY, CHARACTER, AND INFLUENCE OF THE

Ancient Ballads of Spain:

AND AN ANALYTICAL ACCOUNT, WITH SPECIMENS, OF THE

Romance of the Cid.

52660
2/1/02

NEW-YORK:

WILEY AND PUTNAM; 161, BROADWAY.

M D C C C X L I I .

PRINTED BY WILLIAM OSBORN,
88 WILLIAM-STREET.

PQ
6267
E4B26
1842

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

IN reproducing the English version of the **ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS**, it may be proper to observe that the late London edition has been strictly followed, no departure whatever being made from Mr. Lockhart's text. To add to the interest of the volume, the spirited article from the Edinburgh Review is given, by way of Preliminary Essay; an analytical account of the **ROMANCE OF THE CID**, with specimen passages, has been subjoined; and at the end has been placed a Bibliographical List, prepared for the present edition, of the books containing the original Ballads, and of writings pertaining to the whole subject.

New-York, December, 1841.

the first time in the history of the country, the
whole nation was called upon to contribute to the
construction of a bridge, & the whole population
responded to the call. The money raised will speak
eloquently for itself. The amount of money given
will be equal to the amount of labor given. The
whole nation has been called upon to contribute
money, & it has responded nobly. It has
done its duty, & now let us do ours.

John C. Calhoun

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PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

PRELIMINARY ESSAY

ON THE ORIGIN, ANTIQUITY, CHARACTER, AND INFLUENCE OF THE ANCIENT BALLADS OF SPAIN.

Edinburgh Review, No. 146.

THE sister arts of poetry and design, never so graceful as when united, have here combined to enhance the previous attraction of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish Ballads. A more appropriately as well as beautifully embellished volume never was offered to the world. These charming records of an age of chivalry and romance, are now brought out, like the restoration of some historical drama of Shakspere, with all the increased effect which results from a well-directed observance of scenery and costume : the text throughout is accompanied with heraldic and ornamental embellishments, with views of localities and representations of subjects, which present an admirable commentary on the stirring stanzas. The names of the artists and amateurs by whom these fine illustrations are furnished, offer in themselves a guarantee that truth and propriety have in nowise been sacrificed to meretricious effect, or typographical speculation, which is too much the order of the day.* The accessories of decoration require to be kept in strict subservience to their principal, or, like melody, they will become the tyrants, not the handmaids of literature. The trash of our *opera librettos*, and the glittering nonsense of our *annuals*, exhibit sad examples of this tendency. The union of the pencil and graver with the pen, is perfectly legitimate, provided each retains its proper place and rank. A doubled impression is thereby created on the reader's mind, when the abstract is invested with form and substance by the reality of a drawing, into which, a portrait mute of itself, a breath of life and meaning is inspired by immortal verse. A new power of memory is thus called into action ; we see with the understanding, and read as if we were actually transported to the sites, and acquainted with the heroes of Castile. Picture

* These remarks refer to the English illustrated edition.

and Poem act reciprocally on each other. The mind seldom forgets what has been presented in a striking form to the faithful eye. Again, the increased demand for these illustrated works—these vehicles of purely intellectual gratification, evinces and sustains an improved tone of public taste. Happy the people which has a love for its national ballads—inexhaustible springs of delight, which refresh the dry path of daily drudgery, cheap and innocent as the joys of childhood. They make a stand against, and correct the encroachments of heartless, selfish, artificial manners—they elevate man above the earthy tendency of over-civilization, of cold calculating materialism, by chanting of things rare and stately, yet in that simple style which touches every heart in every age, because the language and sentiments are in sympathy with all the common and natural affections of man.

The ballads of Spain, albeit sometimes treating on subjects which hover on the confines of fiction, present on the whole most accurate portraits of life and manners during the most interesting periods of her history. The main-spring of national energy, which had been kept in motion by a war of eight centuries against the infidel invader, ceased to vibrate, when the great end was accomplished by the subjection and final expulsion of the Moor. A reaction ensued—a moral and physical stagnation came over the listless conquerors, when the breeze died away, which by ruffling had kept the waters sweet; civil and religious despotism saw and seized the moment, so advantageous to itself; and whilst the people of Spain were giving loose to the disarmed intoxication of success, the giant was shorn of his strength, and awoke from the lascivious dream emasculated and enslaved. Castile, like her tree-stript plains, from the lack of the nutriment of wholesome institutions, withered away. A curse was on her womb; she became incapable of giving birth to men who should do deeds worthy to be had in remembrance, as well as to poets whose works posterity would not willingly let die. This melancholy retrogression of a noble nation increases the interest of these relics of her better times, which have drifted down like the spars of a storm-wrecked battle-ship. In this contrast between former pride of place and present nothingness, our sympathy is still more awakened when the change is borne with uncomplaining dignity. Spain, like a Porus, dethroned yet conscious of innate royalty, from which nought can derogate, looks down with self-respect on the changes and chances of fickle fortune. Although now the mock of Europe, which once grew pale at her name, she is still the chosen land of romance, where the present is forgotten in the past; where, although her harp be unstrung and her sword pointless, the tale of '*auld langsyne*' still echoes amid her lonely sierras; where, though her laurel-wreath be sere, the

many flowers which still enamel her uninhabited wastes attest that once a garden smiled.

Spain has always been to our countrymen not merely the fancied fairy ground of—

Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gl' amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci empresa :

being the nearest point of crusade against the Saracens, it was the real land of adventures,—antres vast, battles, sieges, fortunes. Thus, Thomas of Ercildoun recounts that his true knight, Sir Tristrem, ‘had Spayne thro’ seen, where giantes he slew three.’ Few writers of romance, from the *Odyssey* downward, have ventured to lay the scene of their ultra-marvellous events at home, where all would perceive the want of truth and probability. They selected distant lands of which the reader knew nothing, and might believe any thing. Now Spain, in the possession of ‘unchristened heathen houndes,’ was the very spot for moving incident; while the heroic deeds of our Derbys, Salisburies, and Chaucerian knights who fought at ‘Algecir,’ gave to the site a general air of truth and interest which the victories of the Black Prince and Wellington have never allowed to die away. Even in these illusion-dispelling days, much of the charm of Spanish travel still consists in the ideal and abstract, in the pleasures of memory, which the stranger brings with him. This alchemy of the mind, which separates the ore from the dross—this bee-like power which extracts honey from the weed—neutralizes the discomforts that beset, on every side, the wayfaring man. This vivifying principle, which renders Spain agreeable in proportion as the traveller is imaginative, scarcely exists in the idiosyncrasy of the native, who inspires, *vice cotis*, those feelings in others, of which he has ceased to be susceptible himself. It is only by observing the value attached by foreigners, that they have directed some attention to their long-neglected ballads,* which tell, and exactly as we should most wish it to be told, all that constitutes the soul of local interest,—that *religio loci*, not indeed honored in its own country, but which attracts the stranger from Thule and Tanais, from the Ganges and Niagara. Those whose good fortune may lead them from the beaten track of European travel into the racy byways of original Spain, must come provided beforehand with

* Don Agustín Duran, who began in 1828 to republish the Spanish ballads, states in his Preface, that he was induced to do so, because the English bought up the originals, *a peso d'oro*. He, like his compeers, seldom does more than translate the criticisms of foreigners, and of the Germans especially.

the talisman of knowledge, which can summon up the departed spirits : no information is to be gained on the spot. Eager inquiries are chilled by the universal indifference and ignorance ; the *no se sabe* of the Go tho-Iberian.* Contemptuous when not apathetic, he stands, like the wild Arab amid the palaces of Palmyra, an almost necessary foreground to the deserted Alhambra ; yet there is a picturesqueness and repose in his self-contented bearing, which better harmonizes with the desolation, than the chattering pretension of an Italian cicerone.

Bishop Percy was the first to call our own countrymen to the rich mine of their ancient popular poetry. ‘The taste with which the materials were ‘chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at ‘once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading, which the collection ‘indicated, render it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel, a work which ‘must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit.’ Such was the opinion of Walter Scott, who, like his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, by following Percy’s example, has done good service to literature. Many Torsos, precious as the Sappho fragments of antiquity, have been dug up from the ruins of time, and restored with the feeling touch of a master hand. Poets, historians, critics, and antiquarians, have united in friendly league ; and a revival of a taste for simple and genuine poetry has been created in the public mind. Percy, Ritson, and Ellis, led the way to Büsing, Von der Hagen, and other Germans, who, having exhausted their own ballads, took up those of Spain with their characteristic diligence. Bouterwek did much in his history of Spanish literature ; he was succeeded by Grimm and Depping, who published collections in the original idiom, to which the latter contributed an able dissertation and critique. Mr. Lockhart has avowedly adopted the structure of verse approved of by Grimm, and the classification of subjects devised by Depping. He has improved on both, by rendering the best of their selections into English verse, with such remarkable spirit, fidelity, and energy, that Mr. Hallam, a critic not prodigal of praise, hesitates not to say, ‘that ‘the originals themselves are known to our public, but generally with incon-‘ceivable advantage, by these very fine and animated translations.’ Mr. Lockhart’s success rendered the subject fashionable : we have, however, no space to bestow on the minor fry who dabbled in these Castilian (and cer-

* Το πλειον δια την ολιγωριαν—και το μη προς διαγωγην, (Strabo iii. 248. Ed. Amel.) compare Navagiero “Il Viaggio in Spagna,” (1563, p. 25 et ss.) the rapid deterioration of Granada under Spanish neglect and αριθοκατια.

tainly not in their case Castalian) fountains. Those who remember their number, may possibly deprecate our re-opening the floodgates of the happily subsided inundation. There is, however, a cycle in literature ; human notions and opinions come round at stated intervals, like the tunes of a barrel organ, and the better they are, the more likely are they to do so—*multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere*. The republication of this most beautiful volume seems not inaptly to suggest a recapitulation of the best opinions on the origin, antiquity, character, and influence of the ancient ballads of Spain.

They exceed in number and in importance those of all Europe besides, united ; they form the best heroic, as well as lyric, poetry of Spain ; and certainly, to the stranger, one of the most interesting branches of her limited literature. They are not merely ballads, but historical and national poems : they record events and popular notions ; they give details, which the learned despised or omitted, of the every-day life and habits ; of a state of things of which we know little, and which has now passed away for ever ; they supply that gap which at present is the most eagerly sought for. To them the imbruting Inquisition was more merciful than our ruthless Edward to the lays of the Cambrian minstrels. It encouraged compositions which, like chivalrous romances in prose, had a tendency to seduce thought into the impracticable regions of ‘La magnanima Mensogna,’—the *Θειος ορειρος* of Homer, in which persons and things are above the ordinary level of life. It well knew that the habit of building fairy fabrics in unsubstantial air, would unfit the mind for the severer and dangerous questions of philosophical and constitutional inquiry, which, uncongenial in themselves to southern nations, would become doubly so to those who, by rioting on the lotus banquet of Alcina, forgot country and liberty itself. In these romances the fettered genius of the land found a vent ; and there is ever a melancholy note, which gives an undertone to the melody,—a tear with every smile, saddening mirth and gladdening sorrow. Hence they were written and read much longer in Spain than in other countries of Europe. Their authors, partially exempt from the pains and penalties of censorship, resembled in safety, if not in gayety, the Cicadæ, whom Demetrius, seated under a shady plane in Cicero’s villa, thought so happy, taught by the muses a song, which never subjected them to accusation or calumny.*

* (Philostr. vii. 11.) The Cicadæ, according to Socrates, (Plato, Phœd. x. 340,) were once mortal men, who, on the birth of the muses, became so enraptured with poesy that they forgot to eat and drink, and were metamorphosed into these chirping denizens of summer. Well did the Spanish Inquisition understand and carry out this myth.

Not only in the multiplicity of her ballads, but in their antiquity, does Spain surpass all other nations. Whatever, in their modern form, may be owing to Teutonic, Christian, and Arabian influences operating on the corrupted classics, their style of metrical composition had been derived long antecedently from the East. There the sun of every thing arose. Thence the stream of population, knowledge, and religion, flowed westwards in two great branches, the northern and the southern. However the angle of separation widened in proportion as each diverging radius was pushed forward from the starting point; the generic oriental type has been clearly traced by philologists, who, by analyzing languages, have tracked the progress of thought and social institutions, of which language is the certain evidence and exponent. A common type runs northward through the Brahminical poems of the Hindoos; the sacred measures taught by Zoroaster to the Persians, (Plin. N. H. xxx. 1;) the odin saga of the Scandinavian scalds; the versified annals of the Germans, (Tacit. de Ger. 3;) the isoterical hymns of the Druids, too sacred to be committed to writing, (Cæsar, Bell. Gall. vi. 13.) And again, southwards, through the hierarchical literature of the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Phœnicians, to the primitive metrical poems of the aboriginal Iberians. These, it is historically certain, existed before Greece emerged from barbarism, or Rome was founded. When Lope de Vega observed that there were Iliads in Spain without a Homer, he might also have added that they existed before 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle' was born. The ancients paid great attention to Spain, which, being their Peru, was a subject of interest to their avarice. Among other things, Strabo tells us that the Turdetani (the Andalusians) possessed early memorials in writing, and preserved metrical poems and laws of six thousand years old, (iii. 204.) The cautious geographer qualifies, with a saving $\omega\varsigma\varphi\alpha\sigma\iota$, this date, which would carry the Turdetanian Homers many centuries beyond the creation. Since Pliny, speaking of the antiquity of the similar poems of Zoroaster, uses the same date, 'sex millibus annorum,' these definite terms simply refer to an indefinite remoteness; just as Spaniards say, 'diez mil reales' for any considerable sum of money. Probably the text is corrupt; and, although Strabo did not write in Arabic numbers, an additional cipher converts 600 into 6000. We would suggest the reading $\xi\alpha\chiο\sigmaων\ ετων$ for $\xi\alpha\chiισχιλων$.

One thing is quite clear, that these Spanish ballads were extremely ancient. That the Andalusians of old should wish to make them out older, is quite in keeping with the pedigree pretensions of their unchanged descendants. St. Isidore and the Goths referred the invention of these 'cantilenes'—these canciones—to Moses; while a Spaniard, writing in 1612, positively

contends that Tubal, son of Japhet, and grandson to Noah, arrived in Spain 140 years after the Deluge, and 2163 years before the birth of Christ, and gave the natives ‘a code of laws in couplets.’* From this historian’s not having quoted chapter and verse, we cannot determine (perhaps the Law Magazine may) whether this Deuteronomy repealed or re-enacted all or any of the Antediluvian Andalusian statutes at large. Those mentioned by Strabo, which are the only set worthy of our present consideration, were doubtless imported by the Phœnicians, who traded with Tarshish, and founded Cadiz 350 years before Rome.† These exporters of letters were the only people with whom the Jews never quarrelled, because the granaries of Tyre were supplied from the corn-fields of Judea. Speaking a cognate language, they must have known the metrical portions of the Old Testament, and the other works of men who, in the words of Solomon, (the partner of their king Hiram,) ‘were famous of old, such as found out musical tunes, and recited ‘verses in writing,’ (Eccles. xliv. 5.)—‘Pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,’ the natural authors of a primitive age. In nascent societies of mankind, as in the youth of individuals, the imagination precedes the judgment. Men are born poets, and lisp in verse : they harden into prose—into the exact sciences—as they get older, when the head gains on the heart. The name of the inventor of poetry and of the plough, which is poetical, is unknown. Not so that of the culprit who devised prose, Pherecydes the Syrian, (Plin. N. H. vii. 56,) nor of the inventor of the steam-engine and spinning-jenny ; excellent machines, which make every thing but verses. In the early stages of society, the feelings, those inlets of ideas, are in full play : violently excited, they fall into a sort of language, energetic as themselves ; thoughts are dramatized by action ; by imitation, expression, which is the essence of poetry. Again, mere verse has a charm on the ear ; and, being best suited for memory, becomes the natural frame of oral records, whether of law, history, or religion. Hence the power of knowledge was first wielded by those who ‘declared prophecies,’ idem rex atque sacerdos, whether a Melchisedec, a Sychæus, or a David. These wise men of old added to their severer influence the charm of pleasing ; they invented popular tales‡ which still, among the Orientals, supply the want of intellectual refinement. To them (as to those of Pilpay)

* Diò les leyes en coplas. Salazar de Mendoza. Origen de las dignidades de España, p. 2.

† Heeren, Hist. Researches, ii. 49.

‡ Compare the Arreytos or ancient ballads of the aboriginal West Indians when discovered by Columbus, (W. Irving, ii. 124.)

many of our best-known stories may be traced, for the world gets on with a small supply of originality ; and it is far easier to borrow, adapt, and exaggerate, than to invent. The most improbable romances were, are, and will be, listened to with rapture by those whose inexperience is not startled by deviations from truth and nature : thus, a painted doll affords a wilder delight to the child than the masterpieces of Michael Angelo. Men are but children of a larger growth, and, according to the old complaint of Jeremiah, like to be deceived even with false prophecies. In truth, the constitution of the human mind requires a something marvellous and savoring of a better world. This yearning, if it be not gratified by legitimate practitioners, will be drugged by empirics, who thrive on the craving for supernatural stimulant. This intellectual intoxication has been regularly supplied to the Spaniards ever since poetry, which one of the old fathers calls ‘ Devil’s wine,’ was introduced into Tarshish, as we collect from Don Salazar, by the grandson of the first planter of the real grape.

Ballads withstood the Roman occupation. The Turdetani, it is true, adopted the tongue and *toga* of their masters, (Strabo iii. 254,) as the Andalusians did the language and coats of the French, ‘ idque apud imperitos humanitas voca- ‘ batur cum pars servitutis esset.’ Although they were ashamed of their native muse, the rude Gallician continued to ‘ howl his national ballad after the ‘ manner of his fathers,’ (Silius Ital. iii. 346;) while the fastidious Quintilians of Rome ‘ balladed out of tune,’ shunned these Iberian strains, as our Laureat did the cacophonous Russian, ‘ which no man can read, no man can ‘ spell ;’ they talked of their intonation, as Erasmus did of the English, ‘ lat- ‘ rare verius quām loqui videntur.’ Strabo and Pliny would not even transcribe these barbarous unmusical appellations.* Martial, nevertheless, was Spaniard enough to advise Licinius, a native Romancero, to stick to them, although thought by ‘ delicate readers’ to be ‘ rustica,’ (iv. 55,) the precise term used afterwards by the erudite to designate the romance dialect. Those Italians, however, who sought for the beautiful every where, were struck with the oriental grandiloquence, the ‘ pingue quiddam atque peregrinum,’ which Seneca, (de Suas. i. 6,) quoting Cicero, thought characteristic of Ena, one of the sons of ‘ Facunda’ Cordoba, the birth-place of Lucan and others, who sustained the declining literature of Rome itself ; and from whose works, although written in Latin, a strange tongue to them, we must look for the real and still unchanged diagnostics of the Iberian muse : a fragment has indeed escaped in the native idiom of the most ancient Spanish relique in exist-

* Pliny, N. H. iii. 3. Strabo, iii. 234. *το αηδες της γραφης, &c.*

ence. Humboldt, when in the Basque provinces collecting materials for his work on the aboriginal inhabitants,* met with sixteen stanzas, which had been discovered by Ibarguen, in MSS. at Simancas. It is a mountaineer ballad of the time of Augustus, and scarcely less musical than those Burw and Bhubs, Welsh *rhymes*, according to Mr. Conybeare, and most sweet to his ears, and to those of Cadwallader and his goats. It is a lament over Lelo, a Biscayan chief, murdered on his return from the wars, by his wife, who had formed a connexion with Zara. It consists, like the modern Seguidilla, of couplets of four verses; the three first are pentasyllabic, the fourth is shorter, and serves as the 'estrevillo,' the burden or binding chorus. It contains traces of both rhyme and assonant; it is still intelligible to the Basque. Humboldt found old people who remembered a song 'Leluan Lelo,' which, like the 'Hie down derry down,' the modern version of the 'Hai doun is *derry* dauno,' 'Come, let us hasten to the *oaken* grove.' The *Druidical* ($\delta\varphi\nu\varsigma$) invocation is another proof how vestiges of ancient manners are every now and then to be found lurking beneath conventional expressions the most frivolous, and apparently the most unmeaning;† but the customs of the people will outlive the Pyramids. As Mr. Lockhart has not translated this ancient relique, we must refer our readers to Adelung,‡ just remarking that it is almost a type both of a modern Spanish ballad and of actual Basque warfare. The Romans, it appears thereby, were in possession only of the plains, while the Cantabrians held the hills: they were subdued more by stratagem and want of provisions, than by the superior discipline, force, and weapons of Augustus; and even then the Basque highlanders remained unconquered, while 'Rome, like an 'elm bored by the continual woodpecker, was undermined.' The secret of Basque independence is indeed unchanged and unchangeable: those sterile hills, if defended by brave men, who have more to fear from the gold than from the iron of their opponents, cannot be conquered by a small army, while a larger one would be starved.

Thus we see that the native Iberian muse, delighted in her primeval and always popular ballads. Meanwhile, the rise of Christianity, and the subversion of the Roman empire, by the Teutonic irruption, was preparing an entire change in the manners and language; literature, generally at a low ebb, became an appanage of the Christian clergy, who, in the early struggle against paganism, naturally drew a line of demarcation between sacred and

* Prüfung über die urbewohner Hispaniens.—*Berlin*, 1821.

† Dauney—*Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 43.

‡ Mithridates, iv. 354. Vater, Ed. Berlin, 1817.

profane learning. They monopolized letters and made them ecclesiastical. In the fourth century, Juvencus, a Spaniard, translated the New Testament into hexameters : he was the first Christian poet ; he was succeeded by Prudentius of Zaragoça* (or Calahorra,) whose *Peristephanon*, written in continuous octosyllabic metre, looks and reads like the redondilla of a modern '*cancion de devocion*.' These early hymns are considered by Bouterwek to be the connecting link between the ancient song and modern ballad. Saint Jerome, the *doctor maximus* and prose translator of his age, thought these new versions of the Spaniards to be somewhat bold : 'non pertinuit,' says he of Juvencus, (Amos, 5,) 'evangelii majestatem sub metri leges mittere.' The Spaniards, whose character has always been tinctured with the mystic and superstitious, delighted and excelled in these *τέρα μελη*—sacred melodies which their dignified religion upheld : those of Calderon and of the tender elegant Leon (justly called the Christian Horace) deserve the attention of the gifted author of the Christian Year. So early as 1495, a devotional *cancionero* was published at Zaragoça, by Martin Martinez de Ampies. The incongruity of developing sacred subjects in ballads and mysteries, was never felt until after the Reformation, which attacked them with ridicule. The rabbi Don Santo de Carrion, entitled his 'Divina Comedia' 'la doctrina Christiana y danza general.' A ballad then, says our Watts, signified a solemn and sacred song, when Solomon's Cantilena was called the ballad of ballads. Such compositions, aided by the influence which church music possesses over sensitive temperaments,† animated religious feelings ; and conveyed to the people, to whom the Bible was forbidden, some transcript of its grandeur, not altogether stripped of the allurements of this world ; for the Roman Catholicity of Spain never was that pure Christianity which Johnson pronounced to be too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, too majestic for ornament : dramatic, nay, melo-dramatic, it restored the gorgeous show, the mar-

* Juvencus, see Antonio, Bib. Vet. i. 64. Zaragoça, (Cæsar Augusta) was the Gothic Aberdeen, the 'ancient city of bon accord,' where, according to old Forbes, there 'was a perpetual harmonious heavenly concert of as many musicians as magistrates.' Prudentius gives eighteen fiddlers all in a row.

Tu decem santos revehes et octo
Cæsar Augusta, studiosa Christi.

† Thus Andrew Hart, in the hope of uniting religious edification with musical recreation, republished in 1621, 'Ane compendious booke of godly and spiritual sangs collectit out of sundrie parts of Scripture, with sundrie of other *ballates* changed out of profane sangs for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godly ballates not contained in the first edition,' that of 1590.

vellous legends, the 'Speciosa miracula,' the theopathy and polytheism of the Pagans ; it formed in Spain from the beginning, the theme of Christian minstrels. Merobantes, Draconcio, and others, tuned their harps to psalmodies, and composed verses in base Latinity and in worse prosody ; the true pronunciation and artificial rules depending on the relative position and quantity of vowels and consonants, were too fine for their ears, and hybrid idiom. A substitute was provided in alliteration, in leonine verses and rhyme, in the very δυοιορεκεντον which was so avoided by the ancient classics ; the laws of metre afforded a matter of inquiry among the learned Goths, as those of the Greek chorus did to our Persons. San Isidore, in the seventh century, 'he that was so wyse,' defined them with the nicety of the Eton grammar, (Origines, i. 38.) The Gothic public was too enlightened to be amused with those very fine things, which required so much pointing out. *Vox populi, DEI vox.* Accordingly, clerical learning gave way ; Valerius, a bishop of Wamba's, (the Japetus of Spanish *auld langsyne*,) wrote a perfect octosyllabic poem in rhyme. The good prelate indeed called it a 'prosa,' just as Gonzalo de Berceo, in the thirteenth century, did his metrical romance.

'Quiero ser una *prosa* en *Roman* paladino.'

If in these dark ages, (as sometimes will happen even in more enlightened,) things were written in verse which would have done equally well in prose, the Gothic reviewers must have felt relieved by the candor of their authors, *reos et confitentes*.

The Saracenic invasion accelerated these prosodaical changes ; the Arabs, having nothing to do with the Greek and Roman languages or scanning, had long moulded their own and its forms ; Cassini has pointed out the differences and resemblances between the lyric poetry of the Moor and Castilian.* The latter recurred readily to their original Oriental stock. Cordova continued to be the Delphi of the Peninsula ; while the sterner Goths retired to the rugged Asturias, the spaniel-like Andalusians preferred, under the mild toleration of the Moors, their delicious south. These Mos-Arabic Christians, (mixti Arabi,) 'while not one in a thousand knew their Latin,' delighted in 'Chaldean 'pomps, metres, and rhymes,' to the horror of the good Goths of the old school. The sorrows of Alvarus have been preserved by Flores,† how 'the Christian youth, carried aloft by Oriental 'eloquence,' 'Arabico eloquio sub-

* Bib. *Arabica Escurialensis*, i. 83.

† *Flores Espana Sagrada*, xi. 275. *Velasquez Origen de la Poesia Castellana*, p. 13.

'limati,' 'neglected the streams of paradise which flowed from the Church.' St. Eulogius had carried on a ballad correspondence, 'rythmicas versibus,' with Alvarus himself, and thought it sweeter than beans and honey, 'melle 'suavius, fabis jucundius.' Pure prosody and Latinity could stand no longer; from its ruins arose the 'Romance,' the foundation of the modern languages of Europe. The present limited signification is quite secondary, and originated from those peculiar writings, the great feature of modern literature, in which the Romance was first employed. The term still continues in Spanish to be synonymous with the Castilian language, nor is it inapplicable to their braggadocio paper achievements; while elsewhere, 'to romance' has become equivalent to certain deviations from matter of fact. The abuse of a term argues, however, its former extended use. Mr. Ellis has correctly defined it to be, 'all the dialects of the European provinces of the empire, of which the basis was the vulgar Latin, whatever other materials may have entered into the composition.' Mr. G. C. Lewis,* (who has exhausted the subject,) adopting the opinion of Schlegel, completely disproves the theory of Monsieur Raynouard, that the Provençal alone was this 'Romance,' and that it was one and the same language all over Europe: certainly it was every where in some respects the same, being founded in the Latin and Teutonic; but it varied in each country, and often in each province of each country. The common appellation referred to origin, not to identity, which diminished as each nation carried out and improved their particular dialect of it: the Spanish romance arose from the Gothic conquest, and not from the Provençals, by whom Spain was never subdued, and the language of a people is little influenced by foreign literature. Precisely in the manner by which the Latin was formed of the Hellenic, and barbarous Oscan or Italian element, so the 'Romance' was begotten by the Teutonic on the Latin, which perished in giving it birth. The mass of the people were called 'Romans' by their invaders, and the new language 'Roman,' from having a greater affinity to Latin; conquerors and conquered met half way; the former, who wielded the sword better than the pen, yielded to their intellectual superiors, as the Romans had before to the Greeks. They made the nearest approach to the Latin in their power, just as foreigners do with strange languages; they caught at words and roots, with a marvellous disregard of grammar and prosody; a compromise was soon effected, and a hybrid language generated—a *lingua Franca*, in which both parties could communicate. The progress of language, when

* Essay on the Origin of the Romance Language. 1835.

not fixed by a written literature, is to discard the synthetic forms, inflexions by terminations, and to adopt the analytic by resolving every idea into its component parts. The niceties of cases, genders, and declensions, were too refined for the illiterate Goths: a change of structure and syntax ensued; cases were supplied by prepositions, declensions by auxiliary verbs, a new stock of Teutonic words was introduced,—the dictionary was enriched while the grammar was deteriorated, the substance improved while the form was broken up. This convenient middle idiom led to the neglect by either party of the original language of the other; the unwritten speech of the conquerors was forgotten, while the Latin was preserved in the ritual of the Church, and in the tribunals. It ceased, however, to be the spoken language of the many, insomuch that, in the ninth century, the clergy were enjoined to be able to translate their homilies into the Romance for the benefit of the laity; hence it came to be considered the vulgar in contradistinction to the learned: the romantic is still opposed to the classical style, and a ‘scholar’ emphatically means one skilled in the dead languages. The clergy, the only penmen, would not condescend to preserve the lay productions of a despised dialect; hence in every country the non-existence of their earliest literature, which probably was of no great merit, although suited to the age and occasion, *et auribus istius temporis accommodata.** Poverty of spoken language is always a bar to letters; until the mother tongue be moulded sufficiently, learned men will resort to a more adequate foreign idiom. Under these disadvantages, nothing original or of a high class is likely to be produced.

The first impulse towards modern literature was given by the Provençal, which is the most appropriate term for the language of the troubadour. The southern province of Gaul, ‘Provincia’ *par excellence*, was exempted from those wars by which Europe and Spain especially were brutalized. Peace led to affluence, leisure, and those arts which humanize and civilize. The Provençal language, from being the first formed, long became a standard; it was, however, but the flowerings of Spring, which die in announcing the fruits of Autumn. Founded on the Latin, yet owing nothing to the Augustan style, it was only for a period, not for all time; for no soil can be permanently fruitful unless enriched with the precious loam of classical lore. No Dante arose to immortalize the language. The butterfly ephemeral prattle of courts and minstrels, has relapsed into a mere *patois*. It opened, however, in a

* An apology is prefixed by the clerical transcriber to the Bodleian copy of the *Chateau d'Amour*, ‘Et quamvis lingua Romana (Romance) coram clericos, saporem suavitatis non habeat, tamen pro laicis, qui minus intelligent, opusculum illud aptum est.’

poesy dedicated to Venus, rising like its patroness from the foam of the placid blue Mediterranean, under a genial climate, gilded with a ray of sunshine from the east. Courts of love were established, wherein amorous affairs, ‘tensiones,’ were debated, where the Ovidian arts were revived in the gay science, ‘el gay saber.’ This theme, grateful to all ages, which sung of ‘dames, and knights, of arms, and love’s delights ;’ where princes pleaded, and beauty, dispensing golden violets, decided without appeal, appeared doubly fascinating to an age awakening from the heavy slumber of long hours of darkness. Poesy, with her twin sister Music, revived in her old occupation of ballad. To be able to accompany verse with melody, was one of the common requisites of the Athenian *καλος και αγαθος* and of the mediæval hidalgo. It was the relaxation of the Homeric heroes ; for the really brave have always a tendency to the soft emotions which poesy supplies. Thus Achilles, crossed in love, solaced himself with his lyre, *αειδε δ' αρα κλεα ανδρων* (Il. i. 189,) singing the fyttes the cantos of the gests of Hercules, who was to him what Achilles was to the dark ages, the beau ideal of a *preux chevalier*.

And here we may say a word on the close connexion between modern and ancient romance, new-hatched to the woful times.* Hercules and his like, went about abating nuisances, destroying giants and monsters, exhibiting the chivalrous mixture of virtue and vice, and of both equally exaggerated. They were Orlando dressed à la Greque. Polyphemus was the model of Rithon, who made himself a bed of kings’ beards, and was killed by Arthur ; and of Ferragus, the Spanish giant despatched by ‘Rowlande’ while taking his siesta ; Calypso, Medea, Circe, and the Sirens, were the prototypes of the Urgandas and Aleinas, as Pegasus was of the Hippogryphs, and Bucephalus was of Babieca. The challenges of Sciron and Antæus, shadowed out the holdings at *outrance*, ‘los pasos honrosos ;’ just as the sophists of Greece led the way to the scholastic wranglers, who permitted no man to pass by without a logomachy, which, being interpreted into the *rustica*, means having a few words. History is but a succession of parallels,—the Olympic games created Pindars, the tournaments created Troubadours. The latter rendered the

* Euripides makes Theseus choose the profession of knight-errant redresser of wrongs,

Ἐθος τοδ' εἰς Ἑλληνας εξελέξαμην
Αει κολαστῆς των κακῶν καθεσταναι.

Iket. 34.

See Letters of Chivalry, Hurd. iii. 230.

greatest service to the despised literature, which required the countenance of men of arms in a rude warlike age, when personal prowess and courage were the attributes most in honor. Thus Achilles was then a more popular character than Hector, in whom, as civilization advances, new beauties are felt, which had shone before like stars, bright but unobserved. ‘Rowlande, ‘Alysandre, Achilles, Bevis, and Hercules,’ are classed together by our earlier poets, ‘as good knightes and trewe, of whose dedes men make Romauns.’ The *Gesta Alexandri*, Ricardi, with the *Gesta Romanorum*, were the story-books of the dark ages. Richard, the patron of, and patronised by the minstrel, owed his liberty and life, and his subsequent renown, to his troubadour accomplishments ; the grandson of his sister, Alphonso el Sabio, if not really wise, did much for learning : by discarding Latin from the law tribunals, and, by causing chronicles to be written in the vulgar tongue, he fixed the Spanish language. This, springing from the north-western provinces, was founded on the Latin, with the ‘Bable,’ (the still spoken ‘rustica’ of the Asturias,) and the Galician. The pride of the Castilians rejected the softer idiom of inferior provinces, while their jealousy of Arragon excluded the more perfect Provençal ; ‘el Castellano’ came to signify, as it still does, the language of Spain, that manly eldest son of the Latin, of which the softer Italian is the daughter. Alphonso, a versifier rather than a poet, wrote couplets to the Virgin in the dialect of Galicia, where he was educated, and where the songs, old in the time of Hannibal, had become devotional from the pilgrim influence of the shrine of Santiago. The royal bard, moreover, converted his visions of alchemy into redondillas, to assist the memory of learners, on the principle of Latin grammars. His ballads are among the most ancient of the present form, and have been preserved more from their author’s quality than from their own. They, however, encouraged a deviation from the monastic ‘versos de arte major,’ which were written with an affectation of learning, in the form of the ancient pentameter. Of works of this kind, the ‘Poema del Cid,’ an epic of the twelfth century, is considered by Schlegel, Southey, Duran, and all the best judges, to be the oldest as well as the finest poem in the language. It gave birth, according to Bouterwek, to the modern songs of Spanish chivalry, and fixed, says Schlegel, the true old Castilian character. Mr. Hallam constantly underrates the antiquity and merit of this, and of other romances on the Cid, and by so doing shakes the very cornerstone of this branch of literature. He, however, as constantly and candidly admits his ‘slight acquaintance’ and imperfect knowledge of the original.*

* Lit. Europe, ii. 322. Compare this with vol. i. ch. 2, ditto.

He is contented to transcribe Bouterwek with an occasional reference to Sanchez* and Duran, who, to the best of our judgment, after a most careful perusal, hold and make good opinions utterly at variance with those of Mr. Hallam, and they must be the best judges of questions very much philological. They think, and we coincide with them, that some of the romances of the Cid preceded the Poema; nor was it likely that the best Spanish epic should have been the first. It was doubtless a *rifacciamento*, like the Iliad or the Niebelungen Lied—a getting together of earlier floating ballads now lost; just as our Geoffrey of Monmouth composed, about the same time, his metrical history, professedly ‘from songs inscribed in the memory of the people.’ Mr. Hallam, although he infers their comparatively recent date from the evidence afforded by the text, condemns this uncertain criterion when speaking of our early English ballads.

The songs of the people, passing from mouth to mouth, have every where been interpolated and modernized. The first of the minstrel craft were rhapsodists, who recited their own compositions, like the bards of Strabo, (iv. 302,) *βαρδοι μεν δύνηται και ποιηται*, makers, as the Scald signified the *polisher*, Trobadores *trouveres*, men who found out and invented. Highly honored, they formed part of the war and peace establishment of kings. Taillefer, ‘qui moult bien chantoit,’ preceded the Normans at the battle of Hastings, singing the ballad of Roland till he was killed—a rare instance of the poetical *non relictâ parvulâ*. His strains produced on Harold’s troops those effects which the Jewish wind instruments did on the walls of Jericho. The Cretans, according to Polybius, (iv. 20,) scared their enemies with rhymes, on the bag-piping principle of our gallant Highlanders. In the piping times of peace, the minstrel, *omnis luxuria interpres*, as Pliny said of Menander, sang of mimic war and real love to the dull barons of dungeon castles, who had ears, although they could not read—who, doubly steeped in the ennui of wealth and want of occupation, listened greedily, like other great men, to their own praises. Minstrels supplied the lack of a more refined intellectual entertainment, and of rational conversation, as professional gentlemen do now at civic banquets; their harpings lulled the rude Sauls to sleep, which is now done by quarto epics. The person of the minstrel was sacred, his profession was a passport, he was ‘high placed in hall, a welcome guest;’ the assumption of his character became the disguise of lovers of adventure. These

* Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo xv. Thomas Antonio Sanchez, vol. iv. 1779, with elaborate notes and glossary, in imitation of the ancient Reliques of Percy.

advantages raised pseudo-laureates, ‘idle vagabonds,’ according to the act of Edward I., ‘who went about the country under the color of minstrelsy ;’ men who cared more about the supper than the song ; who for base lucre divorced the arts of writing and reciting, and stole other men’s thunder. Their social degeneracy may be traced in the Dictionary ; the chanter of the gests of kings, ‘*gesta ducum regumque*,’ dwindled into a ‘*gesticulator*,’ a jester ; the honored joglar of Provence into the mountebank, the juggler, the ‘jockie,’ or doggerel ballad-monger—

Beggars they are by one consent,
And rogues by Act of Parliament.

They descended by the usual stages of things of mere fashion ; at first the observed of all observers, and therefore then imitated ; until they became common—vulgar—which is but one step, and the test at once of merit, universal acceptance, and the forerunner of disgrace ; no sooner taken up by the *oi πολλοι* than rejected by the exclusive. This occurred very soon in Spain. The really good clergy were shocked at their abuses, while the interested grudged the money earned by rivals, who interfered with their monopoly of instructing the people in pious prose, or of amusing them with Alexandrine legends. This enmity is of all countries. Their Latin synonyme for ‘scald rhymers,’ *scurrā mimus*, &c., will outlive their sculptured caricatures ; where mendicant monks, minstrels, fools, monkeys, and beasties, are pilloried on pinnacle and gargoyle, in cloister and cathedral. The itinerant monks and mountebanks repaid all this, like Falstaff, by showing up the irregularities of regulars and seculars, ‘in ballads to be sung to filthy tunes.’ ‘*Flebit et insignis totā cantabitur urbe.*’—They undermined their influence. Preachings and songs take part in all national changes ; for doctrines precede actions. They were the popular press of the time ; opposed by the privileged orders and watched by statesmen, as Burleigh afterwards employed agents to listen to street songs, the thermometer of the people’s temper. In all these alterations for the worse, the primitive principle, ‘to entertain,’ remained unchanged. To this the original ballad was sacrificed ; passing from one to another, each minstrel begged, borrowed, or stole from all quarters. The originals were corrupted and remodelled ; they got their bread by pleasing ; ‘*magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter.*’—The people who paid had the best right to be gratified even with nonsense verses if they preferred them. Lope de Vega, one of the restorers of the natural style, excused his sins against critical canons on that ground.

Porque como las paga el vulgo, es justo,
Hablar le en necio, para darle gusto.

Now as novelty is enticing, and forms the essence of story-telling, each new edition had its additions or omissions according to the talent, bad taste, caprice, or convenience of reciter and audience. All poetry except of Homeric or Dantesque merit, which fixes its own language, suffers from the wear and tear of time, the greatest of innovators;—strains which delighted the Catos and Cethegi, were thought antiquated in the days of Horace, who modernized those of Ennius; just as Dryden and Pope did those of Chaucer and Dr. Donne. [The Cid Romances, the corner-stones of the fabric of *ancient* Spanish ballads, from being the oldest, are exactly those which have suffered the most. They have come down, says Duran, like the ship of Colchos, which from frequent repairs retained at last nothing but the original form and intention. They, like pieces of money worn smooth in common currency, have been re-coined and re-issued so often, that, though the metal is unchanged, no trace of the first die is to be discovered.] This must happen every where. Bishop Percy hoped to conciliate ‘his polished age,’ by an assurance that he had omitted and altered much of the ‘rude songs,’ insomuch that the sour Ritson ‘could place no confidence in his text.’ Garci Ordoñez di Montalto,* in his re-edition of *Amadis de Gaul*, anticipated Percy in word and deed. The fact is, that antiquarian exactness is quite of a modern date; no one now dreams of meddling with the precious *aerugo* of time, nor of scouring bright the antique shield. This is an age of recurrence to first principles. Antiquated works, raked from the dust of archives, are now republished with such a curiosity of obsoleteness in spelling and language, that they become the playthings of black-letter bibliomaniacs and useless to the uninitiated, who consider books to be valuable in proportion as they are pleasant to be read and understood. The first publishers of Spanish ballads in print were of this latter opinion, and being neither antiquarians nor philologists, they put them forth in the language of the day, without any regard for the venerable idiom in which they were written: the language, therefore, only marks the epoch when they were first printed. The earliest Cancionero is that of 1510, by Fernando de Castillo, which does not carry a stamp of antiquity so remote as the ‘Chronica General’ of the thirteenth century; in which perpetual allusions are made to the then existing ballads of the joglares. It is, nevertheless,

* Zaragoça edition, 1521. Coligió de los antiguos originales, quitando muchas palabras superfluas, y poniendo otras de mas polido y elegante estilo.

the oldest collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in any European literature ;] and did we possess such a volume of the time of Henry VIII., relating to the wars of the Conqueror and Plantagenets, what illustration and annotation, exclaims Mr. Lockhart, would it not have received long ago ! This and the earliest Romances bear on their very titles the acknowledgment, that they were composed of modern and of *ancient* ballads of which collections in manuscript previously existed. Thus in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Alphonso de Baena, by order of Juan II.* transcribed a 'Cancionero de Poetas Antiquos,' of which specimens are given by the Spanish translators of Bouterwek.† This extraordinary manuscript existed in the Escurial up to the French invasion, when it disappeared. Antonio and others had unfortunately, by describing where it was and its value, put the plunderer on the scent. The little illustration which art and letters have ever received in Spain, has caused irreparable losses. The Travels of Ponz, and the Artistical Dictionary of Cean Bermudez, published in 1800, furnished a catalogue to the invaders, who invariably on their arrival in towns, demanded every thing worth taking, to the amazement of the natives, who were generally alike ignorant of the treasures they possessed, or of the books which described them.

One of the early printed Cancioneros contains productions of one hundred and thirty authors. Such a mellifluous swarm never could have come simultaneously over the land. They formed the *aurea catena* of Spanish poets ; unknown indeed to fame, and when honored by print, thought worthy only of its coarsest, cheapest forms ;—destined for rude thumbs, these editions for the people have become excessively rare, bibliographical gems of the purest water, and paid for their weight in gold. Typographically speaking, they are worthless beyond purposes of curiosity-collecting, and are entirely superseded by the modern reprints. The editors paid no attention to chronology either of author or subject ; they published them apologetically to the learned ; they just printed their common-place books, into which they had copied the ballads in the order in which they chanced to meet with them. Tares and corn, good, bad and indifferent meet together in chance medley, like a pack of

* Juan II. was the patron of Troubadours ; his was the golden age of Spanish poetry. He resembled his cotemporary, our James I. of Scotland, who ' passed his tyme yn redyn of Romans yn syngyng and pypyng, in harpyng and yn all other honest solaces of grete pleasaunce and delight.'

† Don Jose Gomez dela Cortina y Don Nicolas Hugalde y Molinedo. Madrid, 1829.

shuffled cards ; yet not unpleasant to read from the constant variety and uncertainty of style and subject. Few Spanish pericrania are marked with the organic bump of classification : they and their progenitors were Goths in feeling, Moors in habits, ceremonious and ‘etiqueteros’ in personal dealings ; but satisfied, in matters and things, to take what came before them without standing on the order of the course. The Germans, methodical and analytical, have wept over this chaos ; in which they found it impossible to trace through any regular succession of strata up to the primitive formation : even the *Deutsche fleiss* which Depping imploringly invokes, quailed before the tangled web and the multiplicity of song, for every conflict had its ballad, and every captain wrote his despatches in verse. The Spanish language, rich, sonorous, and flexible, full of sound and promise, is a sort of blank verse of itself. The commonest village alcalde pens his placards in the Cambyses vein, more naturally than Pitt dictated king’s speeches extemporaneously. Foreigners, as in the east, must never take Castilian expressions or professions literally—less is meant than meets the ear. The conventional hyperbole must be discounted, and not estimated according to the value it would bear in our business-like language. We deceive ourselves ; for no Spaniard trusts the fine words of his countrymen, who seldom mean or expect that he should : they hold four-fifths, to be a mere song, and fit for songs ; accordingly men women, and children, write and sing seguidillas, many no doubt of slender merit ; for where words come without thought, much thought is commonly dispensed with. The hardiest mariners are formed in the roughest seas. This facility, however, accounts for the number of olden authors, and the little importance attached to their works : there could be no particular merit, when, in the words of one of them, ‘every hill was a Parnassus, and every fountain a Hypocrene.’ A literary democracy existed among these writers for the people, which prevented any one from rising above his compeers. They cast their bread on the waters, and their songs to the winds ; they attached no value to what flowed without effort, and often thereby deceived themselves as to their relative value ; they neither thought of making a name nor money, nor any thing beyond pleasing for the moment with trifles, *αντοσχεδιαστικη*, made for passing events and written on the occasion : they certainly were vastly unlike our hot-pressed poetasters, who expect the highest price and praise for the smallest contributions ; the facility of a language prodigal of verse was increased to the singing and dancing propensities which the Spaniard has derived from his Iberian ancestors, who in the time of Strabo (iii. 249) spent the nights as described by Silius Italicus, (iii. 346 :)—

Barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis ;
Nunc, pedis alterno percussa verbere terrâ,
Ad numerum resonas gaudentem plaudero ceras.
Hoc requies ludueque viris, ea sacra voluptas.

Their descendants are still musical without being harmonious, saltatory without being graceful—just as they are warlike without being military. The guitar, seguidilla, and fandango are unchanged; they form the repose of sunburnt labor in *venta* and courtyard, where some black-whiskered performer, the very antithesis of Farinelli, ‘screechin’ out his prosaic verse,’ screams forth his ‘coplas de zarabanda,’ either at the top of his voice, or drawls out his ballad, melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe, both alike to the imminent danger of his own trachea, and of all un-Spanish ears. So would he sing, says Lope de Vega, even in a prison, ‘a costa de ‘garganta cantareis aunque en la prision estareis.’ The audience, however, are in raptures; ‘all men’s ears grow to his tunes as if they had eaten ‘ballads;’ they take part with beatings of feet, ‘taconeros;’ with clapping of hands, the *χροτός*, ‘palmeado;’ with tambarines and castanets, the *Bœtica* crasmata and crotola of the Gaditanian ‘funciones,’ of which the descriptions by Martial and Petronius Arbiter would serve exactly to this day. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads; he slings it across his shoulder with a riband, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago, (Wilkinson, ii. ch. 6.) It is the unchanged *kinoor* of the East, the *κιθάρα*, *cithera*, guitarra, githorne; the ‘guitarne Moresche’ of the ministrellers, (Ducange.) With the instrument may have come down some remnant of the primitive times, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest their fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar is indicated in the *myth* of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries; the plaintive Maneros of the Nile became the Linus of Greece, (Herod. ii. 79.) The national tunes of the Fellah, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are still slow and monotonous, often in variance with the sentiment of the words, which have varied, whilst the airs remained unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, unisonous, not like our glees, yet generally provided with an ‘estre-villo,’ a chorus in which the audience joins. They owe little to harmony, the end being rather to affect than to please. Certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind in connexion with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs:

the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy ; and, although in lands of greater intercourse and fastidiousness, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed nor silenced the old ballad airs of Spain—those ‘howlings of Tarshish.’ Indeed national tunes, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant progeny in the cradling nest. The romances of Spain, when not sung, are recited rather than read. Thus, among the Orientals, a book is seldom understood until it is rendered vocal, by a sort of habitual emphasis, which depends more on sound than on sense. Our method of reading appears to them to be plain talking. This recitative is the ‘canto fermo,’ the plain chant of the primitive church, and unquestionably is of eastern origin. Hence, by the common process of human deterioration, it passed to secular purposes. Tunes derived from heavenly spheres in the lamentations of olden precentors, were sung to words devised by the sons of Belial ; and, *vice versa*, psalms were set to hornpipes by the mistaken Sternholds, who hoped that popular tunes might lead the gay to sing godly ballads, ‘which,’ says the quaint Wood, ‘they did not.’ This inveterate habit of song modified the form of Spanish poetry. The long monkish pentameters were cut into two lines—into redondillas—which suited the voice. How easily this was done may be exemplified by the inverse proof: take the familiar example of the translation of the ballad of ‘unfortunate Miss Bailey,’ in the ancient mediæval form :—

‘Seduxit miles virginem | receptus in hibernis,
Præcipitem quæ laqueo | se transtulit avernis.’

Prodigality of verse was fostered by the musician, who only looked to a certain number of syllables, and cared not whether they were swift iambics, running trochees, cantering dactyls or anapests—dimiters or trimiters. Every possible license in metre was allowable: if the meaning could not be comprehended into a *copla* of four verses, it was carried on without the break even of a comma into five or six. A similar laxity was permitted in the rhymes, which were used or not at caprice, or mingled with assonants which consist of the mere recurrence of the same vowels without reference to that of consonants. Thus santos, llantos, are rhymes, amor and razon are assonants; even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, were not always observed; a change in intonation, or a few more thumps or less on the guitar-board, did the work, and superseded all difficulties. These ‘moræ pronunciationis,’ this ‘ictus metricus,’ constitute a rude prosody, and lead to music just as gestures do to dancing—to ballads—‘che se canta ballando ;’ and which, when heard,

reciprocally inspire a tarantula desire to snap fingers and kick heels, as all will admit in whose ears the 'Habas Verdes' of Seville or the Cachucha of Cadiz yet ring. The words destined to set all this capering in motion were not written for cold critics ; and even such as were professedly serious and not saltatory, were listened to by those who were attuned to the hearing vein—who anticipated and re-echoed the subject—who were operated on by the contagious bias. Thus, a fascinated audience of otherwise sensible Britons tolerate the positive presence of nonsense at an opera—

‘Where rhyme with reason does dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.’

The poems of an Italian improvisatore appear, like many sermons, to be excellent, until tested by print. We must, however, refer our readers to the entertaining work of Don N. Zamarcola* for these lower classes of Spanish ballads, and confine ourselves to the more serious and romantic. The mother-wit of Andalusians and the deep feeling of Castilians, have given an *aroma* to the former and an interest to the latter, which, like delicate wines, will hardly bear transportation. Simplicity, the common, and greatest charm of all ancient reliques, appears, when in a strange dress, poor, trivial, and flavorless ; while some words in translation convey too much, and others too little, there are several, says Southey, which are altogether untranslatable. They are like the ‘open Sesame’ of the Arabian tale—the meaning may be retained ; but, if the word be changed, the spell is lost. This magic has its effect only upon those to whom the language is familiar as their mother-tongue, and hardly, indeed, upon any other but those to whom it really is so. Thus many of the oldest romances (Bouterwek cites those of Fontefrida and Rosafresca as perfectly untranslatable) appear to us to have nothing in them ; and yet, probably from referring to some real fact or early association, to something passing show, fire in the native Spaniard a train of a thousand pleasing ideas. This hidden fulness of meaning, which, like expression, is more beautiful than mere beauty, can only be revealed to those who have a light within : *φωναρτα συνετοισι*. It is only to be represented by ideas, not words ; we have no freemasonry, no half-note which recalls and explains every thing : what notion does the word *Lava* convey to the dull boor of a Lincolnshire fen ? It is thus that poetry preserves language ; from

* *Colección de Seguidillas tiranas y Polos.* Published at Madrid, 1799, under the name of Don Preciso.

feeling that the glowing stanzas cannot be adequately translated we learn the original.

Mr. Lockhart has deeply imbued his mind with the spirit of these Spanish ballads; acting upon the opinion of Johnson, he has emancipated himself from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words—from that servility which has obscured the clearest, and deformed the most beautiful. He has caught the emphatic feature, and has in so doing combined sufficient fidelity in his copy without losing the freedom and unconstrained flow of his original, which, as far as the English reader is concerned, he has frequently improved by a judicious pruning. Mr. Lockhart has adopted the arrangement of Depping, who, despairing of ascertaining priority of composition, divided these ballads into the historical, chivalrous, Moorish, and the mixed. All these, however differing in subject or style, bear a striking family likeness, and are stamped with that character of nationality which the Spanish literature possesses in so eminent a degree, and which forms one of its most honorable features. The earliest, and by these we mean such as preceded Charles V., bear the most decided lineaments of their true old Castilian parentage. They present a genuine transcript of the unadulterated *ηθος*, the chivalrous idealization of the feudal and crusading systems. It would form an interesting inquiry to trace the decline of Spanish character and power, as evidenced in the altered tone of the popular records. It is not less clear than the physical degeneracy of the stalwart Guzmanes and Ponce de Leons of old, as exhibited in the puny frames of their dwarfed and stunted descendants.

The historical and chivalrous ballads are fully entitled to those epithets. They are records rather than romances, heroic and national poems rather than ballads. There is scarcely any incident of importance which is not to be found among them. Like the historical dramas of Shakspeare (through which, like Lord Chatham, half England knows half its history) they kept up the national spirit—they told the tale of ancestors who never despaired, never surrendered, but fought, endured, and conquered. Heard in youth, they had all the advantage of priority, when the memory—wax to receive and marble to retain—never forgets what it the first remembered. More engaging than dry history, they expressed the feelings of the nation, and so truly, that they were listened to in spite of their almost monotonous uniformity—their rudeness, and occasional rambling diffuseness and exaggeration. In these Hotspur poems, we must not look for the elegant, delicate, or refined. Dealing with facts, they are not distinguished by any great depth of thought, nor by that probing into the secret workings of the human heart

which is the province of the philosophical poetry of advanced civilization, when the pains and pleasures of the body give place to the more exquisite tortures and enjoyments of the mind. They looked to effects, and not to the abstract; and in this they are infinitely superior to modern Italian poetry, which, infinitely more perfect in form and art, never sustained a nation's liberties and character. We must not, therefore, judge of them by the effect which they now produce on us—when the eye, not ear, is called to decide—but by the effect which was intended, and was produced, on those who heard them and on their children's children. In our days of pseudo information and intelligence, one novelty obliterates another, one stirring appeal is damped by another. To the rude soldier Spaniard, scantiness of information was made up by concentration—the moral stimulant was intense—they heard and believed like children at a play. Imagination acted upon their untutored minds, as reason does on ours, and infinitely stronger, because their hearts as well as their heads were affected, and embarked in their belief. These cheering songs, like the Sibyl oracles of Greece, the propitious omens of the Romans, animated the powerful principle in faith, of realizing the thing believed—*possunt, quia posse videntur.* These cheering songs generated the Hector-like, the best and only omen, to die if necessary for their liberties and countries.

εις οικους αριστος αμυνεσθαι τερπι πατρος.

It has been well remarked, that those who have the making of the people's ballads may dispense with the power of enacting laws. The binding power, the *esprit de corps* of these popular appeals, obtains not only with a simple isolated uncommunicating people, (and then the strongest,) but also with the most refined and philosophical. We all side with those with whom we agree. These ballads speak out for the whole nation what lies in every man's heart. They are the means of expression to those who want words, not feelings. They sway the myriads as the breeze does the bending corn. Their power, like that of communicating or disarming the electric shock, has always been for good or evil, for peace or war, for loyalty or revolution. So, among ourselves, the cause of the Stuarts was thus made and marred. The royalist ballad, 'The King shall hae his ain again,' long upheld the crown, which the Protestant 'Lillibullero' of Wharton dashed from the head of the last, and not the worst of the line. The sea songs of Dibdin cheered on the honest, frank, gallant tars of England to victory; while the 'Ca ira' of France goaded on a once gay, good-humored people into ferocity and revolution; and its imitation, 'Tragala,' stained the banner of Castile and San Iago with atheism and disloyalty.



The early ballads of Spain, like those who made and sung them, were engrossed by a domestic warfare, *pro aris et focis*. The actors paid no attention to foreigners or their concerns, (to which, to this day, the Spaniards are contemptuously indifferent.) Ultra-national and independent, they cared for no Arthurs. They honored Charlemagne and his peerage with notice, very much because their Bernardo had crushed them at Roncevalles ; just as the Venetian gondolier sang Tasso, because therein was embodied his republic's hatred against the Ottoman, their worst foe. Ultra-christian, they denounced as the devil and his works, as heathen and infidel abominations, all that savored, whether of Jupiter and Apollo, or Mahoon and Termagaunt, all allusions to the mythological machinery of the classics, or to the Oriental interventions of genii and afrits. They had their own interruptive deities, their own miracles, their own San Iago, their own heaven-descended Palladium on Zaragoça's Pillar. Poetry was as nothing in the scale of their intolerant uncompromising orthodoxy—their pure immaculate faith. This, the boast of the ‘Christiano viejo y rancio’ involved the whole principle and secret of the success of Mahomet, and it was turned by the Cross against the Crescent. A lesser stimulant never could have conduced to the recovery, by the sons of a handful of refugees, of long-lost kingdoms. It was this single-hearted principle which animated this forlorn out-post of Europe, that saved the western world from the paralysis of an eastern yoke. This religious distinction contributed also to keep the ancient ballads pure from any Arabian tinge of literature, which only begins to appear after the conquest of Granada, when the Moor had dwindled into a Morisco—a term of inferiority and contempt. No Arabian influence could predominate, while their arms were feared, their manners and language unknown, and their creed a subject of unutterable abhorrence. The Spaniard borrowed, indeed, from the Moor his warfare and his mimic sports of war ; but his arts, letters, and agriculture he despised, as enervating to the soldier and heretical to the Christian. The painted windows of Gothic churches were too deeply colored with the saints and martyrs of the Cross, to permit one ray of the Crescent to desecrate with its glare the solemn altar.

This religious feeling tended alike to remove from their Gothic literature the proportions of the classics. These rude crusaders, whose pith was wasted in ‘the tented field,’ cared little for the set phrases of Pericles or Augustus. What's Hecuba to them ! Virgil, held to be a necromancer during the dark ages, was treated as a calumniator of fair Dido's fame, by the soldier poet Ercilla, one of the best—and soldiers have been the best—authors of Spain. Poetry took the veil of a nun rather than the mask of

Euterpe. Berceo, (Loor. 40,) one of the older writers, denounces those wicked joglers who do religion an injury by neglecting the Virgin for the gods and goddesses of Paganism. Thus we find their Cids, though brave, noble, and hidalgos, were not descended from deities, but from Christian parents ; and their swords were good and sharp, though not tempered in the forges of Vulcan. They had no occasion to borrow heroes from Greece or Rome, when real ones occurred in their own eventful annals and times. Foreign invasion and civil war called forth spirits from the deep, and inspired the serious Milton-like tone which breathes throughout. The Castilian's was a battle existence ; he knew not of the luxuries or rich harvests of the Moor, but to lay them waste ; the constant setting his life on the cast in holy crusade inspired an indifference to this world's goods. It fed that Spanish feeling which has always peopled their cloisters from all classes, from the king to the peasant, their peculiar '*desengaño*,' the finding out the cheat of life—of its flat, stale, and unprofitable vanities. Their early ballads dwell on the overthrow of the Gothic monarchy, on domestic misfortunes, the tale of unrequited love ; and in the later, the Morisco laments over fallen Granada. A dwelling on the past has a thoughtful saddening influence. There are more tender elements in the sere Autumnal leaf than in the blossom promise of Spring ; and a sojourn at Rome leaves a deeper impression than a season at Naples. There are more hearse-like airs than carols on David's harp, and the sorrows of Job are more vividly delineated than the felicity of Solomon. So said Bacon. The sadness at the bottom of these nightingale songs of Spain is one of the secrets of their success ; for calamity, the common unchangeable lot of man, is understood by all, while humor and mirth depend, to be fully enjoyed, on a thousand accidents. This retrospective habit, which is fostered in England by our classical education, was kept alive in Spain by the never-forgotten fall of Roderick, the last of the Goths. Though the tendency to moralize became occasionally sententious, yet it never became gloomy nor austere—it was never unmanned by affected sentimentality nor morbid misanthropy ; it was healthy, vigorous, and religious, such as became a Christian soldier who trusted in God and his good sword. This was evidenced in every line which recorded every deed. They relied on their own resources. Eyewitnesses of broils and battles, they sung of men whom they knew and of armies of which they formed part. Hence their versatility in transferring themselves to the feelings of the actors. Like delightful Froissart, there is a daylight in their sketches which no in-door painting ever possesses. They, like Walter Scott, whose romances are poems, owed their popularity 'to writing with that military artlessness, that hurried frankness,

' which pleases soldiers and young people of bold action and disposition.' There is no vain self-portraiture : their genius was simple and modest, their bravery unimpeached. They could well leave boasting and braggadocio to their degenerate successors ; occupied with realities, they told a plain unvarnished tale, one more touching than any fiction, and which, being true to nature, has pleased learned and unlearned, the gentlest and the bravest. These old masters, like Giotto or Cimabue, painted what they saw ; and the Castilians fell as naturally into battle array, as the innately picturesque Italians did into sacred groups. Without looking to the rules of Grecian or foreign art, they trusted to the expression of sentiment which they deeply felt. They flourished without the encumbrance of academies, and under circumstances apparently the most unfavorable. They studied in the school of nature ; and their transcripts, true as the most polished of the classics, although trodden down for a time by the heel of conventional critics, have revived again, and will revive, like the flowers of the field over which an army has passed—spring up again, when the crushing dead-weight is removed. Eloquent, but not rhetorical, there was no labored production of the midnight lamp. They wrote, like Burns, in the field ; they fought their battles o'er again, while their swords communicated energy to their pens. They looked to events, not style ; there was no attempt to be fine, nor to write for effect. The rough diamond retained its salient angles ; they described single situations, simply and forcibly, without effort or much delicacy, yet the rudeness lay more in the words than in the sentiments ; they left their downright tale to make its own impression ; they never diluted it by verbiage, nor injured the air of history by overstating ; they preferred the naked energetic *chiaroscuro* of Michael Angelo to the tinselly drapery of Paul Veronese. Abrupt, they went at once into the subject ; they placed the reader without preface on the scene. They dealt not with dry general facts, but brought reality forward in detail. The actors came on without introduction ; they moved and lived in bold relief ; the audience were supposed to know them and their story. This was handled briefly, with much dramatic skill, and the event graphically told, with remarkable precision of expression. The thing done, all was ended as abruptly as it began. Written by gentlemen, they obtained a currency, and that high tone of court and camp which still pervades the national character. Religion and chivalry were the 'pivots,' they inculcated a noble simplicity, a contempt for death, a generous support of others, a high-spirited disregard of self, a devotion to the sex, not licentious, although rather energetic than tender ; a magnificence, liberality, and hospitality ; a delight in adventure and life of action ;

a pride to man, but humility to God ; a blind obedience to king and priest ; a sense of individual honor and prowess, a hatred and undervaluing of foreigners.

This nationality is evinced alike by what their ballads are, as by what they are not. How little they owed to foreign sources is proved by their rudeness, by the absence of those diagnostics by which, as in painting, other schools may be recognized. They have none of the Hebrew grand conceptions, of Jehovah his thunders and lightnings ; none of the allusions to natural objects ;—to the vine, the fig, the lilies of the field, and the water brook. They have none of the Attic images of the sea, the voluptuous yearning after and the perception of the beautiful—nothing of nature idealized, none of that regret for the shortness and loss of sweet life—that praise of the pleasures of love, wine, and the rose chaplet. They were more like Lacedemonian than Athenian, and still more like the early Roman, in love of country and its greatness ; yet there is nothing of the laying down the sword for the plough, no fondness for the Georgics, no drawing of landscape ; they soared higher, and painted subjects of history. Neither did the early Romanceros borrow the purple of the prelate ; nor the ingots of the princely (though by them despised) merchants of modern Italy. They shunned the infidelity of her scoffers, who, living under the shadow of St. Peter's, were enabled to estimate its grossness ; neither had they the Ariosto careless-minded pleasantry—the persiflage which concealed secret triumph over surrounding commonplace—the irony which revealed to the initiated what was meant to be hidden from the herd. Neither did they borrow from the muse of Provence ; she was too gay, too amorous for celibate warriors who had crucified their flesh ; her strain was too much a song, a thing of fashion and frivolity, and too wanting in principle ; and even had the Spaniard been seduced by her fascinations, the Inquisition would have struck out every taint of infidelity or indecency, which never disgraces the pages of the chaste and moral literature of Spain. Though grave, the Spaniard never fell into the supernatural, into the wood-demons of haunted forests, the skull-formed goblets of blood, the ghosts and tales of terror of the North, which chill like their long nights of winter. Night, to the Andalusian, is the hour when pleasure awakes to the cool breeze, the guitar, and rendezvous. Yet not for the boisterous joyousness of merry old England—the school-boy love of mischief for mischief's sake—the lawless freebooting of Diana's foresters—the nomade Anglo-Saxon life in the country, opposed to the city and castle of the domineering Norman. With all the English hatred for foreign oppression, the early Spaniard had less of his ridicule for humbug, lay or clerical—he was too temperate to care much for flagons of nut-brown

ale, and the venison-pasty, flavored with the poaching relish of opposition to hateful game-laws. The Spaniard, fighting on his native plains, had no songs of the sea, of ancient mariners, whose deck was their field, whose joy the battle and the breeze.

Thus far they had remained original, both positively and negatively, when an increased intercourse with Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth century introduced the Dantesque, the allegorical, mythological, and metaphysical styles, and the native raciness began to evaporate. The poet merged in the scholar, who was willing to injure the purity of his mother-tongue, in the vain hope of rendering it more classical. A subsequent decline brought on euphuism, with conceit, mannerism, bad taste, and affectation. Critics and courtiers waged war against honest nature ; they played about the head, but never touched the heart ; they fell into verbal subtleties, into anagrams, ingenious combinations, things of words, not mind, the tricks of a puny literature. Devoid of originality, they now ‘glossed’ the older ballads of sterner stuff—just as simple tunes are frittered away by unmeaning variations ; they diluted instead of condensing. Poetry became the trade of pedants, who wrote to show their learning, not from an irresistible necessity of giving vent to what was bursting within. They spun out in their libraries a sham-fight of metaphors, iron sleets and arrowy showers—the mincing of metre ballad-mongers—popinjays who knew less of war and wounds, God save the mark ! than of parmaceti. Stuff which would have grated in the ears of the old Cid—‘we must have knocks, ha ! must we not ?’—Venus fared worse than Mars. Sonneteers warbled amatory nothings to phantoms of shadows. Love was made but to be told by vain babblers, who knew not that real love never stops to define nor analyse, never trumpets forth its tale, but, deeply sensitive, hides its sweet secret, dreading never to meet with full sympathy from uncongenial hearts. The Platonisms of Petrarch without his delicacy, were ill-suited to the real fierce passion which burned and burns in Southern bosoms for a real concentrating object.

Meanwhile, a sad change for the worse was silently taking place in the character of Spaniards. Their literature, its exponent, partook of the deterioration. The civil and religious tyranny of the Austrian brooded over the land ; the once-free Castilians no longer fought for their faith and country, but for ambition and foreign conquest : slaves at home, and conquerors abroad, their ancient good qualities became the sources of the most cruel deeds of butchery and bigotry which have ever disgraced a nation. With the same implicit obedience to king and priest, they executed the bloody orders of despots and the Inquisition. Their poesy, which had shone bright in their an-

cient ballads, now shared in the decline ; it still glittered on the theatre, yet devoid of ancient honesty and simplicity. It now inculcated doctrines of servility, of bad morality, laxness in principle, false honor, selfishness, and skulking assassination.

The discredit into which the old system had fallen produced Don Quixote. The success of this inimitable performance contributed to hasten the general change for the worse. No man, however, had more of the true chivalrous spirit than Cervantes ; nor do we think that he originally contemplated the full effect which his work produced, and which he appears to have tried to counteract in his second part ; where (excepting the monomania,) the high *ηρός* of his hero rises very much, and in fact became the portrait of the author. Chivalry had served its turn, and had had its day ; from being all in all, it had become useless, powerless, and necessarily was held cheap, by all those who kick at the fallen lion : ‘du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu' un pas.’ Knowledge blew romance to the winds, as gunpowder reduced the knight errant to the ranks. The clay-footed colossus was laughed at and travestied. The germ of a Don Quixote budded first among the practical English, who soon, with their genius for caricature, depicted the absurdity and weak side in their Sir Topaz—their mock tournament of Tottenham, their Reeves Daughter, their Dragon of Wantley. More of Morehall was the type of the Knight of La Mancha—a glimmering of this had appeared in the Satirical Minho Rebulgo. The ridicule, however, which pleased the frivolous Juan II. was not in sympathy with the nation, nor with the reality of the Moorish contest. Spanish romance was destined to fall, like Cæsar, with greater dignity. There is nothing, however, new under the sun. The same causes led to similar effects many centuries before. ‘The Pythian sibyl,’ says Plutarch,* ‘descended from her car of metre, melodies, and ballads, to ‘distinguish in prose the true from the mythological, and stooped with dis-‘enchanted wings to truth.’ Prose—alas ! as we know to our cost—in the march of intellect follows the funeral of poesy, as naturally as physicians and undertakers do once-animated remains. When the world fancied itself getting wiser, it considered poetry to be a fiction, and, mistaking form for substance, gave credit to the same stories when made honest in prose, the presumed garb of respectable matter of fact, which it rejected in verse. The metrical romances led to those ponderous folios, those *Amadis de Gauls* in

* Plutarch de Pyth. Or. vii. 601. Reisk. μετροις μελεσι και ωδαις—κατεβη μεν απο των μετρων ώσπερ οχηματων, η Ἰστορία και τω πεζώ (sermone pedestri) μαλιστα του μυθωδους απεκριθη το αληθες.

which Spain took the lead, the perusal of which drove Don Quixote mad ; the process of conversion is old and simple, it merely consisted in removing the final rhymes, when the prose became complete. The rule holds good to this day, and the experiment may be verified on any of the best poems of last year's publication.

The Moorish conquest which preceded these later deteriorations in national character and literature, effected some change in both ; more, however, in form than in substance. The Arabian influence lighted up the native flowers of Castilian romance with the gorgeous brilliancy of an eastern sun : a more figurative, ornate, oriental tinge was communicated, from which the older ballads are remarkably exempt : the two people were now brought into immediate, and at first into amicable contact. They felt, what so often happens, the softening explanatory influence of intercourse, and a better acquaintance, under which even the fallen angels appear less black. They found that the hated Moors resembled themselves in pride and martial chivalry, and were their masters in arts, luxuries, and refinement. The Moor, a subject of national interest and triumph, became in consequence a vehicle for novels and poesy ; which professed, on the *captandum* principle, to be translated from Arabian originals, done into choice Castilian by eminent authors ; and no doubt, in many instances, much was actually adopted from an originally cognate literature ; as had occurred before in the times of Alvarus and St. Eulogius. It was thus that the most delightful of tales, 'Las Guerras de Granada,'* originated ;—a work which, in the opinion of Schlegel, contains some of the finest ballads in the Spanish, or in any other language. It was the prototype of the 'Waverley novels.' It was a Moorish tale of 'sixty years since,' published about a hundred years after the conquest of Granada. It professed to be a translation taken from the original of Abenhanum of Granada, by Gines Perez of Murcia, and to give the history of the intrigues of the Alhambra, and the Moorish account of that period. It was a mixture of history and fiction, with just enough of the former to stamp a color of credit on the details. Its success was prodigious ; it rivalled in number of editions the Amadis of

* No lover of Spanish romance should be without this charming novel, for a fiction it undoubtedly is. A vast number of editions are enumerated by Brunet, (Nouv. Res. ii. 178,) and by Hallam, (Lit. Eur., iii. 438.) Neither, however, mention those editions now before us. Parte Prima, (the second edition,) Valencia, 1597. Part Secunda, Cuenca, 1619. The second part is rarer than the first. The French translation by Sané, Paris, 1809, in general inaccuracy and sins of omission and commission, rivals the worthless translation of Conde's History of the Moors, by Mons. Marles: *hos tu, Romane, caveto.*

Gaul, the Orlando Furioso, and the novels of Scott. It was translated into foreign languages. It called forth a sympathy for the Moor, whose plaintive tale was told in most touching ballads, interspersed with the prose narrative.

This kindly tone toward a fallen enemy gave offence to many of the stern old Spaniards, who were indignant that their Bernardos and Cids should be set aside by those Ganzuls and Abenhamers;—forgetting that to extol them was the greatest, although an indirect, compliment to those by whom they had been conquered. This book created a pseudo-Arabian style; for the fiery zeal of the bigot Ximenes prevented any real cultivation of Arabian literature. By burning every book on the absurd supposition that it was the Koran, and by deterring Talavera and others from translating Spanish works into the Arabic, the language of the Moors in less than half a century ceased to be understood in Spain; where it has ever since been less investigated and appreciated than in any other kingdom of Europe. Its real influence on Spanish literature has been very much overrated, nor do we imagine that one tithe of the so-called Moorish ballads were ever composed by Moors. But we must conclude.

We trust that those who have done us the honor to peruse these remarks, will now turn with increased zest to the captivating volume which has given rise to them; they will then reverse the hard lot of the Sybil, and reascend into the gorgeous and pleasing car of poesy, from the dry and grovelling path of prose. Far more easy and more agreeable would it have been to us, to have adorned our pages with a nosegay, culled from these no longer exotic flowers of Castilian romance; they are now rendered indigenous; transplanted by the genius of Mr. Lockhart, they have taken deep root and flourish in our harder climate; and in truth the soil is congenial. Their manly tone of liberty and independence, their reflective, somewhat saddened turn, their sincere religious character, their sterling loyalty, patriotism, and love of country, never will find a truer echo than in honest English hearts. Confidently do we invite our readers to the entire volume, in the assurance that they will better judge of the spirit of the whole, than by any selections of ours, which at best show rather the turn of mind of the selector than of the original. Mr. Lockhart has conjured up a boundless succession of scenes and actors, who pass before our view in a Banquo glass;—Bernardo, the hero of Roncevalles, the personified principle of the immemorial, inveterate resistance of Spaniards against the invading Gaul—when Christian and Moor forgot their own mutual hatred and death struggle, in the more absorbing common abhorrence of France. The Cid—‘My Cid, he who was born in a good hour,’ ‘the honor of Spain’—the type and epitome of her national character, whose horse, sword, beard,

every part, parcel and particular, has been made the theme of a poem. Poor Blanche! in her lonely prison, sighing like Mary Stuart for her lost, her much loved France, and murdered by her wayward husband, Don Pedro—then comes his hour of retribution, the fratricidal wrestling at Montiel; the bloody civil wars, the Roses and Bosworth of Spain—anon the scene shifts to Granada, to the fairy Alhambra, to the banquet of beauty,—the fountain, jereed, and tournament. Then dark-coming calamities cast their shadows over joy and pomp; a cry of wo from Alhama, a hurrying and stirring in the city, a saddling of steeds, a buckling on of armor, a riding up and down;—the contest, the defeat, the triumph of the cross, the fall of the crescent, never to rise again. Then is heard the ‘last sigh of the Moor,’ as descending from the hillock of Padul, his water-standing eyes looked their last farewell at those red towers, his paradise on earth, now lost forever. Then murmur out the plaintive ditties of fallen Granada, those Morisco wails which were forbidden to be sung, lest the tear that they called up should be brushed away by the clenched hand, which passed rapidly over the brow to grasp the sword of revenge.

Such is the treat which awaits our readers. We speak with the fond remembrance of bygone years, when we pored over these ballads on the scenes themselves; and now, ‘e'en in their ashes, glow the wonted fires,’ fanned and rekindled by these delightful translations. ‘I never heard,’ says the Arcadian Sydney, ‘the old song of Percie and Donglas, that I found not my ‘heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blinde ‘crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which, beeing so eville ap-‘parelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, ‘trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?’ Not, think we, so much as in its own simple voice—which is that of our Shakspeare—‘nature’s own ‘darling’—‘who loved a ballad e'en too well;’ and who has embalmed in his own never-dying pages many a gem of our own precious popular poetry. Just as Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, influenced by a kindred feeling, interwove into his immortal Don Quixote a rich tissue of the native songs of his land. Those great searchers into the heart of man well knew how much this class of simple poesy can refresh the bright spark within us, when dimmed by the cares and earthy necessities of our mortal coil.—

‘Now good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we had last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than the light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.’

INTRODUCTION.

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THE intention of this publication is to furnish the English reader with some notion of that old Spanish minstrelsy, which has been preserved in the different *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros* of the sixteenth century. That great mass of popular poetry has never yet received in its own country the attention to which it is entitled. While hundreds of volumes have been written about authors who were, at the best, ingenious imitators of classical or Italian models, not one, of the least critical merit, has been bestowed upon those old and simpler poets who were contented with the native inspirations of Castilian pride. No Spanish Percy, or Ellis, or Ritson, has arisen to perform what no one but a Spaniard can entertain the smallest hope of achieving.

Mr. Bouterwek, in his excellent History of Spanish Literature (Book i., Sect. 1,) complained that no attempt had ever been made even to arrange the old Spanish ballads in any thing like chronological order. An ingenious countryman of his own, Mr. Depping, has since, in some measure, supplied this defect. He has arranged the historical ballads according to the chronology of the persons and events which they celebrate; for even this obvious matter had not been attended to by the original Spanish collectors; but he has modestly and judiciously refrained from attempting the chronological arrangement of them as *compositions*; feeling, of course, that no person can ever acquire such a delicate knowledge of a language not his own, as might enable him to distinguish, with accuracy, between the different shades of antiquity,—or even perhaps to draw, with certainty and precision, the broader line between that which is of genuine antiquity, and that which is mere modern imitation. By far the greater part of the following translations are from pieces which the reader will find in Mr. Depping's Collection, published at Leipzig in 1817.

It seems, therefore, in the present state of things, impossible to determine to what period the composition of the oldest Spanish ballads now extant ought to be referred. The first *Cancionero*, that of Ferdinand de Castillo, was pub-

lished so early as 1510. In it, a considerable number, both of the historical and of the romantic class of ballads, are included: and as the title of the book itself bears ‘Obras de todos o de los mas principales *Trobadores* de España, assi antiguos como modernos,’ it is clear that at least a certain number of these pieces were considered as entitled to the appellation of ‘ancient,’ in the year 1510.

The *Cancionero de Romances*, published at Antwerp in 1555, and afterwards often reprinted under the name of *Romancero*, was the earliest collection that admitted nothing but ballads. The *Romancero Historiado* of Lucas Rodriguez appeared at Alcala, in 1579; the Collection of Lorenzo de Sepulveda, at Antwerp, in 1566. The ballads of the Cid were first published in a collected form in 1615, by Escobar.

But there are not wanting circumstances which would seem to establish, for many of the Spanish ballads, a claim to antiquity much higher than is to be inferred from any of these dates. In the oldest edition of the *Cancionero General*, for example, there are several pieces which bear the name of *Don Juan Manuel*. If they were composed by the celebrated author of Count Lucanor (and it appears very unlikely that any person of less distinguished rank should have assumed that style without some addition or distinction,) we must carry them back at least as far as the year 1362, when the Prince Don Juan Manuel died. But this is not all. The ballads bearing the name of that illustrious author are so far from appearing to be among the most ancient in the *Cancionero*, that even a very slight examination must be sufficient to establish exactly the reverse. The regularity and completeness of their rhymes alone are, in fact, quite enough to satisfy any one who is acquainted with the usual style of the *redondillas*, that the ballads of Don Juan Manuel are among the most modern in the whole collection.*

But, indeed, whatever may be the age of the ballads now extant, that the Spaniards *had* ballads of the same general character, and on the same sub-

* A single stanza of one of them will be enough:—

‘Gritando va el caballero publicando su gran mal,
Vestidas ropas de luto, asferradas en sayal;
Por las montes sin camino con dolor y suspirar,
Llorando a pie desalço, jurando de no tornar.’

Compare this with such a ballad as—

‘No te espantes, cabarello, ni tengas *tamaña grima*;
Hija soy del buen Rey y de la Reyna de Castilla.’

jects, at a very early period of their national history, is quite certain. In the General Chronicle of Spain, which was compiled in the thirteenth century, at the command of Alphonso the Wise, allusions are perpetually made to the popular songs of the Minstrels, or *Joglares*. Now, it is evident that the phraseology of compositions handed down orally from one generation to another, must have undergone, in the course of time, a great many alterations ; yet, in point of fact, the language of by far the greater part of the Historical Ballads in the *Romancero*, does appear to carry the stamp of an antiquity quite as remote as that used by the compilers of the General Chronicle themselves. Nay, some of those very expressions from which Mr. Southey would seem to infer that the CHRONICLE OF THE CID is a more ancient composition than the GENERAL CHRONICLE OF SPAIN (which last was written before 1384,) are quite of common occurrence in these same ballads, which Mr. Southey considers as of comparatively modern origin.*

All this, however, is a controversy in which few English readers can be expected to take much interest. And, besides, even granting that the Spanish ballads were composed but a short time before the first *Cancioneros* were published, it would still be certain that they form by far the oldest, as well as largest, collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever. Had there been published at London, in the reign of our Henry VIII., a vast collection of English ballads about the wars of the Plantagenets, what illustration and annotation would not that collection have received long ere now !

How the old Spaniards should have come to be so much more wealthy in this sort of possession than any of their neighbors, it is not very easy to say. They had their taste for warlike song in common with all the other members of the great Gothic family ; and they had a fine climate, affording, of course, more leisure for amusement than could have been enjoyed beneath the rougher sky of the north. The flexibility of their beautiful language, and the extreme simplicity of the versification adopted in their ballads, must, no doubt, have lightened the labor, and may have consequently increased the number of their professional minstrels.

To tell some well-known story of love or heroism, in stanzas of four octo-syllabic lines, the second and the fourth terminating in the same rhyme, or in what the musical accompaniment could make to have *some appearance of being the same*,—this was all that the art of the Spanish *coplero*, in its most perfect state, ever aspired to. But a line of seven or of six syllables was

* See the Introduction to Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, p. v.—(Note.)

admitted whenever that suited the *maker* better than one of eight: the stanza itself varied from four to six lines, with equal ease; and, as for the matter of rhyme, it was quite sufficient that the two corresponding syllables contained the same *vowel*.* In a language less abundant in harmonious vocables, such laxity could scarcely have satisfied the ear. But, the Spanish is, like the sister Italian, music in itself, though music of a bolder character.

I have spoken of the structure of the *redondillas*, as Spanish writers generally speak of it, when I have said that the stanzas consist of four lines. But a distinguished German antiquary, Mr. Grimm, who published, a few years ago, a little *sylva* of Spanish ballads, expresses his opinion that the stanza was composed in reality of two long lines, and that these had subsequently been cut into four, exactly as we know to have been the case in regard to our own old English ballad-stanza. Mr. Grimm, in his small, but very elegant collection, prints the Spanish verses in what he thus supposes to have been their original shape;† and I have followed his example in the form of the stanza which I have for the most part used in my translations, as well as in quoting occasionally from the originals.

So far as I have been able, I have followed Mr. Depping in the classification of the specimens which follow.

The reader will find placed together at the beginning those ballads which treat of persons and events known in the authentic history of Spain. A few concerning the unfortunate Don Roderick, and the Moorish conquest of the eighth century, form the commencement; and the series is carried down, though of course with wide gaps and intervals, yet so as to furnish something like a connected sketch of the gradual progress of the Christian arms, until the surrender of Granada, in the year 1492, and the consequent flight of the last Moorish sovereign from the Peninsula.

* For example:—

‘Y arrastrando luengos lutos
Entraron treynta *fidalgos*
Escuderos de Ximena
Hija del conde *Loçano*.’

Or,—

‘A Don Alvaro de Luna
Condestable de *Castilla*
El rey Don Juan el Segundo
Con mal semblante lo *mira*.’

But, indeed, even this might be dispensed with.

† ‘*Sylva de Viejos Romances*, publicada por Jacobo Grimm. Vienna, 1815.’

Throughout that very extensive body of historical ballads from which these specimens have been selected, there prevails an uniformly high tone of sentiment,—such as might have been expected to distinguish the popular poetry of a nation proud, haughty, free, and engaged in continual warfare against enemies of different faith and manners, but not less proud and not less warlike than themselves. Those petty disputes and dissensions which so long divided the Christian princes, and, consequently, favored and maintained the power of the formidable enemy whom they all equally hated; those struggles between prince and nobility, which were productive of similar effects after the crowns of Leon and Castile had been united; those domestic tragedies which so often stained the character and weakened the arms of the Spanish kings; in a word, all the principal features of the old Spanish history may be found, more or less distinctly shadowed forth, among the productions of these unflattering minstrels.

Of the language of Spain, as it existed under the reign of the Visigoth kings, we possess no monuments. The laws and the chronicles of the period were equally written in Latin; and although both, in all probability, must have been frequently rendered into more vulgar dialects, no traces of any such versions have survived the many storms and struggles of religious and political dissension, of which this interesting region has since been made the scene. To what precise extent, therefore, the language and literature of the Peninsula felt the influence of that great revolution which subjected the far larger part of her territory to the sway of a Mussulman sceptre, and how much or how little of what we at this hour admire or condemn in the poetry of Portugal, Arragon, Castile, is really not of Spanish, but of Moorish origin,—these are matters which have divided all the great writers of literary history, and which we, in truth, have little chance of ever seeing accurately decided. No one, however, who considers of what elements the Christian population of Spain was originally composed, and in what shapes the mind of nations, every way kindred to that population, was expressed during the middle ages, can have any doubt that great and remarkable influence *was* exerted over Spanish thought and feeling—and, therefore, over Spanish language and poetry—by the influx of those Oriental tribes that occupied, for seven long centuries, the fairest provinces of the Peninsula.

Spain, although of all the countries which owned the authority of the Caliphs she was the most remote from the seat of their empire, appears to have been the very first in point of cultivation;—her governors having, for at least two centuries, emulated one another in affording every species of encouragement and protection to all those liberal arts and sciences which first

flourished at Bagdad under the sway of Haroon Al-Raschid, and his less celebrated, but, perhaps, still more enlightened son, Al-Mamoun. Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of these rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderick, had been every where penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner,—where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova; Ben-Zaid and Aboul-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia; Abdel-Maluk set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and even an Arabian Encyclopædia was compiled, under the direction of Mohammed-Aba-Abdallah, at Granada. Ibn-el-Beither went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for every thing that might enable him to perfect his favorite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all who are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates: while chemistry, and other branches of medical science, almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied; and, in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted, than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigor which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tarifa.

Although the difference of religion prevented the Moors and their Spanish subjects from ever being completely melted into one people, yet it appears that nothing could, on the whole, be more mild than the conduct of the Moorish government towards the Christian population of the country, during this their splendid period of undisturbed dominion. Their learning and their arts they liberally communicated to all who desired such participation; and the Christian youth studied freely and honorably at the feet of Jewish physicians and Mahomedan philosophers. Communication of studies and acquirements, continued through such a space of years, could not have failed to break down, on both sides, many of the barriers of religious prejudice, and to nourish a spirit of kindliness and charity among the more cultivated portions

of either people. The intellect of the Christian Spaniards could not be ungrateful for the rich gifts it was every day receiving from their misbelieving masters : while the benevolence with which instructors ever regard willing disciples, must have tempered in the minds of the Arabs the sentiments of haughty superiority natural to the breasts of conquerors.

By degrees, however, the scattered remnants of unsubdued Visigoths, who had sought and found refuge among the mountains of Asturias and Galicia, began to gather the strength of numbers and of combination, and the Mussulmen saw different portions of their empire successively wrested from their hands by leaders whose descendants assumed the titles of KINGS in Oviedo and Navarre ; and of COUNTS in Castile, Soprarbia, Arragon, and Barcelona. From the time when these principalities were established, till all their strength was united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, a perpetual war may be said to have subsisted between the professors of the two religions ; and the natural jealousy of Moorish governors must have gradually, but effectually, diminished the comfort of the Christians who yet lived under their authority. Were we to seek our ideas of the period only from the *events* recorded in its chronicles, we should be led to believe that nothing could be more deep and fervid than the spirit of mutual hostility which prevailed among all the adherents of the opposite faiths : but external events are sometimes not the surest guides to the spirit whether of peoples or of ages, and the ancient popular poetry of Spain may be referred to for proofs, which cannot be considered as either of dubious or of trivial value, that the rage of hostility had not sunk quite so far as might have been imagined into the minds and hearts of very many that were engaged in the conflict.

There is, indeed, nothing more natural, at first sight, than to reason in some measure from a nation as it is in our own day, back to what it was a few centuries ago ; but nothing could tend to the production of greater mistakes than such a mode of judging applied to the case of Spain. In the erect and high-spirited peasantry of that country, we still see the genuine and uncorrupted descendants of their manly forefathers ; but in every other part of the population, the progress of corruption appears to have been not less powerful than rapid : and the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more distinct and mortifying is the spectacle of moral not less than of physical deterioration. This universal falling off of men may be traced very easily to an universal falling off in regard to every point of faith and feeling most essential to the formation and preservation of a national character. We have been accustomed to consider the modern Spaniards as the most bigoted, and enslaved, and ignorant of Europeans ; but we must not forget, that the

Spaniards of three centuries back were, in all respects, a very different set of beings. Castile, in the first regulation of her constitution, was as free as any nation needs to be, for all the purposes of social security and individual happiness. Her kings were her captains and her judges, the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry : but the authority with which they were invested was guarded by the most accurate limitations ; nay—in case they should exceed the boundary of their legal power—the statute-book of the realm itself contained exact rules for the conduct of a constitutional insurrection to recall them to their duty, or to punish them for its desertion. Every order of society had, more or less directly, its representatives in the national council ; every Spaniard, of whatever degree, was penetrated with a sense of his own dignity as a freeman—his own nobility as a descendant of the Visigoths. And it is well remarked by an elegant historian of our day,* that, even to this hour, the influence of this happy order of things still continues to be felt in Spain,—where manners, and language, and literature, have all received indelibly a stamp of courts, and aristocracy, and proud feeling,—which affords a striking contrast to what may be observed in modern Italy, where the only freedom that ever existed had its origin and residence among citizens and merchants.

The civil liberty of the old Spaniards could scarcely have existed so long as it did, in the presence of any feeling so black and noisome as the bigotry of modern Spain ; but this was never tried ; for down to the time of Charles V. no man has any right to say that the Spaniards were a bigoted people. One of the worst features of their modern bigotry—their extreme and servile subjection to the authority of the Pope—is entirely a-wanting in the picture of their ancient spirit. In the 12th century, the Kings of Arragon were the protectors of the Albigenses ; and their Pedro II. himself died in 1213, fighting bravely against the red cross, for the cause of tolerance. In 1268, two brothers of the King of Castile left the banners of the *Infidels*, beneath which they were serving at Tunis, with eight hundred Castilian gentlemen, for the purpose of coming to Italy and assisting the Neapolitans in their resistance to the tyranny of the Pope and Charles of Anjou. In the great schism of the West, as it is called (1378,) Pedro IV. embraced the party which the Catholic Church regards as schismatic. That feud was not allayed for more than a hundred years, and Alphonso V. was well paid for consenting to lay it aside ; while, down to the time of Charles V., the whole of the Neapolitan Princes of the House of Arragon may be said to have lived in a state of open

* Sismondi's *Littérature du Midi*.

enmity against the Papal See ;—sometimes excommunicated for generations together—seldom apparently—never cordially reconciled. When, finally, Ferdinand the Catholic made his first attempt to introduce the Inquisition into his kingdom, almost the whole nation took up arms to resist him. The Grand Inquisitor was killed, and every one of his creatures was compelled to leave, for a season, the yet free soil of Arragon.

But the strongest and best proof of the comparative liberality of the old Spaniards is, as I have already said, to be found in their Ballads. Throughout the far greater part of those compositions, there breathes a certain spirit of charity and humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented. The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most beautiful of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths, in spite of their adverse interests, they had much in common. Loves, and sports, and recreations,—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections, were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid himself,—almost every one of the favorite heroes of the Spanish nation, had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the Crescent, and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in their *Moueachchah*, or *girdle verses*, were repaid by liberal encomiums on Moorish valor and generosity in Castilian and Arragonese *Redondillas*. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of feats of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming compliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Nay, even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castilian Ballads, the parts of glory and greatness are almost as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians ;—Calaynos was a name as familiar as Gayferos. At a somewhat later period, when the conquest of Granada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of their old Saracen rivals ; and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the ‘Knights of Granada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors,’

‘Caballeros Granadinos
Aunque Moros hijos d’algo,’

must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of ‘The Baby King.’ It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Mollahs, and tended to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem.

Bernard of Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both peoples. Of his all-romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso for the murder of his father. It was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against the Frankish army for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a half-Leonese, half-Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valor and magic :—

‘ When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer
On Roncesvalles died.’

A few ballads, unquestionably of Moorish origin, and apparently rather of the romantic than of the historical class, are given in a section by themselves. The originals are valuable, as monuments of the manners and customs of a most singular race.

Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard, (it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two,) they were sung in the villages of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man, woman, and child,—Mussulman and Christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, ‘like steel among weapons,—like wax among women,’—

‘ Fuerte qual azero entre armas,
Y qual cera entre las damas.’

There came, indeed, a time when the fondness of the Spaniards for their Moorish Ballads was made matter of reproach,—but this was not till long after the period when Spanish bravery had won back the last fragments of the Peninsula from Moorish hands. It was thus that a Spanish poet of the after day expressed himself :—

‘ Vayase con Dios Gazul !
Lleve el diablo à Celindaxa !
Y buelvan estas marlotas
A quien se las diò prestadas !

‘ Que quiere Doña Maria
Ver baylar a Doña Juana,
Una gallarda española,
Que no ay dança mas gallarda :

- ' Y Don Pedro y Don Rodrigo
 Vestir otras mas galanas,
 Ver quien son estos danzantes
 Y conocer estas damas ;
- ' Y el Señor Alcayde quiere
 Saber quien es Abenamar,
 Estos Zegrís y Aliatares,
 Adulces, Zaydes, y Andallas ;
- ' Y de que repartimiento
 Son Celinda y Guadalara,
 Estos Moros y Estas Moras
 Que en todas las bodas danzan ;
- ' Y por hablarlo mas claro,
 Assi tengan buena pascua,
 Ha venido á su noticia
 Que ay Cristianos en Espania.'

These sarcasms were not without their answer ; for, says another poem in the *Romancero General* :—

' Si es Espanol Don Rodrigo,
 Espanol fue el fuerte Andalla ;
 Y sepa el Señor Alcayde
 Que tambien lo es Guadalara.'

But the best argument follows :—

' No es culpa si de los Moros
 Los valientes hechos cantan,
 Pues tanto mas resplandeceen
 Nuestras celebres hazañas.'

The greater part of the Moorish Ballads refer to the period immediately preceding the downfall of the throne of Granada—the amours of that splendid court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles in which its lords and ladies delighted no less than those of the Christian courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great families of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages, which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish cause—and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the Mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. To some readers it may, perhaps, occur, that the part ascribed to Moorish females in these Ballads is not always exactly in the Oriental taste ; but the pictures still extant on the walls of the

Alhambra contain abundant proofs how unfair it would be to judge from the manners of any Mussulman nation of our day, of those of the refined and elegant Spanish Moors.

The specimens of which the third and largest section consists, are taken from amongst the vast multitude of miscellaneous and romantic ballads in the old Cancioneros. The subjects of a number of these are derived from the fabulous Chronicle of Turpin ; and the Knights of Charlemagne's Round-Table appear in all their gigantic lineaments. But the greater part are formed precisely of the same sort of materials which supplied our own ancient ballad-makers, both the English and the Scottish.

In the original Spanish collections, *songs*, both of the serious and of the comic kind, are mingled without scruple among their romantic *ballads* ; and one or two specimens of these also have been attempted towards the conclusion of the following pages.

EDINBURGH, 1823.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

The Lamentation of Don Roderick.

THE treason of Count Julian, and, indeed, the whole history of King Roderick, and the downfall of the gothic monarchy in Spain, have been so effectually made known to the English reader by Mr. Southeby and Sir Walter Scott, that it would be impertinent to say any thing of these matters here. The ballad, a version of which follows, appears to be one of the oldest among the great number relating to the Moorish conquest of Spain. One verse of it is quoted, and several parodied, in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, in the inimitable chapter of the Puppet-show :—

‘The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote’s fury began to abate ; and, with a more pacified countenance, turning to the company,— Well, now, said he, when all is done, long live knight-errantry ; long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this world !—Ay, ay, said Master Peter, in a doleful tone, let it live long for me, so I may die ; for why should I live so unhappy as to say with King Rodrigo, *Yesterday I was lord of Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine ?* It is not half an hour, nay, scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things ; but now you see me a poor, sorry, undone man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and, in short, a mere beggar. What is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who, I am sure, will make me sweat ere I catch him again.’

'BUT still where through the press of war he went,
Half-armed, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows passed him by ; and right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not ; the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet : he, when he beheld
The rout complete, saw that the shield of heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bowed before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitrel smeared
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair
Aspersed like dew-drops : trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous cry, far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seemed
To call the master he had loved so well.'—SOUTHEY.

The Lamentation of Don Roderick.

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they ;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame,—he could no farther go ;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro ;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered, faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed :—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint ;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see,
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he ;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain ?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain :—

‘ Last night I was the King of Spain,—to-day no king am I ;
Last night fair castles held my train,—to-night where shall I lie ?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
To-night not one I call mine own :—not one pertains to me.

' Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and curséd was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great signiory !
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night !
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite ?'

The Penitence of Don Roderick.

THIS ballad also is quoted in *Don Quixote*. ‘And let me tell you again, (quoth Sancho Panza to the Duchess,) if you don’t think fit to give me an island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care whether you do or no. It is an old saying, The Devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glisters. From the tail of the plough, Bamba was made King of Spain ; and from his silks and riches was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true, and sure they are too old to tell a lie. That they are indeed, (said Doña Rodriguez, the old waiting woman, who listened among the rest,) for I remember, one of the ballads tells us how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards ; and how, after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a loud and doleful voice, *Now they eat me, now they gnaw me, in the part where I sinned most.* And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor laborer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin.’

Cervantes would scarcely have made this absurd story the subject of conversation between any more intelligent personages than Sancho Panza and the venerable Doña Rodriguez. Nevertheless, there is something very peculiar in the old ballad to which these interlocutors allude,—enough, perhaps, to make it worth the trouble of translation. There is a little difference between the text of the *Cancionero*, and the copy which Doña Rodriguez quotes ; but I think the effect is better when there is only one snake, than when the tomb is full of them.

Several chapters of the Ancient Chronicle of Spain, translated in the Appendix to Mr. Southe's *Roderick*, relate to the adventures of the King ‘after he left the battle and arrived at a hermitage.’

The Penitence of Don Roderick.

IT was when the King Rodrigo had lost his realm of Spain,
In doleful plight he held his flight o'er Guadalete's plain ;
Afar from the fierce Moslem he fain would hide his wo,
And up among the wilderness of mountains he would go.

There lay a shepherd by the rill, with all his flock beside him ;
He asked him where upon his hill a weary man might hide him.
'Not far,' quoth he, 'within the wood, dwells our old Eremite ;
He in his holy solitude will hide ye all the night.'

'Good friend,' quoth he, 'I hunger.' 'Alas !' the shepherd said,
'My scrip no more containeth but one little loaf of bread.
The weary King was thankful, the poor man's loaf he took ;
He by him sate, and, while he ate, his tears fell in the brook.

From underneath his garment, the King unlocked his chain,
A golden chain with many a link, and the royal ring of Spain ;
He gave them to the wondering man, and, with heavy steps and slow
He up the wild his way began, to the hermitage to go.

The sun had just descended into the western sea,
And the holy man was sitting in the breeze beneath his tree ;
'I come, I come, good father, to beg a boon from thee :
This night within thy hermitage give shelter unto me.'

The old man looked upon the King,—he scanned him o'er and o'er,—
He looked with looks of wondering,—he marvelled more and more.
With blood and dust distainéd was the garment that he wore,
And yet in utmost misery a kingly look he bore.

'Who art thou, weary stranger ? This path why hast thou ta'en ?—
 'I am Rodrigo ;—yesterday men called me King of Spain ;
 I come to make my penitence within this lonely place ;
 Good father take thou no offence, for God and Mary's grace.'

The hermit looked with fearful eye upon Rodrigo's face,
 'Son, mercy dwells with the Most High,—not hopeless is thy case ;
 Thus far thou well hast chosen ; I to the Lord will pray ;
 He will reveal what penance may wash thy sin away.'

Now, God us shield ! it was revealed that he his bed must make
 Within a tomb, and share its gloom with a black and living snake.
 Rodrigo bowed his humble head, when God's command he heard
 And with the snake prepared his bed, according to the word.

The holy Hermit waited till the third day was gone,
 Then knocked he with his finger upon the cold tombstone ;
 'Good King, good King,' the Hermit said, 'an answer give to me,
 How fares it with thy darksome bed and dismal company ?'

'Good father,' said Rodrigo, 'the snake hath touched me not ;
 Pray for me, holy Hermit,—I need thy prayers, God wot ;
 Because the Lord his anger keeps, I lie unharmed here ;
 The sting of earthly vengeance sleeps,—a worser pain I fear.'

The Eremite his breast did smite when thus he heard him say ;
 He turned him to his cell,—that night he loud and long did pray :
 At morning hour he came again,—then doleful moans heard he ;
 From out the tomb the cry did come of gnawing misery.

He spake, and heard Rodrigo's voice ; 'O Father Eremite,
 He eats me now, he eats me now, I feel the adder's bite ;
 The part that was most sinning my bedfellow doth rend ;
 There had my curse beginning, God grant it there may end !'

The holy man made answer in words of hopeful strain ;
 He bade him trust the body's pang would save the spirit's pain.
 Thus died the good Rodrigo, thus died the King of Spain,
 Washed from offence, his spirit hence to God its flight hath ta'en.

The March of Bernardo del Carpio.

OF Bernardo del Carpio, we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish History, or rather, perhaps, to Spanish romance. The continence which procured for Alphonso (who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians in the Austrias about 795) the epithet of 'The Chaste,' was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho Diaz, Count of Saldaña, or Saldeña, Doña Ximena, sister of this virtuous Prince, bore a son. Some chroniclers attempt to gloss over this incident, by alleging that a private marriage had taken place between the lovers: but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut up the peccant Princess in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the castle of Luna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish chroniclers, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo, remonstrated against the King's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as the heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given Charlemagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

The following ballad describes the enthusiasm excited among the Leonese, when Bernardo first raised his standard to oppose the progress of Charlemagne's army.

The March of Bernardo del Carpio.

WITH three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes :
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,—
He quits his team for spear and shield and garniture of might ;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist,—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound ;
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills ;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain.

‘ Free were we born,’ ‘tis thus they cry, ‘ though to our King we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go ;
By God’s behest our aid he shares, but God did ne’er command
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslavéd land.

‘ Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,
To sell our freedom for the fear of Prince or Paladin ;
At least we’ll sell our birthright dear,—no bloodless prize they’ll win.

' At least King Charles, if God decrees he must be Lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain ;
He shall bear witness that we died as lived our sires of old,—
Nor only of Numantium's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

' The LION that hath bathed his paws in seas of Lybian gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore ?
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold, Alphonso ne'er shall sell.'

The Complaint of the Count of Saldana.

THIS ballad is intended to represent the feelings of Don Sancho, Count of Saldaña, while imprisoned by King Alphonso, and, as he supposed, neglected and forgotten, both by his wife, or rather mistress, Doña Ximena, and by his son, Bernardo del Carpio.

THE Count Don Sancho Diaz, the Signior of Saldane,
Lies weeping in his prison, for he cannot refrain :
King Alphonso and his sister, of both doth he complain,
But most of bold Bernardo, the champion of Spain.

'The weary years I durance brook, how many they have been,
When on these hoary hairs I look, may easily be seen ;
When they brought me to this castle, my curls were black I ween,
Wo worth the day ! they have grown grey these rueful walls between.

'They tell me my Bernardo is the doughtiest lance in Spain,
But if he were my loyal heir, there's blood in every vein
Whereof the voice his heart would hear,—his hand would not gainsay ;
Though the blood of kings be mixed with mine, it would not have all the sway.

'Now all the three have scorn of me ; unhappy man am I !
They leave me without pity ; they leave me here to die.
A stranger's feud, albeit rude, were little dole or care,
But he's my own, both flesh and bone ; his scorn is ill to bear.

'From Jailer and from Castellain I hear of hardiment
And chivalry in listed plain on joust and tourney spent ;
I hear of many a battle, in which thy spear is red,
But help from thee comes none to me where I am ill bestead.

' Some villain spot is in thy blood to mar its gentle strain,
Else would it show forth hardihood for him from whom 't was ta'en ;
Thy hope is young, thy heart is strong, but yet a day may be
When thou shalt weep in dungeon deep, and none thy weeping see.'

The Funeral of the Count of Saldaña.

ACCORDING to the Chronicle, Bernardo, being at last wearied out of all patience by the cruelty of which his father was the victim, determined to quit the court of his King and seek an alliance among the Moors. Having fortified himself in the Castle of Carpio, he made continual incursions into the territory of Leon, pillaging and plundering wherever he came. The King at length besieged him in his stronghold; but the defence was so gallant, that there appeared no prospect of success; whereupon many of the gentlemen in Alphonso's camp entreated the King to offer Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, if he would surrender his castle.

Bernardo at once consented; but the King gave orders to have Count Sancho Diaz taken off instantly in his prison. 'When he was dead, they clothed him in splendid attire, mounted him on horseback, and so led him towards Salamanca, where his son was expecting his arrival. As they drew nigh the city, the King and Bernardo rode out to meet them; and when Bernardo saw his father approaching, he exclaimed,—O God! is the Count of Saldaña indeed coming?—Look where he is, replied the cruel King; and now go and greet him whom you so long desired to see. Bernardo went forward and took his father's hand to kiss it; but when he felt the dead weight of the hand, and saw the livid face of the corpse, he cried aloud, and said,—Ah, Don San Diaz, in an evil hour didst thou beget me!—Thou art dead, and I have given my stronghold for thee, and now I have lost all.

The Funeral of the Count of Saldana.

ALL in the centre of the choir Bernardo's knees are bent,—
Before him, for his murdered sire, yawns the old monument.

His kinsmen of the Carpio blood are kneeling at his back,
With knightly friends and vassals good, all garbed in weeds of black.

He comes to make the obsequies of a basely-slaughtered man,
And tears are running down from eyes whence ne'er before they ran.

His head is bowed upon the stone ; his heart, albeit full sore,
Is strong as when in days by-gone he rode o'er Frank and Moor ;

And now between his teeth he mutters, that none his words can hear ;
And now the voice of wrath he utters, in curses loud and clear :

He stoops him o'er his father's shroud, his lips salute the bier ;
He communes with the corse aloud, as if none else were near.

His right hand doth his sword unsheathe, his left doth pluck his beard ;
And while his liegemen held their breath, these were the words they heard :—

‘ Go up, go up, thou blessed ghost, into the hands of God ;
Go, fear not lest revenge be lost, when Carpio's blood hath flowed ;

‘ The steel that drank the blood of France, the arm thy foe that shielded,
Still, father, thirsts that burning lance, and still thy son can wield it.’

Bernardo and Alphonso.

THE incident recorded in this ballad may be supposed to have occurred immediately after the funeral of the Count of Saldafia. As to what was the end of the knight's history, we are almost left entirely in the dark, both by the Chronicle and by the Romancero. It appears to be intimated that, after his father's death, he once more 'took service' among the Moors, who are represented in several of the ballads as accustomed to exchange offices of courtesy with Bernardo.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard ;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

'A curse upon thee,' cries the King, 'who comest unbid to me ;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee ?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart ; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.'

'Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,'
Cries Bernard, 'here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet !
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie :
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny ?

The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France ;
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

'Your horse was down,—your hope was flown,—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine ;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate ;
You 've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

'Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free ;
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see ;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

'The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black ;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back ;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I 'll show,—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe.'

'Seize, seize him !' loud the King doth scream : 'There are a thousand here !
Let his foul blood this instant stream :—What ! caitiffs, do ye fear ?
Seize, seize the traitor !'—But not one to move a finger dareth ;
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death :—cries Bernard, 'Here am I,—
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me ;
Fain would I know who dares his point,—King, Condé, or Grandee.'

Then to his mouth the horn he drew, (it hung below his cloak ;)
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke ;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King to quake.

'Ha ! Bernard,' quoth Alphonso, 'what means this warlike guise ?
Ye know full well I jested,—ye know your worth I prize.'
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed away :—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

The Maiden Tribute.

THE reign of King Ramiro was short, but glorious. He had not been many months seated on the throne, when Abderahman, the second of that name, sent a formal embassy to demand payment of an odious and ignominious tribute, which had been agreed to in the days of former and weaker princes, but which, it should seem, had not been exacted by the Moors while such men as Bernardo del Carpio and Alphonso the Great headed the forces of the Christians. This tribute was *a hundred virgins per annum*. King Ramiro refused compliance, and marched to meet the army of Abderahman. The battle was fought near Albayda, (or Alveida,) and lasted for two entire days. On the first day, the superior discipline of the Saracen chivalry had nearly accomplished a complete victory, when the approach of night separated the combatants. During the night, Saint Iago stood in a vision before the King, and promised to be with him next morning in the field. Accordingly, the warlike apostle made his appearance, mounted on a milk-white charger, and armed cap-a-pe in radiant mail, like a true knight. The Moors sustained a signal defeat, and the Maiden Tribute was never afterwards paid, although often enough demanded. Such is, in substance, the story, as narrated by Mariana, (see Book vii. chap. 13,) who fixes the date of the battle of Alveida in the year 844, being the second year after the accession of King Ramiro.

Mr. Southeby says that there is no mention of this battle of Alveida in the three authors who lived nearest the time; but adds, that the story of Santiago's making his first appearance in *a field of battle* on the Christian side is related at length by King Ramiro himself, in a charter granting a perpetual tribute of wine, corn, &c., to the Church of Compostella. Mr. Southeby says that the only old ballad he has seen in the Portuguese language is founded upon a story of a Maiden Tribute. See the Notes to his "Cid," p. 377.

The Masden Tribute.

THE noble King Ramiro within the chamber sate,
One day, with all his barons, in council and debate,
When, without leave or guidance of usher or of groom,
There came a comely maiden into the council-room.

She was a comely maiden,—she was surpassing fair ;
All loose upon her shoulders hung down her golden hair ;
From head to foot her garments were white as white may be ;
And while they gazed in silence, thus in the midst spake she,

‘ Sir King, I crave your pardon, if I have done amiss
In venturing before ye, at such an hour as this ;
But I will tell my story, and when my words ye hear,
I look for praise and honor, and no rebuke I fear.

‘ I know not if I ’m bounden to call thee by the name
Of Christain, King Ramiro ; for though thou dost not claim
A heathen realm’s allegiance, a heathen sure thou art ;
Beneath a Spaniard’s mantle thou hidest a Moorish heart.

‘ For he who gives the Moor-King a hundred maids of Spain,
Each year when in its season the day comes round again,—
If he be not a heathen, he swells the heathen’s train ;
’Twere better burn a kingdom than suffer such disdain.

‘ If the Moslem must have tribute, make *men* your tribute-money,
Send idle drones to tease them within their hives of honey ;
For when ’tis paid with maidens, from every maid there spring
Some five or six strong soldiers to serve the Moorish King.

' It is but little wisdom to keep our men at home,
They serve but to get damsels, who, when their day is come,
Must go, like all the others, the heathen's bed to sleep in ;
In all the rest they're useless, and no wise worth the keeping.

' And if it is fear of battle that makes ye bow so low,
And suffer such dishonor from God our Saviour's foe,
I pray you, sirs, take warning,—ye 'll have as good a fright,
If e'er the Spanish damsels arise themselves to right.

' 'Tis we have manly courage within the breasts of women,
But ye are all hare-hearted, both gentlemen and yeomen.'—
Thus spake that fearless maiden ; I wot when she was done,
Uprose the King Ramiro and his nobles every one.

The King called God to witness, that come their weal or wo,
Thenceforth no Maiden Tribute from out Castile should go ;
' At least I will do battle on God our Saviour's foe,
And die beneath my banner before I see it so.'

A cry went through the mountains when the proud Moor drew near,
And trooping to Ramiro came every Christian spear ;
The blessed Saint Iago, they called upon his name ;—
That day began our freedom, and wiped away our shame.

The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez.

THE story of Fernan Gonzalez is detailed in the *Coronica Antigua de España* with so many romantic circumstances, that certain modern critics have been inclined to consider it as entirely fabulous. Of the main facts recorded, there seems, however, to be no good reason to doubt ; and it is quite certain that, from the earliest times, the name of Fernan Gonzalez has been held in the highest honor by the Spaniards themselves, of every degree. He lived at the beginning of the tenth century. It was under his rule, according to the chronicles, that Castile first became an independent Christian state, and it was by his exertions that the first foundations were laid of that system of warfare, by which the Moorish power in Spain was at last overthrown.

He was so fortunate as to have a wife as heroic as himself, and both in the chronicles, and in the ballads, abundant justice is done to her merits.

She twice rescued Fernan Gonzalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked, or designed to ask, her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and was on his way to that prince's court, when he was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy, the Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre. Sancha, the young princess, to whose alliance he had aspired, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation ; and having done so, by bribing his jailer, she accompanied his flight to Castile.

Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His countess, feigning a pilgrimage to Compostella, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and afterwards, in the course of her progress, to spend one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him ; and he was so fortunate as to pass in his dis-

guise through the guards who attended on him—his courageous wife remaining in his place—exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the Tower of London, on the 23d of February, 1715.

There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads, concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonzalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest of these,—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.

The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez.

THEY have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel ;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
'To the rescue ! to the rescue, ho !—they have ta'en Fernan Gonzalez !'

A pilgrim knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar ;
To the Alcayde of the Tower, in secret thus said he,
'These bezaunts fair with thee I 'll share, so I this lord may see.'

The Alcayde was full joyful,—he took the gold full soon ;
He brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon ;
He let him out at morning, at the gray light of the prime ;
But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne
To a King that is full joyous, and to a feastful town ;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en,—
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but, at the evening tide,
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower, aside ;
'Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

'The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief ;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land,—
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonzalez' hand !

‘ Gonzalez loves thee, lady,—he loved thee long ago,
 But little is the kindness that for his love you show ;
 The curse that lies on Cava’s* head, it may be shared by thee ;—
 Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonzalez free.’—

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,
 When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta’en her flight ;
 She hath tempted the Alcayd with her jewels and her gold,
 And unto her his prisoner that Jailer false hath sold.

She took Gonzalez by the hand, at the dawning of the day,
 She said, ‘ Upon the heath you stand,—before you lies your way ;
 But if I to my father go, alas ! what must I do ?
 My father will be angry,—I fain would go with you.’—

He hath kissed the Infanta,—he hath kissed her brow and cheek,
 And lovingly together the forest-path they seek ;
 Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
 With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

‘ Now stop ! now stop !’ the priest he said, (he knew them both right well,)
 ‘ Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell ;
 Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for, if my words you scorn,
 I ’ll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn.’—

* * * * *

The base priest’s word Gonzalez heard ; ‘ Now, by the rood !’ quoth he,
 ‘ A hundred deaths I ’ll suffer, or ere this thing shall be.’—
 But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and slow,
 And to the priest she beckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters pressed his knees ;
 Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees ;—
 ‘ For help, for help, Gonzalez !—for help,’ he hears her cry,
 ‘ God aiding, fast I ’ll hold thee, until my lord come nigh.’

* Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the downfall of the Gothic kingdom.

He has come within the thicket,—there lay they on the green,—
And he has plucked from off the grass the false priest's javelin ;
Firm by the throat she held him bound,—down went the weapon sheer,—
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way,—his palfrey served their need ;
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread,
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And, gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below ;
'Gramercy !' quoth Gonzalez, 'or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

'Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,—
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me ;
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta,—and every blade is thine.'

The Seven Heads.

‘It was,’ says Mariana, ‘in the year 986, that the seven most noble brothers, commonly called the Infants of Lara, were slain by the treachery of Ruy Velasquez, who was their uncle, for they were the sons of his sister, Doña Sancha. By the father’s side, they were sprung from the Counts of Castile, through the Count Don Diego Porcellos, from whose daughter, and Nuño Pelchides, there came two sons, namely, Nuño Rasura, great-grandfather of the Count Garci Fernandez, and Gustio Gonzalez. The last-named gentleman was father of Gonzalo Gustio, Lord of Salas of Lara; and his sons were those seven brothers famous in the history of Spain, not more by reason of their deeds of prowess, than of the disastrous death which was their fortune. They were all knighted in the same day by the Count Don Garcia, according to the fashion which prevailed in those days, and more especially in Spain.

Now it happened that Ruy Velasquez, Lord of Villaren, celebrated his nuptials in Burgos with Doña Lambra, a lady of very high birth, from the country of Briviesca, and, indeed, a cousin-german to the Count Garci Fernandez himself. The feast was splendid, and great was the concourse of principal gentry; and among others were present the Count Garci Fernandez, and those seven brothers, with Gonzalo Gustio, their father.

From some trivial occasion, there arose a quarrel between Gonzalez, the youngest of the seven brothers, on the one hand, and a relation of Doña Lambra, by name Alvar Sanchez, on the other, without, however, any very serious consequences at the time. But Doña Lambra conceived herself to have been insulted by the quarrel, and, in order to revenge herself, when the seven brothers were come as far as Barvadiello, riding in her train the more to do her honor, she ordered one of her slaves to throw at Gonzalez a wild cucumber soaked in blood, a heavy insult and outrage, according to the then existing customs and opinions of Spain. The slave, having done as he was bid, fled for protection to his lady, Doña Lambra; but that availed him nothing, for they slew him within the very folds of her garment.

‘ Ruy Velasquez, who did not witness these things with his own eyes, no sooner returned, than, filled with wrath on account of this slaughter, and of the insult to his bride, he began to devise how he might avenge himself of the seven brothers.

‘ With semblances of peace and friendship, he concealed his mortal hatred ; and, after a time, Gonzalo Gustio, the father, was sent by him, suspecting nothing, to Cordova. The pretence was to bring certain moneys which had been promised to Ruy Velasquez by the barbarian King, but the true purpose, that he might be put to death at a distance from his own country ; for Ruy Velasquez asked the Moor to do this, in letters written in the Arabic tongue, of which Gonzalo was made the bearer. The Moor, however, whether moved to have compassion on the gray hairs of so principal a gentleman, or desirous of at least making a show of humanity, did not slay Gonzalo, but contented himself with imprisoning him. Nor was his durance of the strictest, for a certain sister of the Moorish King found ingress, and held communication with him there ; and from that conversation, it is said, sprung Mudara Gonzalez, author and founder of that most noble Spanish lineage of the Manriques.

‘ But the fierce spirit of Ruy Velasquez was not satisfied with the tribulations of Gonzalo Gustio ; he carried his rage still farther. Pretending to make an incursion into the Moorish country, he led into an ambuscade the seven brothers, who had, as yet, conceived no thought of his treacherous intentions. It is true that Nuño Sallido, their grandfather, had cautioned them with many warnings, for he, indeed, suspected the deceit ; but it was in vain, for so God willed or permitted. They had some two hundred horsemen with them, of their vassals, but these were nothing against the great host of Moors that set upon them from the ambuscade ; and although, when they found how it was, they acquitted themselves like good gentlemen, and slew many, they could accomplish nothing except making the victory dear to their enemies. They were resolved to avoid the shame of captivity, and were all slain, together with their grandfather Sallido. Their heads were sent to Cordova, an agreeable present to that King, but a sight of misery to their aged father, who, being brought into the place where they were, recognized them in spite of the dust and blood with which they were disfigured. It is true, nevertheless, that he derived some benefit therefrom ; for the King, out of the compassion which he felt, set him at liberty to depart to his own country.

‘ Mudara, the son born to Gonzalo (out of wedlock) by the sister of the Moor, when he had attained the age of fourteen years, was prevailed on by his mother to go in search of his father ; and he it was that avenged the

death of his seven brothers, by slaying with his own hand Ruy Velasquez, the author of that calamity. Doña Lambra likewise, who had been the original cause of all those evils, was stoned to death by him and burnt.

'By this vengeance which he took for the murder of his seven brothers, he so won to himself the good-liking of his father's wife, Doña Sancha, and of all the kindred, that he was received and acknowledged as heir to the signories of his father. Doña Sancha herself adopted him as her son, and the manner of the adoption was thus, not less memorable than rude :—The same day that he was baptized and stricken knight, by Garci Fernandez, Count of Castile, the lady made use of this ceremony :—she drew him within a very wide smock by the sleeve, and thrust his head forth at the neck-band, and then kissing him on the face, delivered him to the family as her own child. * * * *

'In the cloister of the monastery of Saint Peter of Arlanza, they show the sepulchre of Mudara. But concerning the place where his seven brothers were buried, there is a dispute between the members of that house and those of the Monastery of Saint Millan at Cogolla.'—(Mariana, Book viii., Chap. 9.)

Such is Mariana's edition of the famous story of the Infants of Lara, a story which, next to the legends of the Cid, and of Bernardo del Carpio, appears to have furnished the most favorite subjects of the old Spanish minstrels.

The ballad, a translation of which follows, relates to a part of the history briefly alluded to by Mariana. In the Chronicle, we are informed more minutely, that, after the Seven Infants were slain, Almanzor, King of Cordova, invited his prisoner, Gonzalo Gustio, to feast with him in his palace ; but when the Baron of Lara came, in obedience to the royal invitation, he found the heads of his sons set forth in chargers on the table. The old man reproached the King bitterly for the cruelty and baseness of this proceeding, and suddenly snatching a sword from the side of one of the royal attendants, sacrificed to his wrath, ere he could be disarmed and fettered, thirteen of the Moors who surrounded the person of Almanzor.

Forty highly spirited engravings of scenes in this romantic history, by Tempesta, after designs of Otto Van Veen, were published at Antwerp, in 1612.

The Seven Heads.

' Who bears such heart of baseness, a king I'll never call,—
Thus spake Gonzalo Gustos within Almanzor's hall ;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The gray-haired Knight of Lara thus spake before them all :

' In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,
And courteous was the answer with which from me he went ;
For why ?—I thought the word he brought of a knight and of a king ;
But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

' Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came ;
Accurséd be the villany, eternal be the shame ;
For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport might be :
Thank God, I cheat you of your joy,—thank God, no tear you see.

' My gallant boys,' quoth Lara, ' it is a heavy sight
These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night ;
Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,
And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her like rain.

' Some currish plot, some trick (God wot !) hath laid you all so low,
Ye died not all together in one fair battle so ;
Not all the misbelievers ever pricked upon yon plain
The seven brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

' The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear ! wert thou,
Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow ;
Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
Thy fiery mace, Gonzalez ! although thou wert so young.

'Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted thee
Upon a stray one in the field,—his own true barb had' he ;
Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
Ne'er had the caitiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy sire to-day !

'False Moor, I am thy captive thrall ; but when thou badest me forth,
To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth
Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will hear my prayer ?—
Lord ! branchless be (like mine) his tree,—yea, branchless, Lord, and bare !'

So prayed the baron in his ire, but when he looked again,
Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down like rain ;
Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and childless man,
And like waters in a furrow, down his cheeks the salt tears ran.

He took their heads up one by one,—he kissed them o'er and o'er,
And aye ye saw the tears down run,—I wot that grief was sore.
He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips so pale.

'Oh, had ye died all by my side upon some famous day,
My fair young men, no weak tears then had washed your blood away !
The trumpet of Castile had drowned the misbelievers' horn,
And the last of all the Lara's line a Gothic spear had borne.'

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him from the place,
Old Lara stooped him down once more, and kissed Gonzalez' face ;
But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasped that Moslem's scymitar.

Oh ! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he flew ;—
'Where, where is false Almanzor ?—back, bastards of Mahoun !'
And here and there, in his despair, the old man hewed them down.

A hundred hands, a hundred brands, are ready in the hall,
But ere they mastered Lara, thirteen of them did fall ;
He has sent, I ween, a good thirteen of dogs that spurned his God,
To keep his children company beneath the Moorish sod.

The Vengeance of Mudara.

THIS is another of the many ballads concerning the Infants of Lara. One verse of it—

—El espera que tu diste a los Infantes de Lara!
Aqui moriras traydor euemigo de Donna Sancha,

—is quoted by Sancho Panza, in one of the last chapters of Don Quixote.

To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound and with hawk ;
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk :
' Oh, in vain have I slaughtered the Infants of Lara :
There 's an heir in his hall,—there 's the bastard Mudara.
There 's the son of the renegade,—spawn of Mahoun,
If I meet with Mudara, my spear brings him down.'

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
A stripling, armed cap-a-pe, crosses his path :
' Good Morrow, young esquire.'—' Good Morrow, old knight.'—
' Will you ride with our party, and share our delight ?'—
' Speak your name, courteous stranger,' the stripling replied ;
' Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride.'—

' My name is Rodrigo,' thus answered the knight ;
' Of the line of old Lara, though barred from my right ;
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
Of our ancestor's castles and forestrries fair,
A bastard, a renegade's offspring—Mudara—
Whom I 'll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lara.'—

'I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage!—with joy,
'I behold thee, thou murderer!' answered the boy.
'The bastard you curse, you behold him in me;
But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be;
Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudara;
We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara!'

'I am armed for the forest-chase,—not for the fight;
Let me go for my shield and my sword,' cries the knight;—
'Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold;
Die, foeman to Sancha—die, traitor to Lara!'
As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudara.

The Wedding of the Lady Theresa.

THE following passage occurs in Mariana's History (Book viii. Chap. 5:)—
‘There are who affirm that this Moor's name was Abdalla, and that he had to wife Doña Theresa, sister to Alphonso, King of Leon, with consent of that prince. Great and flagrant dishonor ! The purpose was to gain new strength to his kingdom by this Moorish alliance ; but some pretences were set forth that Abdalla had exhibited certain signs of desiring to be a Christian, that in a short time he was to be baptized, and the like.

‘The Lady Theresa, deceived with these representations, was conducted to Toledo, where the nuptials were celebrated in great splendor, with games and sports, and a banquet, which lasted until night. The company having left the tables, the bride was then carried to bed ; but when the amorous Moor drew near to her,—Away, (said she;) let such heavy calamity, such baseness, be far from me ! One of two things must be,—either be baptized, thou with thy people, and then come to my arms, or, refusing to do so, keep away from me forever. If otherwise, fear the vengeance of men, who will not overlook my insult and suffering ; and the wrath of God, above all, which will follow the violation of a Christian lady's chastity. Take good heed, and let not luxury, that smooth pest, be thy ruin. But the Moor took no heed of her words, and lay with her against her will. The Divine vengeance followed swiftly, for there fell on him a severe malady, and he well knew within himself from what cause it arose. Immediately he sent back Doña Theresa to her brother's house, with great gifts which he had bestowed on her ; but she made herself a nun, in the Convent of Las Huelgas (near Burgos,) and there passed the remainder of her days in pious labors and devotions, in which she found her consolation for the outrage which had been committed on her.’

The ballad of which a translation follows, tells the same story :—

‘En los reynos de Leon el quinto Alfonso reynava,’ &c.

The Wedding of the Lady Theresa.

'TWAS when the fifth Alphonso in Leon held his sway,
King Abdalla of Toledo an embassy did send ;
He asked his sister for a wife, and in an evil day
Alphonso sent her, for he feared Abdalla to offend ;
He feared to move his anger, for many times before
He had received in danger much succor from the Moor.

Sad heart had fair Theresa when she their paction knew ;
With streaming tears she heard them tell she 'mong the Moors must go ;
That she, a Christian damosell, a Christian firm and true,
Must wed a Moorish husband, it well might cause her wo ;
But all her tears and all her prayers they are of small avail ;
At length she for her fate prepares, a victim sad and pale.

The King hath sent his sister to fair Toledo town,
Where then the Moor Abdalla his royal state did keep ;
When she drew near, the Moslem from his golden throne came down,
And courteously received her, and bade her cease to weep ;
With loving words he pressed her to come his bower within ;
With kisses he caressed her, but still she feared the sin.

'Sir King, Sir King, I pray thee,'—'t was thus Theresa spake,
'I pray thee have compassion, and do to me no wrong ;
For sleep with thee I may not, unless the vows I break
Whereby I to the holy church of Christ my Lord belong ;
But thou hast sworn to serve Mahoun, and if this thing should be,
The curse of God it must bring down upon thy realm and thee.'

'The angel of Christ Jesu, to whom my heavenly Lord
Hath given my soul in keeping, is ever by my side ;
If thou dost me dishonor, he will unsheathe his sword,
And smite thy body fiercely, at the crying of thy bride.
Invisible he standeth ; his sword, like fiery flame,
Will penetrate thy bosom, the hour that sees my shame.'—

The Moslem heard her with a smile ; the earnest words she said
He took for bashful maiden's wile, and drew her to his bower.
In vain Theresa prayed and strove,—she pressed Abdalla's bed,
Perforce received his kiss of love, and lost her maiden flower.
A woful woman there she lay, a loving lord beside,
And earnestly to God did pray her succor to provide.

The Angel of Christ Jesu her sore complaint did hear,
And plucked his heavenly weapon from out his sheath unseen ;
He waved the brand in his right hand, and to the King came near,
And drew the point o'er limb and joint, beside the weeping Queen.
A mortal weakness from the stroke upon the King did fall.
He could not stand when daylight broke, but on his knees must crawl.

Abdalla shuddered inly, when he this sickness felt,
And called upon his barons, his pillow to come nigh ;
'Rise up,' he said, 'my liegemen,' as round his bed they knelt,
'And take this Christian lady, else certainly I die ;
Let gold be in your girdles, and precious stones beside,
And swiftly ride to Leon, and render up my bride.'—

When they were come to Leon, Theresa would not go
Into her brother's dwelling, where her maiden years were spent ;
But o'er her downcast visage a white veil she did throw,
And to the ancient nunnery of Las Huelgas went.
There long, from worldly eyes retired, a holy life she led ;
There she, an aged saint, expired,—there sleeps she with the dead.

The Young Cid.

THE ballads in the collection of Escobar, entitled ‘Romancero e Historia del muy valeroso Caballero El Cid Ruy Diaz de Bivar,’ are said by Mr. Southey to be in general possessed of but little merit. Notwithstanding the opinion of that great scholar and poet, I have had much pleasure in reading them; and have translated a very few, which may serve, perhaps, as a sufficient specimen.

The following is a version of that which stands fifth in Escobar:—

‘Cavalga Diego Laynez al buen Rey besar la mano,’ &c.

Now rides Diego Laynez to kiss the good King’s hand ;
Three hundred men of gentry go with him from his land ;
Among them, young Rodrigo, the proud Knight of Bivar ;
The rest on mules are mounted, he on his horse of war.

They ride in glittering gowns of soye,—he harnessed like a lord ;
There is no gold about the boy, but the crosslet of his sword ;
The rest have gloves of sweet perfume,—he gauntlets strong of mail ;
They broidered cap and flaunting plume,—he crest untaught to quail.

All talking with each other thus along their way they passed,
But now they’ve come to Burgos, and met the King at last ;
When they came near his nobles, a whisper through them ran,—
‘ He rides amidst the gentry that slew the Count Lozan.’—

With very haughty gesture Rodrigo reined his horse,
Right scornfully he shouted, when he heard them so discourse ;—
‘ If any of his kinsmen or vassals dare appear,
The man to give them answer, on horse or foot, is here.’—

‘The devil ask the question !’ thus muttered all the band ;—
With that they all alighted, to kiss the good King’s hand,
All but the proud Rodrigo, he in his saddle stayed,—
Then turned to him his father (you may hear the words he said.)

‘Now, ’light, my son, I pray thee, and kiss the good King’s hand,
He is our Lord, Rodrigo ; we hold of him our land.’—
But when Rodrigo heard him, he looked in sulky sort,—
I wot the words he answered, they were both cold and short.

‘Had any other said it, his pains had well been paid,
But thou, sir, art my father, thy word must be obeyed.’—
With that he sprung down lightly, before the King to kneel,
But as the knee was bending, out leapt his blade of steel.

The King drew back in terror, when he saw the sword was bare ;
‘Stand back, stand back, Rodrigo ! in the devil’s name, beware !
Your looks bespeak a creature of father Adam’s mould,
But in your wild behavior you’re like some lion bold.’

When Rodrigo heard him say so, he leapt into his seat,
And thence he made his answer, with visage nothing sweet,—
‘I’d think it little honor to kiss a kingly palm,
And if my father’s kissed it, thereof ashamed I am.’—

When he these words had uttered, he turned him from the gate,
His true three hundred gentles behind him followed straight ;
If with good gowns they came that day, with better arms they went ;
And if their mules behind did stay, with horses they’re content.

Ximena demands Vengeance.

THIS ballad represents Ximena Gomez as, in person, demanding of the King vengeance for the death of her father, whom the young Rodrigo de Bivar had fought and slain.

' Grande rumor se levanta
De gritos, armas, y voces,
En el Palacio de Burgos
Dondes son los buenos homes.

Baxa el Rey de su aposento, y con el toda la Corte;
Y a las puertas de Palacio hallan a Ximena Gomez,
Desmelenado el cabello, llorando a su padre el Conde,
Y a Rodrigo de Bivar ensangrentado el estoque.'

WITHIN the court at Burgos a clamor doth arise,
Of arms on armor clashing, of screams, and shouts, and cries ;
The good men of the King, that sit his hall around,
All suddenly upspring, astonished at the sound.

The King leans from his chamber, from the balcony on high :
' What means this furious clamor my palace-porch so nigh ?'
But when he looked below him, there were horsemen at the gate,
And the fair Ximena Gomez, kneeling in woful state.

Upon her neck, disordered, hung down the lady's hair,
And floods of tears were streaming upon her bosom fair ;
Sore wept she for her father, the Count that had been slain ;
Loud cursed she Rodrigo, whose sword his blood did stain.

They turned to bold Rodrigo, I wot his cheek was red ;
With haughty wrath he listened to the words Ximena said :
' Good King, I cry for justice. Now, as my voice thou hearest,
So God befriend the children, that in thy land thou rearest.

'The King that doth not justice hath forfeited his claim,
Both to his kingly station, and to his knightly name ;
He should not sit at banquet, clad in the royal pall,
Nor should the nobles serve him on knee within the hall.

'Good King, I am descended from barons bright of old,
Who with Castilian pennons Pelayo did uphold ;
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still shouldst prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

'For thee, fierce homicide ! draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before ;
Because I am a woman, my life thou need'st not spare :
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughtered father's heir.

'Since thou hast slain the knight that did our faith defend,
And still to shameful flight all the Almanzors did send,
'Tis but a little matter that I confront thee so :
Come, traitor, slay his daughter, she needs must be thy foe.'

Ximena gazed upon him, but no reply could meet ;
His fingers held the bridle, he vaulted to his seat.
She turned her to the nobles, I wot her cry was loud,
But not a man durst follow ; slow rode he through the crowd.

The Cid and the Five Moorish Kings.

THE reader will find the story of this ballad in Mr. Southey's Chronicle (Book i., Sect. 4.) 'And the Moors entered Castile in great power, for there came with them five kings,' &c.

With fire and desolation the Moors are in Castile,
Five Moorish kings together, and all their vassals leal ;
They 've passed in front of Burgos, through the Oca-Hills they 've run,
They 've plundered Belforado, San Domingo's harm is done.

In Najara and Logrono there 's waste and disarray :—
And now with Christian captives, a very heavy prey,
With many men and women, and boys and girls beside,
In joy and exultation to their own realms they ride.

For neither king nor noble would dare their path to cross,
Until the good Rodrigo heard of this skaith and loss ;
In old Bivar the castle he heard the tidings told
(He was as yet a stripling, not twenty summers old.)

He mounted Bavieca, his friends he with him took,
He raised the country round him, no more such scorn to brook ;
He rode to the hills of Oca, where then the Moormen lay,
He conquered all the Moormen, and took from them their prey.

To every man had mounted he gave his part of gain,
Dispersing the much treasure the Saracens had ta'en ;
The kings were all the booty himself had from the war,
Them led he to the castle, his stronghold of Bivar.

He brought them to his mother, proud dame that day was she :—
They owned him for their Signior, and then he set them free ;
Home went they, much commanding Rodrigo of Bivar,
And sent him lordly tribute, from their Moorish realms afar.

The Cid's Courtship.

[See Mr. Southey's Chronicle (Book i., Sect. 5,) for this part of the Cid's story, as given in the General Chronicle of Spain.]

Now, of Rodrigo de Bivar great was the fame that run,
How he five kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one ;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say :—
'I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he ;
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

'Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave,—
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have ;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honored shall I hold me,—I shall be married well.

'I know he 's born for thriving, none like him in the land ;
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand ;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Saviour's view,
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew.'

Right pleasing to Fernando was the thing she did propose ;
He writes his letter swiftly, and forth his foot-page goes ;
I wot, when young Rodrigo saw how the king did write,
He leapt on Bavieca,—I wot his leap was light.

With his own troop of true men forthwith he took the way,
Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all gently born were they ;
All in one color mantled, in armor gleaming gay,
New were both scarf and scabbard, when they went forth that day.

The King came out to meet him, with words of hearty cheer ;
Quoth he, ' My good Rodrigo, right welcome art thou here ;
This girl Ximena Gomez would have thee for her lord,
Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

' I pray thee be consenting, my gladness will be great ;
Thou shalt have lands in plenty, to strengthen thine estate.'
' Lord King,' Rodrigo answers, ' in this and all beside,
Command, and I 'll obey thee. The girl shall be my bride !'

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo gazing on her, his face could not command :
He stood and blushed before her ;—thus at the last said he,—
' I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villany :

' In no disguise I slew him,—man against man I stood ;
There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood.
I slew a man, I owe a man ; fair lady, by God's grace !
An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place.'

The Cid's Wedding.

THE following ballad, which contains some curious traits of rough and antique manners, is not included in Escobar's collection. There is one there descriptive of the same event, but apparently executed by a much more modern hand.

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate ;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way that they must march ;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings ;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after ;
For the King has hired the hornéd fiend for twenty maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena,—the King he holds her hand ;
And the Queen ; and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)
'Tis a fine thing to be a King,—but Heaven make me a Hand !'
The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said ;
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

The Cid and the Leper.

LIKE our own Robert the Bruce, the great Spanish hero is represented as exhibiting, on many occasions, great gentleness of disposition and compassion. But while old Barbour is contented with such simple anecdotes as that of a poor laundress being suddenly taken ill with the pains of child-birth, and the King stopping the march of his army rather than leave her unprotected, the minstrels of Spain, never losing an opportunity of gratifying the superstitious propensities of their audience, are sure to let no similar incident in their champion's history pass without a miracle.

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe ;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor ;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure ;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful : great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear ;
In a deep slough the leper lay ; to help would none come near,
Though earnestly he thence did cry, ' For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take.'

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down ;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champioun ;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man ; when to their hosterie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully ;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprosite, which through his shoulders crept ;
Right through the body, by the heart, passed forth that breathing cold ;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind ;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot ! perplexed sore
With that which had befallen—when lo ! his face before,
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white :
Thus said the vision, ‘ Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight ? ’

‘ I sleep not,’ quoth Rodrigo ; ‘ but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow ? ’
‘ I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee ;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

‘ Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been ;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

‘ Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo ;
Thy name shall make men’s cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too ;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven.’

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down,—he knelt till morning light ;
Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

Bavieca.

MONTAIGNE, in his curious Essay, entitled ‘Des Destriers,’ says that all the world knows every thing about Bucephalus. The name of the favorite charger of the Cid Ruy Diaz is scarcely less celebrated. Notice is taken of him in almost every one of the hundred ballads concerning the history of his master,—and there are some among them, of which the horse is more truly the hero than his rider. In one of these ballads, the Cid is giving directions about his funeral; he desires that they shall place his body ‘in full armor upon Bavieca,’ and so conduct him to the church of San Pedro de Cardeña. This was done accordingly; and, says another ballad :—

Truxeron pues a Babieca;
Y en mirandole se puso
Tan triste como si fuera
Mas rasonable que bruto.

In the Cid’s last will, mention is also made of his noble charger. ‘When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep,’ says Ruy Diaz; ‘for shameful thing were it, that he should be eaten by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors.’ He was buried near his master, under the trees in front of the convent of San Pedro of Cardeña.

THE King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true ;
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake after reverence due,
‘O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride :

‘For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certee, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I’ll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor.’

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side ;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them,—they lauded man and horse,
As matchéd well, and rivalless for gallantry and force ;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapped in twain his hither rein :—‘ God pity now the Cid !—
God pity Diaz !’ cried the Lords,—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein ;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding,—and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the King,—
But ‘ No !’ said Don Alphonso, ‘ it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar,—mount, mount again, my Cid !’

The Excommunication of the Cid.

THE last specimen I shall give of the Cid-ballads, is one, the subject of which is evidently of the most apocryphal cast. It is, however, so far as I recollect, the only one of all that immense collection that is quoted or alluded to in Don Quixote. ‘Sancho,’ cried the knight, ‘I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, *Juxta illud; si quis suadente diabolo, &c.* But yet, now I think better on it, I never touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honor and revere as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took them to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king’s ambassador in the Pope’s presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Bivar from behaving himself that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honor.’

It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter’s dome :
‘Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they ?’—‘Seven kings do sit thereon,
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father’s throne.

‘The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show ;
For his great puissance, the King of France next to the Pope may sit,
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit.’

‘Ha !’ quoth the Cid, ‘now, God forbid ! it is a shame, I wiss,
To see the Castle planted below the Flower-de-lys.
No harm, I hope, good Father Pope,—although I move thy chair.’
—In pieces small he kicked it all (‘twas of the ivory fair) :—

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day ;
Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly ;
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful ban :
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head ;
To hell and woe man's soul must go if once that curse be said.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed Father's knee :
Absolve me, blessed Father ! have pity on my prayer,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will bear.

'Who is this sinner,' quoth the Pope, 'that at my foot doth kneel ?'
'I am Rodrigo Diaz—a poor baron of Castile.'

Much marvelled all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say ;
'Rise up, rise up !' the Pope he said, 'I do thy guilt away ;—

'I do thy guilt away,' he said,—'my curse I blot it out :
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout ;
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor.'

Garci Perez de Vargas.

THE crowns of Castile and Leon being at length joined in the person of King Ferdinand, surnamed *El Santo*, the authority of the Moors in Spain was destined to receive many severe blows from the united efforts of two Christian states, which had in former times too often exerted their vigor against each other. The most important event of King Ferdinand's reign was the conquest of Seville, which great city yielded to his arms in the year 1248, after sustaining a long and arduous siege of sixteen months.

Don Garci Perez de Vargas was one of the most distinguished warriors who on this occasion fought under the banners of Ferdinand; and accordingly there are many ballads of which he is the hero. The incident celebrated in that which follows, is thus told, with a few variations, in Mariana, (Book xiii., Chap. 7.)

' Above all others, there signalized himself in these affairs that Garci Perez de Vargas, a native of Toledo, of whose valor so many marvellous, and almost incredible achievements are related. One day, about the beginning of the siege, this Garci, and another with him, were riding by the side of the river, at some distance from the outposts, when, of a sudden, there came upon them a party of seven Moors on horseback. The companion of Perez was for returning immediately, but he replied, that, Never, even though he should lose his life for it, would he consent to the baseness of flight. With that, his companion riding off, Perez armed himself, closed his visor, and put his lance in the rest. But the enemies, when they knew who it was, declined the combat.

' He had therefore pursued his way by himself for some space, when he perceived, that in lacing the head-piece and shutting the visor, he had, by inadvertence, dropped his scarf. He immediately returned upon his steps that he might seek for it. The King, as it happened, had his eyes upon Perez all this time, for the royal tent looked towards the place where he was riding; and he never doubted that the knight had turned back for the pur-

pose of provoking the Moors to the combat. But they avoided him as before, and he, having regained his scarf, came in safety to the camp.

'The honor of the action was much increased by this circumstance, that, although frequently pressed to disclose the name of the gentleman who had deserted him in that moment of danger, Perez would never consent to do so, for his modesty was equal to his bravery.'

A little farther on, Mariana relates, that Garci Perez had a dispute with another gentleman, who thought proper to assert that Garci had no right to assume the coat-of-arms which he wore. 'A sally having been made by the Moors, that gentleman, among many more, made his escape, but Garci stood firm to his post, and never came back to the camp until the Moors were driven again into the city. He came with his shield all bruised and battered to the place where the gentleman was standing, and pointing to the effaced bearing which was on it, said, Indeed, sir, it must be confessed that you show more respect than I do to this same coat-of-arms, for you keep yours bright and unsullied, while mine is sadly discolored. The gentleman was sorely ashamed, and thenceforth Garci Perez bore his achievement without gainsaying or dispute.'

Garci Perez de Vargas.

KING FERDINAND alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville ;
The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the King his eye to fling, where far the camp below
Two gentlemen along the glen were riding soft and slow ;
As void of fear each cavalier seemed to be riding there,
As some strong hound may pace around the roebuck's thicket lair.

It was Don Garci Perez, and he would breathe the air,
And he had ta'en a knight with him, that as lief had been elsewhere ;
For soon this knight to Garci said, ' Ride, ride we, or we 're lost !
I see the glance of helm and lance,—it is the Moorish host !

The Lord of Vargas turned him round, his trusty squire was near,—
The helmet on his brow he bound, his gauntlet grasped the spear ;
With that upon his saddle-tree he planted him right steady,
' Now come,' quoth he, ' whoe'er they be, I trow they 'll find us ready.'

By this the knight who rode with him had turned his horse's head,
And up the glen in fearful trim unto the camp had fled.
' Ha ! gone ?' quoth Garci Perez ;—he smiled, and said no more,
But slowly, with his esquire, rode as he rode before.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then it happened so,
He took his stand by Ferdinand, and with him gazed below ;
' My liege,' quoth he, ' seven Moors I see a-coming from the wood,
Now bring they all the blows they may, I trow they 'll find as good ;

But it is Don Garci Perez,—if his cognizance they know,
I guess it will be little pain to give them blow for blow.'

The Moors from forth the greenwood came riding one by one,
A gallant troop with armor resplendent in the sun ;
Full haughty was their bearing, as o'er the sward they came,
While the calm Lord of Vargas his march was still the same.

They stood drawn up in order, while past them all rode he,
For when upon his shield they saw the sable blazonry,
And the wings of the Black Eagle, that o'er his crest were spread,
They knew Don Garci Perez, and never word they said.

He took the casque from off his head, and gave it to the squire,
'My friend,' quoth he, 'no need I see why I my brows should tire.'
But as he doffed the helmet, he saw his scarf was gone,—
'I've dropped it sure,' quoth Garci, 'when I put my helmet on.'

He looked around and saw the scarf, for still the Moors were near,
And they had picked it from the sward, and looped it on a spear ;
'These Moors,' quoth Garci Perez, 'uncorteous Moors they be,—
Now, by my soul, the scarf they stole, yet durst not question me !

'Now, reach once more my helmet.'—The esquire said him nay,
'For a silken string why should ye fling perchance your life away ?'
—'I had it from my lady,' quoth Garci, 'long ago,
And never Moor that scarf, be sure, in proud Seville shall show.'—

But when the Moslem saw him they stood in firm array,
—He rode among their arméd throng, he rode right furiously ;
—'Stand, stand, ye thieves and robbers, lay down my lady's pledge !'
He cried,—and ever as he cried they felt his faulchion's edge.

That day the Lord of Vargas came to the camp alone ;
The scarf, his lady's largess, around his breast was thrown ;
Bare was his head, his sword was red, and from his pommel sprung,
Seven turbans green, sore hacked I ween, before Don Garci hung.

The Pounder.

A BALLAD concerning another doughty knight of the same family, and most probably, considering the date, a brother of Garci Perez de Vargas. Its story is thus alluded to in Don Quixote, in the chapter of the Windmills:

'However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him ; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, I have read, said he, friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a wild olive-tree, or at least, tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruisaer. [Machuca, from *Machucar*, to pound as in a mortar.] I tell this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe.—Heaven grant you may! cried Sancho : I believe it all, because your worship says it.'

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xeres,
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
No knight like Don Diego,—no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the ground.

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh,—
An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres,—
'Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,' quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the throng.
God wot! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel!—
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, 'I've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so,
Sure mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power;
Let's call Diego Perez THE POUNDER, from this hour.'—

The Murder of the Master.

THE next four ballads relate to the history of DON PEDRO, King of Castile, called THE CRUEL.

An ingenious person not long ago published a work, the avowed purpose of which was to prove that Tiberius was a humane and contemplative prince, who retired to the Island of Capreae only that he might the better indulge in the harmless luxury of philosophic meditation :—and, in like manner, Pedro the Cruel has found, in these latter times, his defenders and apologists ; above all, Voltaire.

There may be traced, without doubt, in the circumstances which attended his accession, something to palliate the atrocity of several of his bloody acts. His father had treated his mother with contempt : he had not only entertained, as his mistress, in her lifetime, a lady of the powerful family of Guzman, but actually proclaimed that lady his queen, and brought up her sons as princes in his palace ; nay, he had even betrayed some intentions of violating, in their favor, the order of succession, and the rights of Pedro. And, accordingly, no sooner was Alphonso dead, and Pedro acknowledged by the nobility, than Leonora de Guzman, and her sons, whether from consciousness of guilt, or from fear of violence, or from both of these causes, betook themselves to various places of strength, where they endeavored to defend themselves against the authority of the new king. After a little time, matters were accommodated by the interference of friends, and Donna Leonora took up her residence at Seville ; but Pedro was suddenly, while in that city, seized with a distemper which his physicians said must, in all probability, have a mortal termination ; and during his confinement, (which lasted for several weeks,) many intrigues were set afoot, and the pretensions of various candidates for the throne openly canvassed among the nobility of Castile.

Whether the king had, on his recovery, discovered any thing indicative of treasonous intentions in the recent conduct of Leonora and her family (which, all things considered, seems not improbable,) or whether he merely suffered himself, as was said at the time, to be over-persuaded by the vindictive argu-

ments of his own mother, the queen-dowager, the fact is certain, that in the course of a few days, Donna Leonora was arrested, and put to death by Pedro's command, in the Castle of Talaveyra. Don Fadrique, or Frederick, one of her sons, who had obtained the dignity of Master of the Order of St. Iago, fled upon this into Portugal, and fortified himself in the city of Coimbra; while another of them, Don Enrique, or Henry, Lord of Trastamara, took refuge at the Court of Arragon, openly renouncing his allegiance to the crown of Castile, and professing himself henceforth, in all things, the subject and vassal of the prince who gave him protection.

Henry of Trastamara was, from this time, the declared and active enemy of his brother; and in consequence of his influence, and that of his mother's kindred, but most of all, in consequence of Don Pedro's own atrocious proceedings, Castile itself was filled with continual tumults and insurrections.

Don Fadrique, however, made his peace with Pedro. After a lapse of many months, he was invited to come to the court at Seville, and take his share in the amusements of an approaching tournament. He accepted the invitation, but was received with terrible coldness, and immediately executed within the palace. The friends of Pedro asserted that the king had that very day detected Don Fadrique in a correspondence with his brother Henry and the Arragonese; while popular belief attributed the slaughter of the Master to the unhappy influence which the too-celebrated Maria de Padilla had long ere this begun to exercise over Pedro's mind.

Maria was often, in consequence of her close intimacy with Jews, called by the name of their hated race; but she was in reality not only of Christian, but of noble descent in Spain. However that might be, Pedro found her in the family of his minister, Albuquerque, where she had been brought up, loved her with all the violence of his temper, and made her his wife in all things but the name. Although political motives induced him, not long afterwards, to contract an alliance with a princess of the French blood royal,—the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon,—he lived with the young queen but a few days, and then deserted her forever, for the sake of this beautiful, jealous, and imperious mistress, whom he declared to be his true wife.

The reader will observe that there is a strange peculiarity in the structure of the ballad which narrates the Murder of the Master of St. Iago. The unfortunate Fadrique is introduced at the beginning of it as telling his own story, and so he carries it on, in the first person, until the order for his execution is pronounced by Pedro. The sequel is given as if by another voice. I can suppose this singularity to have had a musical origin.

The Master was slain in the year 1358.

The Murder of the Master.

I SAT alone in Coimbra—the town myself had ta'en,
When came into my chamber, a messenger from Spain ;
There was no treason in his look, an honest look he wore ;
I from his hand the letter took,—my brother's seal it bore.

'Come, brother dear, the day draws near,' ('t was thus bespoke the King,)
'For plenar court and knightly sport, within the listed ring.'—
Alas ! unhappy Master, I easy credence lent ;
Alas ! for fast and faster I at his bidding went.

When I set off from Coimbra, and passed the bound of Spain,
I had a goodly company of spearmen in my train ;
A gallant force, a score of horse, and sturdy mules thirteen :
With joyful heart I held my course,—my years were young and green.

A journey of good fifteen days within the week was done,
I halted not, though signs I got, dark tokens many a one ;
A strong stream mastered horse and mule,—I lost my poniard fine,—
And left a page within the pool—a faithful page of mine.

Yet on to proud Seville I rode ; when to the gate I came,
Before me stood a man of God, to warn me from the same ;
The words he spake I would not hear, his grief I would not see,
I seek, said I, my brother dear,—I will not stop for thee.

No lists were closed upon the sand, for royal tourney dight ;
No pawing horse was seen to stand,—I saw no arméd knight ;
Yet aye I gave my mule the spur, and hastened through the town,
I stopped before his palace-door, then gaily leapt I down.

They shut the door, my trusty score of friends were left behind ;
I would not hear their whispered fear, no harm was in my mind ;
I greeted Pedro, but he turned,—I wot his look was cold ;
His brother from his knee he spurned ;—‘ Stand off, thou Master bold !’—

‘ Stand off, stand off, thou traitor strong !’—‘ twas thus he said to me,
‘ Thy time on earth shall not be long,—what brings thee to my knee ?
My lady craves a new-year’s gift, and I will keep my word ;
Thy head methinks may serve the shift,—Good yeoman, draw thy sword !’

The Master lay upon the floor ere well that word was said :
Then in a charger off they bore his pale and bloody head ;
They brought it to Padilla’s chair,—they bowed them on the knee ;
‘ King Pedro greets thee, lady fair, his gift he sends to thee.’—

She gazed upon the Master’s head, her scorn it could not scare,
And cruel were the words she said, and proud her glances were ;
‘ Thou now shalt pay, thou traitor base ! the debt of many a year ;
My dog shall lick that haughty face ; no more that lip shall sneer.’

She seized it by the clotted hair, and o’er the window flung ;
The mastiff smelt it in his lair, forth at her cry he sprung ;
The mastiff that had crouched so low to lick the Master’s hand,
He tossed the morsel to and fro, and licked it on the sand.

And ever as the mastiff tore, his bloody teeth were shown,
With growl and snort he made his sport, and picked it to the bone ;
The baying of the beast was loud, and swiftly on the street
There gathered round a gaping crowd, to see the mastiff eat.

Then out and spake King Pedro,—‘ What governance is this ?
The rabble rout, my gate without, torment my dogs, I wiss.’
Then out and spake King Pedro’s page, ‘ It is the Master’s head ;
The mastiff tears it in his rage,—therewith they him have fed.’

Then out and spake the ancient nurse, that nursed the brothers twain,
‘ On thee, King Pedro, lies the curse,—thy brother thou hast slain ;

A thousand harlots there may be within the realm of Spain,
But where is she can give to thee thy brother back again ?'

Came darkness o'er King Pedro's brow, when thus he heard her say ;
He sorely rued the accurséd vow he had fulfilled that day ;
He passed unto his paramour, where on her couch she lay,
Leaning from out her painted bower, to see the mastiff's play.

He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep ;
' My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep.
Fadrique's blood for vengeance calls, his cry is in mine ear ;
Thou art the cause, thou harlot false ! in darkness lie thou here.'

The Death of Queen Blanche.

THAT PEDRO was accessory to the violent death of this young and innocent princess whom he had married, and immediately afterwards deserted for ever, there can be no doubt. This atrocious deed was avenged abundantly ; for it certainly led, in the issue, to the downfall and death of Pedro himself. Mariana says, very briefly, that the injuries sustained by Queen Blanche had so much offended many of Pedro's own nobility, that they drew up a formal remonstrance, and presented it to him in a style sufficiently formidable ; and that he, his proud and fierce temper being stung to madness by what he considered an unjustifiable interference with his domestic concerns, immediately gave orders for the poisoning of Blanche in her prison.

In the old French Memoirs of Du Guesclin, a much more improbable story is told at great length. The Queen Blanche, according to this account, had been banished to the Castle of Medina Sidonia, the adjoining territory being assigned to her for her maintenance. One of her vassals, a Jew, presumed to do his homage in the usual fashion, that is, by kissing Blanche on the cheek, ere his true character was suspected either by her or her attendants. No sooner was the man known to be a Jew, than he was driven from the presence of the queen with every mark of insult ; and this sunk so deeply into his mind, that he determined to revenge himself, if possible, by the death of Blanche. He told his story to Maria de Padilla, who prevailed on the king to suffer him to take his own measures ; and he accordingly surprised the castle by night, at the head of a troop of his own countrymen, and butchered the unhappy lady.

The ballad itself is, in all likelihood, as trust-worthy as any other authority ; the true particulars of such a crime were pretty sure to be kept concealed.

The Death of Queen Blanche.

'**MARIA DE PADILLA**, be not thus of dismal mood,
For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good ;

'But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go ;

'The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground ;
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found.'

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,
He said, 'Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone.'

Then answer made Don Ynigo, 'Such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king.'

Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,
And to a Bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The Bowman to Medina passed ; when the queen beheld him near,
'Alas !' she said, 'my maidens, he brings my death, I fear.'

Then said the archer, bending low, 'The King's commandment take,
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make,—

'For lo ! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may there be.'
Then gently spake the Lady Blanche, 'My friend, I pardon thee ;

'Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his commandment given,
Deny me not confession,—if so, forgive ye, Heaven !'

Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her beauty's sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint did make ;—

'O France ! my noble country—O blood of high Bourbon !
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.

'The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
Whate'er I've done, to proud Castile no treason e'er did I.

'The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies !'

These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the bowman's blow ;
Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did flow.

The Death of Don Pedro.

THE reader may remember, that when Don Pedro had, by his excessive cruelties, quite alienated from himself the hearts of the great majority of his people, Don Henry of Trastamara, his natural brother, who had spent many years in exile, returned suddenly into Spain with a formidable band of French auxiliaries, by whose aid he drove Pedro out of his kingdom. The voice of the nation was on Henry's side, and he took possession of the throne without further opposition.

Pedro, after his treatment of Queen Blanche, could have nothing to hope from the crown of France, so he immediately threw himself into the arms of England. And our Edward the Black Prince, who then commanded in Gascony, had more than one obvious reason for taking up his cause.

The Prince of Wales marched with Don Pedro into Spain, at the head of an army of English and Gascon veterans, whose disciplined valor, Mariana very frankly confesses, gave them a decided superiority over the Spanish soldiery of the time. Henry was so unwise as to set his stake upon a battle, and was totally defeated in the field of Najara. Unable to rally his flying troops, he was compelled to make his escape beyond the Pyrenees; and Don Pedro once more established himself in his kingdom.—The battle of Najara took place in 1366.

But, in 1368, when the Black Prince had retired again into Gascony, Henry, in his turn, came back from exile with a small but gallant army, most of whom were French, commanded by the celebrated Bertram Du Guesquin, or, as he is more commonly called, Du Guesclin,—and animated, as was natural, by strong thirst of vengeance for the insults, which, in the person of Blanche, Pedro had heaped upon the royal line of their country, and the blood of Saint Louis.

Henry of Trastamara advanced into the heart of La Mancha, and there encountered Don Pedro, at the head of an army six times more numerous than that which he commanded, but composed in a great measure of Jews,

Saracens, and Portuguese,—miscellaneous auxiliaries, who gave way before the ardor of the French chivalry, so that Henry remained victorious, and Pedro was compelled to take refuge in the neighboring castle of Montiel. That fortress was so strictly blockaded by the successful enemy, that the king was compelled to attempt his escape by night, with only twelve persons in his retinue,—Ferdinand de Castro being the person of most note among them.

As they wandered in the dark, they were encountered by a body of French cavalry making the rounds, commanded by an adventurous knight, called Le Begue de Villaines. Compelled to surrender, Don Pedro put himself under the safeguard of this officer, promising him a rich ransom if he would conceal him from the knowledge of his brother Henry. The knight, according to Froissart, promised him concealment, and conveyed him to his own quarters.

But in the course of an hour, Henry was apprised that he was taken, and came with some of his followers, to the tent of Allan de la Houssaye, where his unfortunate brother had been placed. In entering the chamber, he exclaimed, ‘Where is that whoreson and Jew, who calls himself King of Castile?’—Pedro, as proud and fearless as he was cruel, stepped instantly forward and replied, ‘Here I stand, the lawful son and heir of Don Alphonso, and it is thou that art but a false bastard.’ The rival brethren instantly grappled like lions, the French knights and Du Guesclin himself looking on. Henry drew his poniard, and wounded Pedro in the face, but his body was defended by a coat-of-mail;—a violent struggle ensued:—Henry fell across a bench, and his brother being uppermost, had well-nigh mastered him, when one of Henry’s followers, seizing Don Pedro by the leg, turned him over, and his master, thus at length gaining the upper-hand, instantly stabbed the king to the heart.

Froissart calls this man the Vicomte de Roquebetyn, and others the Bastard of Anisse. Menard, in his History of Du Guesclin, says, that while all around gazed like statues on the furious struggle of the brothers, Du Guesclin exclaimed to this attendant of Henry, ‘What! will you stand by and see your master placed at such a pass by a false renegade?—Make forward and aid him, for well you may.’

Pedro’s head was cut off, and his remains were meanly buried. They were afterwards disinterred by his daughter, the wife of our own John of Gaunt, ‘time-honored Lancaster,’ and deposited in Seville, with the honors due to his rank. His memory was regarded with a strange mixture of horror and compassion, which recommended him as a subject for legend and for romance. He had caused his innocent wife to be assassinated,—had murdered three of

his brothers,—and committed numberless cruelties upon his subjects. He had, which the age held equally scandalous, held a close intimacy with the Jews and Saracens, and had enriched himself at the expense of the church. Yet, in spite of all these crimes, his undaunted bravery and energy of character, together with the strange circumstances of his death, excited milder feelings towards his memory.

The following ballad, which describes the death of Don Pedro, was translated by a friend (the late Sir Walter Scott.) It is quoted more than once by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*.

The Death of Don Pedro.

HENRY and King Pedro clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other ;
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife ;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait,
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

'King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
To his master pays the squire.'—

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

The Proclamation of King Henry.

THE following ballad, taking up the story where it is left in the preceding one, gives us the proclamation and coronation of Don Henry, surnamed, from the courtesy of his manners, *El Cavallero*, and the grief of Pedro's lovely and unhappy mistress, Maria de Padilla. From its structure and versification, I have no doubt it is of much more modern origin than most of those in the first Cancionero.

The picture which Mariana gives us of Don Pedro, the hero of so many atrocious and tragical stories, is to me very striking. ‘He was pale of complexion,’ says the historian; ‘his features were high and well formed, and stamped with a certain authority of majesty, his hair red, his figure erect, even to stiffness; he was bold and determined in action and in council; his bodily frame sank under no fatigues, his spirit under no weight of difficulty or of danger. He was passionately fond of hawking, and all violent exercises.

‘In the beginning of his reign, he administered justice among private individuals with perfect integrity. But even then were visible in him the rudiments of those vices which grew with his age, and finally led him to his ruin; such as a general contempt and scorn of mankind, an insulting tongue, a proud and difficult ear, even to those of his household. These faults were discernible even in his tender years; to them, as he advanced in life, were added avarice, dissolution in luxury, an utter hardness of heart, and a remorseless cruelty.’—(Mariana, Book xvi., Chap. 16.)

The reader will find almost the whole of Don Pedro's history clothed in a strain of glowing and elegant poetry, in a performance of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. (See his ‘Bertrand Du Guesclin, historisches rittergedicht.’—Leipsig, 1822.)

The Proclamation of King Henry.

At the feet of Don Henrique now King Pedro dead is lying,
Not that Henry's might was greater, but that blood to Heaven was crying ;
Though deep the dagger had its sheath within his brother's breast,
Firm on the frozen throat beneath Don Henry's foot is pressed.

So dark and sullen is the glare of Pedro's lifeless eyes,
Still half he fears what slumbers there to vengeance may arise.
So stands the brother,—on his brow the mark of blood is seen,
Yet had he not been Pedro's Cain, his Cain had Pedro been.

Close round the scene of cursed strife, the armed knights appear
Of either band, with silent thoughts of joyfulness or fear ;
All for a space, in silence, the fratricide survey,—
Then sudden bursts the mingling voice of triumph and dismay !

Glad shout on shout from Henry's host ascends unto the sky ;
' God save King Henry—save the King—King Henry ! ' is their cry.
But Pedro's barons clasp their brows, in sadness stand they near,
Whate'er to others he had been, their friend lies murdered here.

The deed, say those, was justly done,—a tyrant's soul is sped ;
These ban and curse the traitorous blow by which a king is dead.
' Now see,' cries one, ' how Heaven's amand asserts the people's rights !'
Another—' God will judge the hand that God's anointed smites !—

' The Lord's vicegerent,' quoth a priest, ' is sovereign of the land,
And he rebels 'gainst Heaven's behest, that slight his King's command !'
' Now Heaven be witness, if he sinned,' thus speaks a gallant young,
' The fault was in Padilla's eye, that o'er him magic flung ;—

' Or if no magic be her blame, so heavenly fair is she,
The wisest, for so bright a dame, might well a sinner be !
Let none speak ill of Pedro,—no Roderick hath he been ;
He dearly loved fair Spain, although 't is true he slew the Queen.'

The words he spake they all might hear, yet none vouchsafe reply,
' God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry ! ' is the cry ;
While Pedro's liegemen turn aside, their groans are in your ear,
' Whate'er to others he hath been, our friend lies slaughtered here ! '

Nor paltry souls are wanting among King Pedro's band,
That, now their king is dead, draw near to kiss his murderer's hand.
The false cheek clothes it in a smile, and laughs the hollow eye,
And wags the traitor tongue the while with flattery's ready lie.

The valor of the King that *is*—the justice of his cause—
The blindness and the tyrannies of him the King that *was*—
All—all are doubled in their speech, yet truth enough is there
To sink the spirit shivering near, in darkness of despair.

The murder of the Master, the tender Infants' doom,
And blessed Blanche's thread of life snapped short in dungeon's gloom,
With tragedies yet unrevealed, that stained the King's abode,
By lips his bounty should have sealed, are blazoned black abroad.

Whom served he most at others' cost, most loud they rend the sky,
' God save great Henry—save our King—King Henry ! ' is the cry.
But still, amid too many foes, the grief is in your ear
Of dead King Pedro's faithful few—' Alas ! our lord lies here ! '

But others' tears, and others' groans, what are they matched with thine,
Maria de Padilla—thou fatal concubine !
Because she is King Henry's slave, the lady weepeth sore,
Because she's Pedro's widowed love, alas ! she weepeth more.

' O Pedro ! Pedro ! ' hear her cry—' how often did I say
That wicked counsel and weak trust would haste thy life away !'
She stands upon her turret-top, she looks down from on high,
Where mantled in his bloody cloak she sees her lover lie.

Low lies King Pedro in his blood, while bending down ye see
 Caitiffs that trembled ere he spake, crouched at his murderer's knee ;
 They place the sceptre in his hand, and on his head the crown,
 And trumpets clear are blown, and bells are merry through the town.

The sun shines bright, and the gay rout with clamors rend the sky,
 'God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry !' is the cry ;
 But the pale lady weeps above, with many a bitter tear,
 Whate'er he was, he was her love, and he lies slaughtered here !

At first, in silence down her cheek the drops of sadness roll,
 But rage and anger come to break the sorrow of her soul ;
 The triumph of her haters—the gladness of their cries,
 Enkindle flames of ire and scorn within her tearful eyes.

In her hot cheek the blood mounts high, as she stands gazing down,
 Now on proud Henry's royal state, his robe and golden crown,—
 And now upon the trampled cloak that hides not from her view
 The slaughtered Pedro's marble brow, and lips of livid hue.

With furious grief she twists her hands among her long black hairs,
 And all from off her lovely brow the blameless locks she tears ;
 She tears the ringlets from her front, and scatters all the pearls
 King Pedro's hand had planted among the raven curls :

'Stop, caitiff tongues !'—they hear her not—' King Pedro's love am I !'
 They heed her not—' God save the King—great Henry !' still they cry.
 She rends her hair, she wrings her hands, but none to help is near,
 ' God look in vengeance on their deed, my lord lies murdered here !'

Away she flings her garments, her broidered veil and vest,
 As if they should behold her love within her lovely breast,
 As if to call upon her foes the constant heart to see,
 Where Pedro's form is still enshrined, and evermore shall be.

But none on fair Maria looks, by none her breast is seen,—
 Save angry Heaven remembering well the murder of the Queen,
 The wounds of jealous harlot rage, which virgin blood must stanch,
 And all the scorn that mingled in the bitter cup of Blanche.

The utter coldness of neglect that haughty spirit stings,
As if a thousand fiends were there, with all their flapping wings ;
She wraps the veil about her head, as if 't were all a dream—
The love—the murder—and the wrath—and that rebellious scream ;

For still there's shouting on the plain, and spurring far and nigh,
'God save the King—Amen ! amen !—King Henry !' is the cry ;
While Pedro all alone is left upon his bloody bier,
Not one remains to cry to God, ' Our lord lies murdered here !'

The Lord of Butrago.

THE incident to which the following ballad relates, is supposed to have occurred on the famous field of Aljubarrota, where King Juan the First of Castile was defeated by the Portuguese. The king, who was at the time in a feeble state of health, exposed himself very much during the action ; and being wounded, had great difficulty in making his escape. The battle was fought A. D. 1385.

' YOUR horse is faint, my King—my lord ! your gallant horse is sick,—
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick ;
Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly !
Or in my arms I 'll lift your grace,—their trampling hoofs are nigh !

' My King—my King ! you 're wounded sore,—the blood runs from your feet ;
But only lay a hand before, and I 'll lift you to your seat :
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast ! I hear their coming cry !
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy—I 'll save you though I die !

' Stand, noble steed ! this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb :
I 'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am !
Mount, Juan, mount ! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side !—My horse shall save my King !

' Nay, never speak ; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures :
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head ?

' Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say there's ONE that ran away when our good lords were slain !—
I leave Diego in your care,—you 'll fill his father's place :
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare—God's blessing on your grace !'

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago's lord was he ;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee ;
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill ;
He died, God wot ! but not before his sword had drunk its fill !

The King of Arragon.

THE following little ballad represents the supposed feelings of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, on surveying Naples, after he had at last obtained possession of that city, and driven René of Anjou from the south of Italy. ‘The King of Arragon,’ says Mariana, ‘entered Naples as victor, on the morning of Sunday, the second of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, four hundred, and forty-two.’

The brother, whose death is represented as saddening the King’s triumph, was Don Pedro of Arragon, who was killed ‘by the fourth rebound of a cannon-ball,’ very soon after the commencement of the siege of Naples. ‘When the King heard of these woful tidings,’ says Mariana, ‘he hastened to the place where the body had been laid, and kissing the breast of the dead man, said, Alas, my brother, what different things had I expected of thee ! God help thy soul ! And with that he wept and groaned, and then turning to his attendants, Alas ! said he, my comrades, we have lost this day the flower of all our chivalry ! Don Pedro died in the bloom of his youth, being just twenty-seven years old, and having never been married. He had been in many wars, and in all of them he had won honor.’—(Mariana, Book xxi., Chap. 13.)

Who was the favorite boy (Pagezico,) whose death the King also laments in the ballad, I have not been able to find.

The King of Arragon.

ONE day the King of Arragon, from the old citadel,
Looked down upon the sea of Spain, as the billows rose and fell ;
He looked on ship and galley, some coming and some going,
With all their prize of merchandise, and all their streamers flowing.

Some to Castile were sailing, and some to Barbary,—
And then he looked on Naples, that great city of the sea :
‘ O city !’ saith the King, ‘ how great hath been thy cost,
For thee, I twenty years—my fairest years—have lost !

‘ By thee, I have lost a brother ;—never Hector was more brave ;
High cavaliers have dropped their tears upon my brother’s grave :—
Much treasure hast thou cost me, and a little boy beside
(Alas ! thou woful city !) for whom I would have died.’

The Vow of Reduan.

THE marriage of Ferdinand the Catholic, and Donna Isabella, having united the forces of Arragon and Castile, the total ruin of the Moorish power in Spain could no longer be deferred. The last considerable fragment of their once mighty possessions in the Peninsula, was Granada; but the fate of Malaga gave warning of its inevitable fall, while internal dissensions, and the weakness of the reigning prince, hastened and facilitated that great object of Ferdinand's ambition.

The following is a version of certain parts of two ballads; indeed, the Moor Reduan is the hero of a great many more. The subject is, as the reader will perceive, the rash vow and tragical end of a young and gallant soldier, allied, as it would appear, to the blood of the last Moorish King of Granada, Boabdil,—or, as he is more generally called by the Spanish writers, *El Rey Chiquito*,—i. e.—the Little King.

THUS said, before his lords, the King to Reduan,—

‘T is easy to get words,—deeds get we as we can :
Rememberest thou the feast at which I heard thee saying,
‘T were easy in one night to make me Lord of Jaen ?

‘Well, in my mind, I hold the valiant vow was said ;
Fulfil it, boy ! and gold shall shower upon thy head ;
But bid a long farewell, if now thou shrink from doing,
To bower and bonnibell, thy feasting, and thy wooing !’

‘I have forgot the oath, if such I e'er did plight,—
But needs there plighted troth to make a soldier fight ?
A thousand sabres bring,—we ’ll see how we may thrive !’
‘One thousand !’ quoth the King ; ‘I trow thou shalt have five !’

They passed the Elvira gate, with banners all displayed,
They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade ;
What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers,
What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears !

What caftans blue and scarlet,—what turbans pleached of green ;
 What waving of their crescents and plumages between ;
 What buskins and what stirrups,—what rowels chased in gold !
 What handsome gentlemen,—what buoyant hearts and bold !

In midst, above them all, rides he who rules the band ;
 Yon feather white and tall is the token of command :
 He looks to the Alhambra, whence bends his mother down ;
 ‘ Now Alla save my boy, and merciful Mahoun !’—

But ’t was another sight—when Reduan drew near
 To look upon the height where Jaen’s towers appear ;
 The fosse was wide and deep, the walls both tall and strong,
 And keep was matched with keep the battlements along.

It was a heavy sight,—but most for Reduan ;
 He sighed, as well he might, ere thus his speech began :
 ‘ O Jaen ! had I known how high thy bulwarks stand,
 My tongue had not outgone the prowess of my hand.

‘ But since, in hasty cheer, I did my promise plight,
 (What well might cost a year) to win thee in a night,—
 The pledge demands the paying. I would my soldiers brave
 Were half as sure of Jaen, as I am of my grave !

‘ My penitence comes late,—my death lags not behind ;
 I yield me up to fate, since hope I may not find !’—
 With that he turned him round ;—‘ Now, blow your trumpets high !’
 But every spearman frowned, and dark was every eye.

But when he was aware that they would fain retreat,
 He spurred his bright bay mare,—I wot her pace was fleet ;
 He rides beneath the walls, and shakes aloof his lance,
 And to the Christians calls, if any will advance !

With that an arrow flew from o’er the battlement,—
 Young Reduan it slew, sheer through the breast it went !
 He fell upon the green,—‘ Farewell, my gallant bay !’—
 Right soon, when this was seen, broke all the Moor array.

The Flight from Granada.

1492.

THE following ballad describes the final departure of the weak and unfortunate Boabdil from Granada. In point of fact, the Moorish king came out and received Ferdinand and Isabella in great form and pomp, at the gates of his lost city, presenting them with the keys on a cushion, and in abject terms entreating their protection for his person.

The valley of Purchena, in Murcia, was assigned to him for his place of residence, and a handsome revenue provided for the maintenance of him and his family; but, after a little while, 'not having resolution' (as Mariana expresses it) 'to endure a private life in the country where he had so long reigned a king,' he went over to Barbary.

The entrance of Ferdinand and Isabella into Granada took place on Friday, the 6th of January, 1492.

THERE was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,—
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun !
Here passed away the Koran,—there in the Cross was borne,—
And here was heard the Christian bell,—and there the Moorish horn ;

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung :
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung ;
The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile's display ;
One king comes in in triumph,—one weeping goes away !

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear,
'Farewell, farewell, Granada ! thou city without peer !
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom ! seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore !

'Thou wert the happy mother of an high renownéd race ;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place ;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee—
The enemies of proud Castile—the bane of Christientie !

‘The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair ;
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day !

‘Here, gallants held it little thing for ladies’ sake to die,
Or for the Prophet’s honor, and pride of Soldanry ;—
For here did valor flourish, and deeds of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight.

‘The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers,—
Woe, woe ! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers !
No reverence can he claim—the king that such a land hath lost,—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host ;
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There, weeping and lamenting, alone that king should be.’—

Thus spake Granada’s King as he was riding to the sea,
About to cross Gibraltar’s Strait away to Barbary :
Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry.—
(He had stopped and ta’en her in his arms, for together they did fly.)

‘Unhappy King ! whose craven soul can brook’ (she ’gan reply)
‘To leave behind Granada,—who hast not heart to die !—
Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee gladly could I slay !
For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away ?’

The Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

THE Catholic zeal of Ferdinand and Isabella was gratified by the external conversion at least of a great part of the Moors of Granada ; but the inhabitants of the Sierra of Alpujarra, a ridge of mountainous territory at no great distance from that city, resisted every argument of the priests who were sent among them, so that the royal order for Baptism was at length enforced by arms.

Those Moorish mountaineers resisted for a time in several of their strongholds ; but were at last subdued, and in great part extirpated. Among many severe losses sustained by the Spanish forces in the course of this hill warfare, none was more grievous than that recorded in the following ballad. Don Alonzo of Aguilar, was the eldest brother of that Gonsalvo Hernandez y Cordova of Aguilar, who became so illustrious as to acquire the name of the **GREAT CAPTAIN**.

The circumstances of Don Alonzo's death are described somewhat differently by the historians. (See in particular, Mariana, Book xxvii., Chap. 6, where no mention is made of the Moors throwing down stones on him and his party, as in the ballad.) This tragic story has been rendered familiar to all English readers by the Bishop of Dromore's exquisite version of 'Rio Verde, Rio Verde !'

The Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

FERNANDO, King of Arragon, before Granada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprise ;
With all the captains of Castile that serve his lady's crown,
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake !
The king assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake ;
Yet at the royal banquet, there 's trouble in his eye :—
'Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King !' the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando,—' Hear, grandees ! which of ye all will go,
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to blow ?
Those heights along, the Moors are strong ; now who, by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away ?'

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look ;
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke ;
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the knight of Aguilar,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

And thus he speaks :—' I pray, my lord, that none but I may go ;
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms
And for my duty to her grace, would show some feat of arms !'

Much joyed the King these words to hear,—he bids Alonzo speed ;
And long before their revel 's o'er the knight is on his steed ;
Alonzo 's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train,
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night ;
They reach Neveda ere the cock hath harbingered the light ;
But ere they 've climbed that steep ravine, the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow ;
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There, nought avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castile,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength, that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the broad plate, from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valor there avails, nor skill of horse and spear ;
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear ;
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There, like a lion, stands at bay, in vain besought to yield ;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight ;
Afar, with bolt and javelin, they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head ;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed ;
Faint, and more faint, he staggers upon the slippery sod,
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God !

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And caitiffs mangled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race.
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there, upon the village-green they laid him out to view.

Upon the village-green he lay, as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village-damsels to look on him drew near,
They stood around him all a-gaze beside the big oak-tree,
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame, that knew Alonzo well,
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar ;
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuxar.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragged the dame away,—then loud and long they wept ;
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuxarra.

The Departure of King Sebastian.

THE reader is acquainted with the melancholy story of Sebastian, King of Portugal. It was in 1578, that his unfortunate expedition and death took place.

The following is a version of one of the Spanish ballads, founded on the history of Sebastian. There is another, which describes his death, almost in the words of a ballad already translated, concerning King Juan I. of Castile.

It was a Lusitanian lady, and she was lofty in degree,
Was fairer none, nor nobler, in all the realm than she ;
I saw her that her eyes were red, as, from her balcony,
They wandered o'er the crowded shore and the resplendent sea.

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride ;
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight !)
Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish might.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows ;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.
' May none withstand Sebastian's hand,—God shield my King ! ' she said ;
Yet pale was that fair lady's cheek,—her weeping eyes were red.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp arrayed,
Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance displayed ;
Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armed prow,
The banner of the Cross of God, upon the breeze to flow.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,
A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith the sign ;
Upon that galley's stern ye see a peerless warrior stand,
Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon the land.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that form desery,—
Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high ;
Albeit the lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were red,
‘ May none withstand my true-love's hand ! God bless my Knight !’ she said.

There are a thousand barons, all harnessed cap-a-pee,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-green sea ;
No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat,—nor of chains and jewellery of price.

The seamen's cheers the lady hears, and mingling voices come
From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum ;—
‘ Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand ?—what Moor his gage may fling
At young Sebastian's feet ?’ she said.—‘ The Lord hath blessed my King.’

MOORISH BALLADS.

It is sometimes very difficult to determine which of the Moorish Ballads ought to be included in the Historical, which in the Romantic class; and for this reason, the following five specimens are placed by themselves. Several Ballads, decidedly of Moorish origin, such as REDUAN'S VOW, THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA, &c., have been printed in the preceding Section.

The Bull-fight of Gazul.

GAZUL is the name of one of the Moorish heroes who figure in the “ Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada.” The following ballad is one of very many in which the dexterity of the Moorish cavaliers in the Bull-fight is described. The reader will observe, that the shape, activity, and resolution of the unhappy animal, destined to furnish the amusement of the spectators, are enlarged upon,—just as the qualities of a modern race-horse might be among ourselves : nor is the bull without his *name*. The day of the Baptist is a festival among the Mussulmans, as well as among Christians.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords, from the hills and plains around ;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

’T is the holy Baptist’s feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra’s gate ;
In gowns of black with silver laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed, in presence of the King.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, as they come rushing through ;
The deeds they ’ve done, the spoils they ’ve won, fill all with hope and trust,
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust !

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,
Make room, make room for Gazul !—throw wide, throw wide the door !
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still ! more loudly strike the drum !
The Alcayd of Algava to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the King he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the Queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe ;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand ;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But firmly he extends his arm,—his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejón ;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

‘ Turn, Gazul—turn !’ the people cry ; the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind ;—
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
‘ Now thinks this proud Alcaydé to stun Harpado so ?’

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Gaudalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill ;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama’s waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed,—this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow ;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear ;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster’s shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might ;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcaydé’s shock.

Now stops the drum ; close, close they come ; thrice meet, and thrice give back ;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black,—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun ;—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one !

Once more, once more !—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel !—
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel !—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast !—I see, I see thee stagger,
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger !

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low !

The Zegri's Bride.

THE reader cannot need to be reminded of the fatal effects which were produced by the feuds subsisting between the two great families, or rather races, of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages of Granada. The following ballad is also from the 'Guerras Civiles.'

Of all the blood of Zegri, the chief is Lisaro,
To wield rejón like him is none, or javelin to throw ;
From the place of his dominion, he ere the dawn doth go,
From Alcalá de Henares, he rides in weed of woe.

He rides not now as he was wont, when ye have seen him speed
To the field of gay Toledo, to fling his lusty reed ;
No gambeson of silk is on, nor rich embroidery
Of gold-wrought robe or turban, nor jewelled tahali.

No amethyst nor garnet is shining on his brow,
No crimson sleeve, which damsels weave at Tunis, decks him now ;
The belt is black, the hilt is dim, but the sheathed blade is bright ;
They have housened his barb in a murky garb, but yet her hoofs are light.

Four horsemen good, of the Zegri blood, with Lisaro go out ;
No flashing spear may tell them near, but yet their shafts are stout ;
In darkness and in swiftness rides every armed knight,—
The foam on the rein ye may see it plain, but nothing else is white.

Young Lisaro, as on they go, his bonnet doffeth he,
Between its folds a sprig it holds of a dark and glossy tree ;
That sprig of bay, were it away, right heavy heart had he,—
Fair Zayda to her Zegri gave that token privily.

And ever as they rode, he looked upon his lady's boon.

'God knows,' quoth he, 'what fate may be!—I may be slaughtered soon; Thou still art mine, though scarce the sign of hope that bloomed whilere, But in my grave I yet shall have my Zayda's token dear.'

Young Lisaro was musing so, when onwards on the path,
He well could see them riding slow; then pricked he in his wrath.
The raging sire, the kinsmen of Zayda's hateful house,
Fought well that day, yet in the fray the Zegri won his spouse.

The Bridal of Andalla.

THE following ballad has been often imitated by modern poets, both in Spain and in Germany :—

—'Pon te a las rejas azules, dexa la manga que labras,
Melancholica Xarifa, veras al galan Andalla,' &c.

'RISE up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving every where,
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air :
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !

Arise, arise, Xarifa ! I see Andalla's face,—
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace ;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquivir
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night ;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !

'What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thine eyes look down ?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town ?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Granada's youth.

Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow :—
Then rise,—oh ! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town !

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town ;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove ;
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh ;
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye.
'No—no !' she sighs,—' bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town !'

' Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay your cushion down ?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all the gazing town ?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry !
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh, why !'
—' At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate ; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover ?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town !'

Zara's Ear-rings.

' My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they 've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell ;—
' T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter—
' The well is deep,—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water ;
To me did Muja give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

' My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—they were pearls, in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget ;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh ! what will Muça think of me !—I cannot, cannot tell !

' My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—he 'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere ;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well ;
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

' He 'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way ;
He 'll think, a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say ;
He 'll think, some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed ;
He 'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

• He 'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the same ;
He 'll say, I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame,—
But, when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings ! my ear-rings : oh ! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muça,—alas ! I cannot tell.

• I 'll tell the truth to Muça,—and I hope he will believe,—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve :
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone ;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well !'

The Lamentation for Celin.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard ;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe !
'What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing ?'—
'A tower is fallen, a star is set !—Alas ! alas for Celin !'

Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide the doors they throw ;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go ;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand, beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch ;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery.—' Alas ! alas for Celin !'

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood,—
'T was at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood ;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share ;
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
For he was Granada's darling knight.—' Alas ! alas for Celin !'

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view ;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale ;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—' Alas ! alas for Celin !'

Oh ! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all ;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail ;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—‘ Alas ! alas for Celin !’

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door ;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore ;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue ;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—‘ Alas ! alas for Celin !’

An old old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye :
‘T was she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed him long ago ;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know !
With one deep shriek, she thro’ doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
‘ Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas ! alas for Celin !’

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

The Moor Calaynos.

In the following version, I have taken liberty to omit many of the introductory stanzas of the famous "Coplas de Calainos." The reader will remember that this ballad is alluded to in Don Quixote, where the knight's nocturnal visit to Toboso is described. It is generally believed to be among the most ancient, and certainly was among the most popular, of all the ballads in the Cancionero.

'I HAD SIX Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor,—
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave me lore ;
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words might be,
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a gallant fee.'

'Fair damsel,' quoth Calaynos, 'if thou wilt go with me,
Say what may win thy favor, and mine that gift shall be :
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red red gold, and rich the silver pale.'

'Fair sir,' quoth she, 'virginity I never will lay down
For gold, nor yet for silver, for castle, nor for town ;
But I will be your leman for the heads of certain peers ;
And I ask but three—Rinaldo's, Roland's, and Olivier's.'—

He kissed her hand where she did stand, he kissed her lips also,
And 'Bring forth,' he cries, 'my pennon, for to Paris I must go !'
I wot ye saw them rearing his banner broad right soon,
Whereon revealed his bloody field its pale and crescent moon.

That broad bannere the Moor did rear, ere many days were gone,
In foul disdain of Charlemagne, by the church of good Saint John ;
In the midst of stately Paris, on the royal banks of Seine,
Shall never scornful Paynim that pennon rear again.

His banner he hath planted high, and loud his trumpet blown,
 That all the twelve might hear it well around King Charles's throne ;
 The note he blew right well they knew ; both paladin and peer
 Had the trumpet heard of that stern lord in many a fierce career.

It chanced the King, that fair morning, to the chase had made him bowne,
 With many a knight of warlike might, and prince of high renown :
 Sir Reynold of Montalban, and Claros' lord, Gaston,
 Behind him rode, and Bertram good, that reverend old baron.

Black D'Ardennes' eye of mastery in that proud troop was seen ;
 And there was Urgel's giant force, and Guarinos' princely mien ;
 Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful cheer,
 But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

Now in a ring, around the King, not far in the greenwood,
 Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles stood ;
 'Now list, mine earls, now list !' quoth Charles, 'yon breeze will come again,—
 Some trumpet-note methinks doth float from the fair bank of Seine.'

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had said,
 When among the trees he near him sees a dark and turbaned head ;
 'Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor !' quoth Charlemagne ;
 'That turban green, how dare it be seen among the woods of Seine ?'

'My turban green must needs be seen among the woods of Seine,'
 The Moor replied, 'since here I ride in quest of Charlemagne ;
 For I serve the Moor Calaynos, and I his defiance bring
 To every lord that sits at the board of Charlemagne your King.

'Now lordlings fair, if any where in the wood ye 've seen him riding,
 Oh, tell me plain the path he has ta'en,—there is no cause for chiding ;
 For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris,
 Long hours in vain, by the bank of Seine, upon his steed he tarries.'—

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his old cheek :
 'Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek :—
 Go back, and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,
 For his soul shall dwell with him in hell, or ere yon sun go down !

'Mine arm is weak, my hairs are gray' (thus spake King Charlemagne,)
 'Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again ;
 As when I plucked the Saxon from out his mountain-den,
 Oh, soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen !

'Though now mine arm be weakened, though now my hairs be gray,
 The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away ;
 If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie ;
 Go forth, go forth, good Roland ; to-night this Moor must die !'

Then out and spake rough Roland—' Ofttimes I 've thinned the ranks
 Of the hot Moor, and when 't was o'er have won me little thanks ;
 Some carpet knight will take delight to do this doughty feat,
 Whom damsels gay shall well repay with smiles and whispers sweet !'

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he—
 The youngest and the comeliest—' Let none go forth but me ;
 Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer,
 But I will show, the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer.'

' Nay, go not thou,' quoth Charlemagne, ' thou art my gallant youth,
 And braver none I look upon ; but thy cheek it is too smooth ;
 And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright ;
 Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight.'—

But away, away goes Baldwin, no words can stop him now ;
 Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gained the mountain's brow ;
 He reineth first his charger, within the church-yard green,
 Where, striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is seen.

Then out and spake Calaynos,—' Fair youth, I greet thee well ;
 Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,
 All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy fee,
 Within my lady's chamber a pretty page thou 'lt be.'—

An angry man was Baldwin, when thus he heard him speak :
 'Proud knight,' quoth he, 'I come with thee a bloody spear to break !'
 Oh, sternly smiled Calaynos, when thus he heard him say :
 Oh, loudly as he mounted his mailéd barb did neigh.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies full low ;
 No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce warrior's blow ;
 Calaynos draws his falchion, and waves it to and fro :
 ' Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy soul must go !'

The helpless youth revealed the truth : then said the conqueror,—
 ' I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valor ;
 But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy knee,
 For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue thee.'—

Sir Roland heard that haughty word (he stood behind the wall;) ;
 His heart, I trow, was heavy enow, when he saw his kinsman fall ;
 But now his heart was burning, and never word he said,
 But clasped his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his head.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew his horn,
 To call him to the combat in anger and in scorn ;
 All cased in steel from head to heel, in the stirrup high he stood,
 The long spear quivered in his hand, as if athirst for blood.

Then out and spake Calaynos,—' Thy name I fain would hear ;
 A coronet on thy helm is set ; I guess thou art a peer.'—
 Sir Roland lifted up his horn, and blew another blast :
 ' No words, base Moor !' quoth Roland, ' this hour shall be thy last !'

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude ;
 Down fell the misbeliever, and o'er him Roland stood ;
 Close to his throat the steel he brought, and plucked his beard full sore :
 ' What devil brought thee hither ?—speak out or die, false Moor !'

' Oh ! I serve a noble damsel, a haughty maid of Spain,
 And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might gain ;
 For every gift I offered my lady did disdain,
 And craved the ears of certain peers that ride with Charlemagne.'

Then loudly laughed rough Roland :—' Full few will be her tears,
 It was not love her soul did move, who bade thee beard THE PEERS :'
 With that he smote upon his throat, and spurned his crest in twain ;
 ' No more,' he cries, ' this moon will rise above the woods of Seine !'

The Escape of Gayferos.

THE story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux is to be found at great length in the Romantic Chronicle of Charlemagne; and it has supplied the Spanish minstrels with subjects for a long series of ballads. In that which follows, Gayferos, yet a boy, is represented as hearing from his mother the circumstances of his father's death; and as narrowly escaping with his own life, in consequence of his step-father, Count Galvan's cruelty.

There is another ballad which represents Gayferos, now grown to be a man, as coming in the disguise of a pilgrim to his mother's house, and slaying his step-father with his own hand. The Countess is only satisfied as to his identity by the circumstance of the finger:—

‘ El dedo bien es aqueste, aquí lo vereys faltar
La condesa que esto oyera empezo le abraçar.’

BEFORE her knee the boy did stand, within the dais so fair,
The golden shears were in her hand, to clip his curléd hair;
And ever, as she clipped the curls, such doleful words she spake,
That tears ran from Gayferos' eyes, for his sad mother's sake.

‘ God grant a beard were on thy face, and strength thine arm within,
To fling a spear, or swing a mace, like Roland Paladin!
For then, I think, thou wouldest avenge thy father that is dead,
Whom envious traitors slaughtered within thy mother's bed;

‘ Their bridal-gifts were rich and rare, that hate might not be seen;
They cut me garments broad and fair—none fairer hath the Queen.—
Then out and spake the little boy—‘ Each night to God I call,
And to his blessed Mother, to make me strong and tall!’

The Count he heard Gayferos, in the palace where he lay:
‘ Now silence, silence, Countess! it is falsehood that you say;
I neither slew the man, nor hired another's sword to slay;
But, that the mother hath desired, be sure the son shall pay!’

The Count called to his esquires (old followers were they,
Whom the dead lord had nurtured for many a merry day ;)
He bade them take their old lord's heir, and stop his tender breath ;
Alas ! 'twas piteous but to hear the manner of that death.

' List, esquires, list, for my command is offspring of mine oath,
The stirrup-foot and the hilt-hand see that ye sunder both ;
That ye cut out his eyes 'twere best—the safer he will go ;
And bring a finger and the heart, that I his end may know.'

The esquires took the little boy aside with them to go ;
Yet, as they went, they did repent—' O God ! must this be so ?
How shall we think to look for grace, if this poor child we slay,
When ranged before Christ Jesu's face at the great judgment-day ?'

While they, not knowing what to do, were standing in such talk,
The Countess' little lap-dog bitch by chance did cross their walk ;
Then out and spake one of the 'quires (you may hear the words he said,)
' I think the coming of this bitch may serve us in good stead !

' Let us take out the bitch's heart, and give it to Galvan ;
The boy may with a finger part, and be no worser man.'—
With that they cut the joint away, and whispered in his ear,
That he must wander many a day, nor once those parts come near.

' Your uncle grace and love will show ; he is a bounteous man.'
And so they let Gayferos go, and turned them to Galvan ;
The heart and the small finger upon the board they laid,
And of Gayferos' slaughter a cunning story made.

The Countess, when she hears them, in great grief loudly cries :
Meantime the stripling safely unto his uncle hies :—
' Now welcome, my fair boy,' he said, ' what good news may they be
Come with thee to thine uncle's hall ?'—' Sad tidings come with me :—

' The false Galvan had laid his plan to have me in my grave ;
But I've escaped him, and am here, my boon from thee to crave :
Rise up, rise up, mine uncle, thy brother's blood they've shed !
Rise up—they've slain my father within my mother's bed !'

Melisendra.

THE following is a version of another of the ballads concerning Gayferos. It is the same that is quoted in the chapter of the Puppet-show in Don Quixote. ‘ Now, sirs, he that you see there a-horseback, wrapt up in the Gascoign-cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, seeing from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the ballad—

‘ Quoth Melisendra, if perchance,
Sir Traveller, you go for France,’ &c.

The place of the lady’s captivity was Saragossa, anciently called Sansueña.

At Sansueña, in the tower, fair Melisendra lies,
Her heart is far away in France, and tears are in her eyes ;
The twilight shade is thickening laid on Sansueña’s plain,
Yet wistfully the lady her weary eyes doth strain.

She gazes from the dungeon strong, forth on the road to Paris,
Weeping, and wondering why so long her lord Gayferos tarries ;
When lo ! a knight appears in view—a knight of Christian mien :
Upon a milk-white charger he rides the elms between.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to make :
‘ Oh, if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy’s sake ;
For mercy and sweet charity, draw near, Sir Knight to me,
And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne ye be.

‘ Oh, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pray thee tell Gayferos that you have seen my woe ;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish tower,
While he is gay by night and day, in hall and lady’s bower.

' Seven summers have I waited—seven winters long are spent :
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath he sent ;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him—nor time nor wrong can change her !'

The knight on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears away :
' My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay ;
Come, boldy spring, and lightly leap,—no listening Moor is near us,
And by dawn of day we 'll be far away :—so spake the night Gayferos.

She hath made the sign of the Cross divine, and an Avé she hath said,
And she dares the leap both wide and deep—that lady without dread ;
And he hath kissed her pale pale cheek, and lifted her behind :
Saint Denis speed the milk-white steed !—no Moor their path shall find.

Lady Alda's Dream.

THE following is an attempt to render one of the most admired of all the Spanish ballads.

'En Paris esta Dona Alda, la esposa de Don Roldan,
Trecientas damas con ella, para la acompanar,
Todas visten un vestido, todas calçan un calçar,' &c.

In its whole structure and strain, it bears a very remarkable resemblance to several of our own old ballads, both English and Scottish.

In Paris sits the lady that shall be Sir Roland's bride,
Three hundred damsels with her, her bidding to abide ;
All clothed in the same fashion, both the mantle and the shoon,
All eating at one table, within her hall at noon :
All, save the Lady Alda, she is lady of them all,—
She keeps her place upon the dais, and they serve her in her hall ;
The thread of gold a hundred spin, the lawn a hundred weave,
And a hundred play sweet melody within Alda's bower at eve.

With the sound of their sweet playing, the lady falls asleep,
And she dreams a doleful dream, and her damsels hear her weep :
There is sorrow in her slumber, and she waketh with a cry,
And she calleth for her damsels, and swiftly they come nigh.
'Now, what is it, Lady Alda'—(you may hear the words they say)—
'Bringeth sorrow to thy pillow, and chaseth sleep away !'
'Oh, my maidens !' quoth the lady, 'my heart it is full sore !
I have dreamt a dream of evil, and can slumber never more !

'For I was upon a mountain, in a bare and desert place,
And I saw a mighty eagle, and a falcon he did chase ;
And to me the falcon came, and I hid it in my breast ;
But the mighty bird, pursuing, came and rent away my vest ;

And he scattered all the feathers, and blood was on his beak,
And ever, as he tore and tore, I heard the falcon shriek.
Now read my vision, damsels,—now read my dream to me,
For my heart may well be heavy that doleful sight to see.'

Out spake the foremost damsel was in her chamber there—
(You may hear the words she says)—‘ Oh ! my lady’s dream is fair :
The mountain is St. Denis’ choir, and thou the falcon art ;
And the eagle strong that teareth the garment from thy heart,
And scattereth the feathers, he is the Paladin,
That, when again he comes from Spain, must sleep thy bower within.
Then be blythe of cheer, my lady, for the dream thou must not grieve,
It means but that thy bridegroom shall come to thee at eve.’

‘ If thou hast read my vision, and read it cunningly,’
Thus said the Lady Alda, ‘ thou shalt not lack thy fee.’—
But woe is me for Alda ! there was heard, at morning hour,
A voice of lamentation within that lady’s bower ;
For there had come to Paris a messenger by night,
And his horse it was a-weary, and his visage it was white ;
And there ’s weeping in the chamber, and there ’s silence in the hall,
For Sir Roland has been slaughtered in the chase of Roncesval.

The Admiral Guarinos.

THIS is a translation of the ballad which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, when at Toboso, overheard a peasant singing, as he was going to his work at daybreak. 'Iba cantando,' says Cervantes, 'aquel romance que dice,

'Mala la vistes Franceses la caça de Roncesvalles.'

THE day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two :
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight, the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral ;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall ;
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast ;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize ;
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

' Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us :
Two daughters have I,—all the day thy handmaid one shall be,
The other (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

' The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave ;
The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

' If more thou wishest, more I'll give ; speak boldly what thy thought is ;'
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes :
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was :—

' Now, God forbid ! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another :
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain ;
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain.'

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded, he should be led away ;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands : that sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom ;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Sampson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On three high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,—
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the firstlings of the flowers.

Day come and go of gloom and show : seven years are come and gone ;
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John ;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear—
Below the Moorish knights must ride, and pierce it with the spear ;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail ;
 The whisker trembled on his lip,—his cheek for ire was pale ;
 And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,—
 ‘Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down.’

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet’s haughty sound,
 Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
 ‘Now, help me God !’ the captive cries, ‘what means this din so loud ?
 O Queen of Heaven ! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud !

‘ Oh ! is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes’ daughter wed,
 And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed ?
 Or is it that the day is come,—one of the hateful three,—
 When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me ?’

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,
 ‘These tabors, Lord, and trumpet’s clear, conduct no bride to bed ;
 Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right
 Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people’s sight !

‘ This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist’s day,
 When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation’s way ;
 But now our King commands that none his banquet shall begin,
 Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman’s prize do win.’

Then out and spake Guarinos, ‘ Oh ! soon each man should feed,
 Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed :
 Oh ! were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pee,
 Full soon Marlotes’ prize I’d hold, whate’er its price may be !

‘ Give me my horse, mine old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
 All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on breast and head,
 And give the lance I brought from France ; and if I win it not,
 My life shall be the forfeiture,—I’ll yield it on the spot.’

The jailer wondered at his words : thus to the knight said he,
 ‘ Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee ;
 There’s never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear ;
 And if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the King repair.’

The jailer put his mantle on, and came unto the King,
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring ;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant gray,
And arm'd with the lance he bore on Roncesvalles' day,
What never Moorish night could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the King,—‘ Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth ;
His arms are rusty on the wall,—seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge ;

‘ Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword ;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die,
So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh.’

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they 've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath
grasped,
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate—caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out, the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered, and furiously did fling ;
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

Oh ! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee ;
Again the heathen laughed aloud,—‘ All hail, sir knight,’ quoth he,
‘ Now do thy best, thou champion proud : thy blood I look to see !’

With that, Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode :
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life : the land of France lies *there* !

The Lady of the Tree.

THE following is one of the few old Spanish ballads in which mention is made of the Fairies. The sleeping child's being taken away from the arms of the nurse, is a circumstance quite in accordance with our own tales of Fairyland; but the seven years' enchantment in the tree reminds us more of those oriental fictions, the influence of which has stamped so many indelible traces on the imaginative literature of Spain.

THE knight had hunted long, and twilight closed the day,
His hounds were weak and weary,—his hawk had flown away ;
He stopped beneath an oak, an old and mighty tree,
Then out the maiden spoke, and a comely maid was she.

The knight 'gan lift his eye the shady boughs between,
She had her seat on high, among the oak-leaves green ;
Her golden curls lay clustering above her breast of snow,
But when the breeze was westering, upon it they did flow.

' Oh, fear not, gentle knight ! there is no cause for fear ;
I am a good king's daughter, long years enchanted here ;
Seven cruel fairies found me,—they charmed a sleeping child ;
Seven years their charm hath bound me, a damsel undefiled.

' Seven weary years are gone since o'er me charms they threw ;
I have dwelt here alone,—I have seen none but you.
My seven sad years are spent ;—for Christ that died on rood,
Thou noble knight consent, and lead me from the wood !

' Oh, bring me forth again from out this darksome place !
I dare not sleep for terror of the unholy race.
Oh, take me, gentle sir ! I 'll be a wife to thee,—
I 'll be thy lowly leman, if wife I may not be !'

'Till dawns the morning, wait, thou lovely lady ! here ;
I 'll ask my mother straight, for her reproof I fear.'
'Oh, ill beseems thee, knight !' said she, that maid forlorn,
'The blood of kings to slight,—a lady's tears to scorn !'

He came when morning broke, to fetch the maid away,
But could not find the oak wherein she made her stay ;
All through the wilderness he sought in bower and tree ;—
Fair lordlings, well ye guess what weary heart had he !

There came a sound of voices from up the forest glen,
The King had come to find her with all his gentlemen ;
They rode in mickle glee—a joyous calvacade—
Fair in the midst rode she, but never word she said.

Though on the green he knelt, no look on him she cast—
His hand was on the hilt ere all the train were past.
'Oh, shame to knightly blood ! Oh, scorn to chivalry !
I 'll die within the wood :—No eye my death shall see !'

The Avenging Childe.

THE ballad of the *Infante Vengador* is proved to be of very high antiquity by certain particulars in its language. The circumstance of the tiled floor, and some others of the same sort, will not escape the notice of the antiquarian reader.

HURRAH ! hurrah ! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe ;
His horse is swift as sands that drift,—an Arab of the wild ;
His gown is twisted round his arm,—a ghastly cheek he wears ;
And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting knife he bears.

Avoid that knife in battle-strife :—that weapon short and thin,
The dragon's gore hath bathed it o'er, seven times 't was steeped therein ;
Seven times the smith hath proved its pith,—it cuts a coulter through ;
In France the blade was fashioned,—from Spain the shaft it drew.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle bow,—
He sharpens it on either side, he makes the steel to glow :
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and faitour knight ;
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.

He found him standing by the King within the judgment-hall ;
He rushed within the barons' ring,—he stood before them all :
Seven times he gazed and pondered, if he the deed should do ;
Eight times distraught he looked and thought—then out his dagger flew.

He stabbed therewith at Quadros :—the King did step between ;
It pierced his royal garment of purple wove with green :
He fell beneath the canopy, upon the tiles he lay.
'Thou traitor keen, what dost thou mean ?—thy King why wouldst thou slay ?'

'Now, pardon, pardon,' cried the Childe, 'I stabbed not, King, at thee,
But him, that caitiff, blood-defiled, who stood beside thy knee ;
Eight brothers were we,—in the land might none more loving be,—
They all are slain by Quadros' hand,—they all are dead but me !

'Good King, I fain would wash the stain,—for vengeance is my cry ;
This murderer with sword and spear to battle I defy !—
But all took part with Quadros, except one lovely May,—
Except the King's fair daughter, none word for him would say.

She took their hands, she led them forth into the court below ;
She bade the ring be guarded,—she bade the trumpet blow ;
From lofty place for that stern race the signal she did throw :—
'With truth and right the Lord will fight,—together let them go.'

The one is up, the other down : the hunter's knife is bare ;
It cuts the lace beneath the face,—it cuts through beard and hair ;
Right soon that knife hath quenched his life, the head is sundered sheer ;
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on his spear.

But when the King beholds him bring that token of his truth,
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath :—'Kneel down, thou noble youth ;
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown, I am no more thy foe ;
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago !'

Count Arnaldos.

THIS ballad is in the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555. I should be inclined to suppose that

'More is meant than meets the ear,'—

—that some religious allegory is intended to be shadowed forth.

Who had ever such adventure,
Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befel the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold,—
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops may come again,
But 'mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
Faith is strong, and Hope is free,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To the song that rules the sea.

When the gray-haired sailor chaunted,
Every wind was hushed to sleep,—
Like a virgin's bosom panted
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the star-fish
From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him—
Holy music charmed them so.

'Stately galley ! glorious galley !
God hath poured his grace on thee !
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
Of the dread devouring sea !

'False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,
All—my glorious galley mocks !'

'For the sake of God, our maker !
(Count Arnaldos' cry was strong)—
'Old man, let me be partaker
In the secret of thy song !'

'Count Arnaldos ! Count Arnaldos !
Hearts I read, and thoughts I know ;—
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
In our galley thou must go.'

Song for the Morning
of the
Day of Saint John the Baptist.

THE Marquis du Palmy said, many years ago, in his ingenious essay, ‘Sur la vie privée des François,’—‘ Les feux de la Saint Jean, fondés sur ce qu’on lit dans le Nouveau Testament (St. Luc. i., 14,) que les nations se rejouirent a la naissance de Saint Jean, sont presque eteints par tout.’

Both in the northern and the southern parts of Europe, there prevailed of old a superstitious custom, of which the traces probably linger to this day in many simple districts. The young women rose on this sacred morning-ere the sun was up, and collected garlands of flowers, which they bound upon their heads; and according as the dew remained upon these a longer or a shorter time, they augured more or less favorably of the constancy of their lovers.

Another ceremony was to enclose a wether in a hut of heath, and dance and sing round it, while she who desired to have her fortune told stood by the door. If the wether remained still, the omen was good. If he pushed his horns through the frail roof or door, then the lover was false-hearted.

That the day of the Baptist was a great festival among the Spanish Moors, the reader may gather from many passages in the foregoing ballads, particularly that of ‘The Admiral Guarinos.’ There are two in the Cancionero, which show that some part at least of the amorous superstitions of the day were also shared by them. One of them begins—

‘ La mañana de San Juan, salen a coger guirnaldas,
Zara muger del Rey Chico, con sus mas queridas damas :’ &c.

The other,—

' La mañana de San Juan, a punta que alboreava,
 Gran fiesta hazen los Moros por la vega de Granada,
 Rebolviendo sus cavallos, y jugando con las lanzas,
 Ricos pendones en ellas, labrados por las amadas.

* * * * *
*El moro que amores tiene, señales dellos monstrava
 Y el que amiga no tenia, alli no escaramuçava, &c.*

The following song is one that used to be sung by the Spanish country-girls, as they went out to gather their dew and their flowers, on St. John's day in the morning. There are many of the same kind; such as that beginning—

' Este dia de San Juan
 Ay de mi!
 Que no solia ser ansi!' &c.

And that other,—

' Yo no me porne guirnalda
 La mañana de San Juan,
 Pues mis amores se van,' &c.

**Song for the Morning
of the
Day of Saint John the Baptist.**

COME forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon ;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the woodlands all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between ;
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream,
Ere the face of Guidalquiver glows beneath the strengthening beam.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day ;
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool ;
The violets and the roses, and the jasmines all together,
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether.

178 SONG FOR THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,
And we shall learn from the dews of the fern, if our lads will keep their vows :
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the
flowers,
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist's blessing
is ours.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon ;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Juliana.

THE following ballad is inserted in this place on account of an allusion it contains to the ancient custom which forms the subject of the preceding one. It seems to represent the frenzy of a Spanish knight, who has gone mad, in consequence of his mistress having been carried off in the course of a Moorish foray.

'Arriba! canes, arriba! que rabia mala os mate,
En jueves maytas el puerco, y en viernes comeys la carne,' &c.

'OFF! off! ye hounds!—in madness an ill death be your doom!
The boar ye killed on Thursday on Friday ye consume!
Ay me! and it is now seven years I in this valley go;
Barefoot I wander, and the blood from out my nails doth flow.

'I eat the raw flesh of the boar,—I drink his red blood here,
Seeking, with heavy heart and sore, my princess and my dear:
'T was on the Baptist's morning the Moors my princess found,
While she was gathering roses upon her father's ground.'

Fair Juliana heard his voice where by the Moor she lay,
Even in the Moor's encircling arms she heard what he did say;
The lady listened, and she wept within that guarded place,—
While her Moor lord beside her slept, the tears fell on his face.

The Song of the Galleys.

[This is from a song in the Cancionero of Valencia, 1511.

'Galeristas de España
Parad los remos,' &c.]

'YE mariners of Spain !
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors !

'Ye galleys fairly built,
Like castles on the sea,
Oh, great will be your guilt,
If ye bring him not to me.'

'The wind is blowing strong,
The breeze will aid your oars ;
Oh, swiftly fly along !
For he lies among the Moors !

'The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine ;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

'Lift up, lift up your sail !
And bend upon your oars ;
Oh, lose not the fair gale,
For he lies among the Moors !

' It is a narrow strait,
I see the blue hills over ;
Your coming I'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

' To Mary I will pray,
While ye bend upon your oars ;
'T will be a blessed day,
If ye fetch him from the Moors !'

The Wandering Knight's Song.

[In the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555.

Mis arreos son las armas
Mi descanso el pelear.]

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star :

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken ;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea ;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee !—

Serenade.

[From the Romancero General of 1604.

'Mientras duerme mi nina,' &c.]

WHILE my lady sleepeth,
The dark blue heaven is bright,
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze !
While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers
That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice' height
O'er yon poplar trees,—
But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky ;
In the stream scarce flowing
Mimic lustres lie :
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze !
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies ;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

The Captive Knight and the Blackbird.

THE following is a translation of a ballad in the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555.

'Pues el mes era de Mayo,' &c.

There is one in the Cancionero General of Valencia, 1511, of which this would seem to have been no more than an expansion. The older is perhaps the finer of the two. It is, at all events, so short, that I shall transcribe it.

'Que por Mayo era por Mayo,
Cuando los blandos calores,
Cuando los enamorados
Van servir a sus amores;
Sino yo, triste Mezquino,
Que yago en estas prisiones,
Que ni se cuando es de dia
Ni menos cuando es de Noche;
Sino por una avecilla
Que me cantaba al albor.—
Matumelo un ballestero
Delo Dios mal galardon !

'T is now, they say, the month of May,—'t is now the moons are bright ;
'T is now the maids, 'mong greenwood shades, sit with their loves by night ;
'T is now the hearts of lovers true are glad the groves among ;
'T is now they sit the long night through, and list the thrush's song.

'Woe dwells with me, in spite of thee, thou gladsome month of May !
I cannot see what stars there be, I know not night from day :
There *was* a bird, whose voice I heard,—oh ! sweet my small bird sung,—
I heard its tune when night was gone, and up the morning sprung.

'To comfort me in darkness bound, comes now no voice of cheer ;
Long have I listened for the sound, there is no bird to hear :
Sweet bird ! he had a cruel heart, whose steel thy bosom tore ;
A ruffian hand discharged the dart, that makes thee sing no more.

'I am the vassal of my King,—it never shall be said
That I even *hence* a curse could fling against my liege's head ;
But if the jailer slew the merle, no sin is in my word,
God look in anger on the churl that harmed my harmless bird !

'Oh, should some kindly Christian bring another bird to me,
Thy tune I in his ear would sing, till he could sing like thee ;
But were a dove within my choice, my song would soon be o'er,
For he would understand my voice, and fly to Leonore.

'He would fly swiftly through the air, and though he could not speak,
He'd ask a file, which he could bear within his little beak ;
Had I a file, these fetters vile I from my wrist would break,
And see right soon the fair May moon shine on my lady's cheek.'

It chanced while a poor captive knight, within yon dungeon strong,
Lamented thus the arrow's flight that stopped his blackbird's song,
(Unknown to him) the King was near ; he heard him through the wall ;
'Nay, since he has no merle to hear, 't is time his fetters fall.'

Valladolid.

[THIS is a translation from one of the ballads in Sepulveda's collection (Antwerp, 1580); the author's name unknown—

'En los tempos que me vi,' &c., p. 219.]

My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valladolid ;
My heart that day was light and gay,—it bounded like a kid :
I met a Palmer on the way, my horse he bade me rein :
'I left Valladolid to-day, I bring thee news of pain !
The lady-love whom thou dost seek in gladness and in cheer,
Closed is her eye, and cold her cheek : I saw her on her bier.

'The priests went singing of the mass,—my voice their song did aid ;
A hundred knights with them did pass to the burial of the maid ;
And damsels fair went weeping there, and many a one did say,
Poor cavalier ! he is not here—'t is well he 's far away.'—
I fell when thus I heard him speak,—upon the dust I lay,
I thought my heart would surely break,—I wept for half a day.

When evening came I rose again, the Palmer held my steed ;
And swiftly rode I o'er the plain to dark Valladolid :
I came unto the sepulchre where they my love had laid,—
I bowed me down beside the bier, and there my moan I made :
'Oh, take me, take me to thy bed, I fain would sleep with thee !
My love is dead, my hope is fled,—there is no joy for me !'

I heard a sweet voice from the tomb,—I heard her voice so clear.—
'Rise up, rise up, my knightly love ! thy weeping well I hear ;
Rise up and leave this darksome place,—it is no place for thee,
God yet will send thee helpful grace, in love and chivalry ;
Though in the grave my bed I have, for thee my heart is sore,—
'T will ease my heart if thou depart,—thy peace may God restore !'

Dragut, the Corsair.

[This celebrated corsair became ultimately High Admiral of the Turkish fleet, and was slain at the great siege of Malta, A. D. 1565.]

Oh, swiftly, very swiftly, they up the Straits have gone,—
Oh, swiftly flies the corsair, and swift the cross comes on ;
The cross upon yon banner, that streams unto the breeze,
It is the sign of victory—the cross of the Maltese.

‘ Row, row, my slaves,’ quoth Dragut,—‘ the knights, the knights are near !
Row, row, my slaves, row swiftly, the starlight is too clear !
The stars they are too bright, and he that means us well,
He harms us when he trims his light—yon Moorish sentinel.’

There came a wreath of smoke from out a culverine,
The corsair’s poop it broke, and it sunk into the brine :
Down Moor and fettered Christian went beneath the billows’ roar,
But hell had work for Dragut yet, and he swam safe ashore.

One only of the captives, a happy man is he,
The Christian sailors see him, yet struggling in the sea ;
They hear the captive praying,—they hear the Christian tongue,
And swiftly from the galley a saving rope was flung.

It was a Spanish knight, who had long been in Algiers,
From ladies high descended, and noble cavaliers ;
But forced, for a season, a false Moor’s slave to be—
Upon the shore his gardener, his galley slave at sea.

But now his heart is dancing,—he sees the Spanish land,
And all his friends advancing to meet him on the strand ;
His heart was full of gladness, albeit his eyes ran o'er,
For he wept as he stepped upon the Christian shore.

Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa.

MR. BOUTERWEK has analyzed this ballad, and commented upon it at some length, in his History of Spanish Literature. (See Book i., Section 1.) He bestows particular praise upon a passage, which the reader will find attempted in the fourth line of the thirty-first stanza of the following version :—

‘Dedes me aça este hijo amamare por despedida.’

‘What modern poet,’ says he, ‘would have dared to imagine that trait, at once so natural and so touching?’ Mr. Bouterwek seems to be of opinion that the story of the ballad had been taken from some prose romance of chivalry; but I have not been able to find any trace of it.

ALONE, as was her wont, she sate,—within her bower alone ;
Alone and very desolate Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta,—‘I will not hide my grief,
I’ll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief.’
The King, when he beheld her near, ‘Alas ! my child,’ said he,
‘What means this melancholy cheer ?—reveal thy grief to me.’

‘Good King,’ she said, ‘my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my grief shall know ;
I fain would have a husband, ’tis time that I should wed ;
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they’re said.’

‘Twas thus the King made answer,—‘This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline ;
Yet round us here where lives your peer ?—nay, name him if you can,
Except the Count Alarcos, and he’s a married man.’

‘Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night ;
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break :
Alas ! I’ve lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover’s sake,’

The good King sate confounded in silence for some space,
 At length he made his answer, with very troubled face :
 ' It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do ;
 You've done much wrong, my daughter ; we're shamed, both I and you.

' If it be true that you have said, our honor's lost and gone ;
 And while the Countess is in life, remedie for us is none :
 Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare ;—
 Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my care.'

' How can I give you counsel ?—but little wit have I ;
 But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess die :
 Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
 And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
 What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said ;
 Thus none shall our dishonor know, in honor I shall wed.'

The Count was standing with his friends—thus in the midst he spake :
 ' What fools be men !—what boots our pain for comely woman's sake !
 I loved a fair one long ago ;—though I'm a married man,
 Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began.'

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near ;
 He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
 ' Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
 For I have something secret, I in your ear must say.'

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass ;
 With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass ;
 Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one ;
 When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun :—

' What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
 To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night ?
 If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
 But shamed is my gray-head—alas !—and scorned Solisa's youth.

' I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
 Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes ! she must die.

Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
 Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife :
 What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
 Thus none shall my dishonor know,—in honor you shall wed.'

Thus spake the Count Alarcos,—‘ The truth I'll not deny,
 I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully ;
 I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter ;
 But, oh ! spare her that's innocent,—avoid that sinful slaughter.’

‘ She dies ! she dies !’ the King replies ;—‘ from thine own sin it springs,
 If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings :
 Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed,
 Else thou on shameful block must bend : thereof is no remeед.’

‘ Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my name !
 I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God ! mine be not the blame !)
 Alas ! that young and sinless heart for others' sin should bleed !
 Good King, in sorrow I depart.’—‘ May God your errand speed !’

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
 The weary journey from that place unto his own abode ;
 He grieved for his fair countess, dear as his life was she ;
 Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
 For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best ;
 The others were young children, that had but little wit,
 Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

‘ Alas !’ he said, when he had come within a little space,—
 ‘ How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face ?
 To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
 When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all !’

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear
 (The little page had run before to tell his lord was near :)
 ‘ Now welcome home, my lord, my life !—Alas ! you droop your head :
 Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red ?’

'I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all : it is not yet the hour ;
We'll sup together in the hall,—I'll tell you in your bower.'
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate ;
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so,)
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow :
'I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,' the Count Alarcos said :
Alas ! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast :
The count had barred the chamber doors—they ne'er were barred till then ;
'Unhappy lady,' he began, 'and I most lost of men !'

'Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life !
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife.'—
'Alas ! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

'Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night ;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring ! she claims me for her own.

'Alas ! my love !—alas ! my life !—the right is on their side ;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride ;
But, oh ! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our Lord, that you this night must die.'—

'Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal ?
Oh, kill me not, thou noble count, when at thy foot I kneel !
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three.'

'It may not be,—mine oath is strong,—ere dawn of day you die !'—
'Oh ! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I ;—
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcí—alas ! my brother brave !

'T was at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land :—it is not death I fear,
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so,—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go.'

'Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not see.'
'I fain would say an Avé.' 'Then say it speedily.'
She knelt her down upon her knee : 'Oh, Lord ! behold my case ;
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace.'

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose,—
'Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose ;
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold.'

'Why would you waken the poor child ? you see he is asleep ;
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.'
'Now hear me, Count Alarcos ! I give thee pardon free,—
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I 've loved thee ;

'But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter ;
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter !
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne !'

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along ;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires :—oh ! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay :
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong—
But God took heed of their offence,—His vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day ;
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete ;
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.

End of the Spanish Ballads.

THE ROMANCES OF SPAIN.

The Cid.

'I'm Rodrigo of Bivar,
A Castilian bold and true.'

The Cid.—Part First.

‘I’m Rodrigo of Bivar,
A Castilian good and true.’

Romances of the Cid.

IN a low state of social advancement, poetry, unlike every other art, may attain a very high degree of excellence, if not in delicacy and refinement of expression, at least in elevation of thought and vigor of imagination. One of the greatest bards the world has known was

‘The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle.’

This is explained by the ancient adage that ‘a man is born, not made, a poet;’ and though peculiar natural powers are indispensable for the attainment of excellence in every art, the superior simplicity of the machinery requisite for the expression of poetry, at least under certain forms, leaves room for a more free development of genius.

Metre being the form best adapted to the oral transmission of events, poetry, in the literary history of every nation, has had an origin antecedent to prose. Homer and Hesiod sung centuries before Herodotus wrote. Ages before the prose chronicles of modern Europe were indited, the deeds of heroes and other striking events were recorded and handed down from generation to generation in the form of ballads, which in many instances constitute the foundation of the earlier histories in prose. Every nation in Europe possesses its stock of poetical traditional lore : the phlegmatic and meditative Scandinavian and German, and the fervid, mercurial child of the South, have alike in the earliest periods of their history chosen poetry as the medium of recording the glorious deeds of their heroes, or whatever occurrences were to them fraught with interest.

No nation, however, can boast of so large a body of ancient popular poems as Spain. Several circumstances combine to explain this unrivalled wealth

in ballad literature. The almost unceasing contest which the Christian Spaniards maintained for eight centuries with the Arab invaders of their soil, afforded a long series of brilliant achievements and stirring events to be recorded; the intercourse which, notwithstanding this warfare, existed between the two nations, sufficed to imbue the Christians with that peculiar love of song which characterized their Mohammedan foes. But the principal cause of the great prevalence of ballad poetry among the Spaniards, is to be found in the extraordinary facility with which it could be constructed, owing to the flexibility of the language and the simplicity of the metre and rhyme employed—a simplicity so remarkable that a bard might with little difficulty pour forth in song his thoughts as they arose. ‘The most rude and illiterate man,’ says Duran, a modern native collector of Spanish romances,* ‘might compose these loosely formed narrations. Even at the present day, though the romance has now acquired such perfection as to render it adaptable to every class of compositions, it continues as subject to the control of the vulgar as of the learned. All alike compose romances, and there is probably not to be found a single Spaniard, even among those who despise the romance for its facility of construction, who has not sung of love, war, heroic deeds, or fictitious events in this species of metrical composition.’

It is impossible to determine with accuracy the date of anonymous poems orally transmitted through many ages. It is evident, however, that much of the ballad poetry of Spain which has come down to us is of great antiquity, claiming an origin anterior to the most ancient English ballads extant. Duran is of opinion that the earliest poetry of the Peninsula was in the romance form; yet long poems in Alexandrine metre have been preserved, which are on all hands admitted to have been written in the middle of the twelfth century. We cannot here enter into a lengthened disquisition on this subject; it is enough for us to state the probability that Duran is correct. ‘Although,’ says he, ‘none of the romances extant are in every part anterior to the fourteenth century, I think I can discern in them fragments of others and proverbial stanzas of a much more remote antiquity.’ As the earlier romances of Spain were the productions of unknown and obscure individuals, they were never committed to writing, but were handed down orally through many generations; and being remodelled and modernized by each in succession,

* It may perhaps be superfluous to mention that this word takes its origin from the Romance language, the corrupt Latin spoken in the southern countries of Europe after the overthrow of the Western Empire,—the language in which the Troubadours sang their *lays* and *fabliaux*, their tales of love and chivalry.

they have retained so little of their original character, as to render it impossible to determine with precision the century to which they belong. Like old coins, they have gained a polish by passing through many hands, but their original stamp is effaced, and the date of their issue is no longer distinguishable.

The romances of Spain are of several kinds ;—those which are considered to be strictly historical—those of chivalry, which may be regarded as more or less founded on facts—those decidedly fictitious, the subjects of which are taken from the prose chivalrous romances or the epics of the Italian poets—those relating to love and pastoral subjects—and last, though not least in number or beauty, those commonly classed separately, as the Moorish romances. Some of these, it is believed, are actually the productions of Spanish Moors, but the greater part were written by Christians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and refer chiefly to the romantic but unavailing struggle of the high-souled Moors of Granada with the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella. As poetical compositions these rank above all the other romances (for at this period ballad literature was not confined to the lower classes, being taken into favor by the noble and the learned,) but as historical records they obtain little credit, save in as far as they are confirmed by the prose chroniclers. It is to the first-mentioned class of romances, those viewed as historical, that we shall now confine our attention.

To the historian and antiquarian these narrative romances are full of interest. In the early periods of Spanish history far more political liberty was enjoyed, and much freer expression of opinion was allowed than in later days, when Spain was held in the iron grasp of an intolerant and inquisitorial priesthood ; and the popular poems of those early times, being wholly disregarded and uninfluenced by the upper ranks, may consequently be considered as exhibiting a more correct representation of facts than the poetry, or even professed history, which springs up in the sunshine of courtly favor. It is not, however, pretended that these romances are to be implicitly relied on as historical or antiquarian authorities. The fact of their having been transmitted orally through many successive ages must invalidate their testimony to a certain extent ; yet there is no reason to doubt that the representations made by them of the general state of society in those early ages are accurate ; and that they have not in every instance undergone great alterations is evident from the language of some being scarcely less antiquated than that of the earliest Castilian poem extant, written in the middle of the twelfth century. Greater credence is due to these ballads on the ground that, though the productions of the middle ages—those days of wild romance—they very

rarely overstep the bounds of possibility : they are free from those absurd extravagancies which disfigure the prose romances of chivalry. What little of the marvellous they contain is of a religious character—a few saintly legends sprinkled here and there throughout a vast body of poetry, only in sufficient quantity to tincture it with the peculiar character of the national religion ;—such legends in fact as a Romanist of our own enlightened age and country would have little difficulty in crediting. No enchanters to whisk their victims away a thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye to the foul dungeons of some subterranean palace—no dragons to devour their monthly tribute of denuded virgins—no spell-bound knights—no maidens escaping their pursuers, and preserving their honor by rendering themselves invisible with magic rings. All is truth, nature, and simplicity in the Spanish romances. They are in fact little more than simple metrical narrations of events. ‘The authors of these romances,’ says the German critic Bouterwek, ‘never ventured to embellish with fictitious circumstances stories which were in themselves interesting, lest they should deprive their productions of historical credit. They paid little attention to ingenuity of invention, and still less to correctness of execution. When an impressive story of poetical character was found, the subject and the interest belonging to it were seized with so much truth and feeling, that the parts of the little piece, the brief labor of untutored art, linked themselves together, as it were, spontaneously, and the imagination of the bard had no higher office than to give to the situations a suitable coloring and effect. These antique racy effusions are nature’s genuine offspring. To recount their easily recognized defects is as superfluous as it would be impossible, by any critical study, to imitate a single trait of that noble simplicity which constitutes their highest charm.’

These romances may be said to form a connecting link between poetry and prose ; scarcely rising above the latter in the display of fancy and imagination, and yet retaining the form and in some respects the distinctive character of the former. Some critics have altogether denied their claim to the title of poetry. ‘There is as wide a difference,’ says Juan del Encina, ‘between a poet and a romance-maker as between a composer of music and a mere singer, as between a geometrician and a stone-cutter.’ Without entirely concurring in this opinion, we will admit that never does the Spanish popular muse aspire to bold poetical soarings. She is content with a lowly flight. She loves to dwell on even the unimportant actions of her favorite heroes, and to sing of their countenances, their costume, their weapons, their attendants. This minuteness of description, trivial as it may be deemed by those who despise all but the highest efforts of the poetical art, is at least a pre-

sumptive evidence of truth, and renders these narrative romances valuable as pictures of the manners and costumes, and as records of the popular opinions of the Spaniards of the middle ages—points on which the sober page of history is too often silent. But they are not utterly devoid of poetic merit; for the narration, however simple, of events in themselves often highly poetic, cannot be wholly prosaic; and this same simplicity of style has a charm to some minds indescribable, and far beyond what could be produced by a more highly wrought or fanciful diction. Moreover the simplicity of the Spanish narrative romances occasionally rises into majesty and even sublimity; and at times they evince a Homeric power of condensing a world of thought into a simple sentence or word. Then the noble and elevated sentiments, the depth and freshness of feeling, the tenderness, the pathos, and the all-pervading nature and truthfulness, ever awakening the sympathies of the reader, make amends for the absence of higher poetical qualities.

We are aware that Southey has decried the merits of the heroic ballads of the Spaniards, and pronounced them to be much inferior to our own. To what authority this opinion is entitled we leave those who are acquainted with the Spanish to judge for themselves. But waiving the question of comparative literary merit, there is one point of view in which the Spanish romances have indisputably the advantage,—it is the elevated tone of morality which pervades them, and this is a feature which essentially distinguishes them from those of England and other northern nations. These latter abound in evidences of being the productions of a state of society scarcely emerged from barbarism. Atrocious murders, inhuman cruelties, daring outrages on person and property, in short every species of vice and crime which belongs to a rude state of society, are dwelt upon in the early ballads of our own country, not only without disapprobation or disgust, but with manifest delight. But even the earliest Spanish romances savor of a society that has made considerable advances in civilization and moral excellence. Their morality is not, it is true, that which commands the smitten to turn his cheek to the smiter; it does not comprehend extraordinary meekness and humility, for martial valor is in this, as in the ancient classic code, esteemed the highest of human virtues. But these romances are redolent of all the virtues and graces which characterize the age of chivalry. To the enthusiastic admiration of valor is united a humane and kindly generosity toward the weak or vanquished, and a pervading gentleness and courtesy; an indomitable pride and self-respect is blended with a noble scorn of whatever is fraudulent, base, and dishonorable, an ardent love of truth, a fervor of loyalty to the sovereign and of devotion to the fair sex equalled only by the depth of religious feeling.

There is that union of stern and gentle qualities, which is set forth in a ballad describing a Moorish knight of Granada, who is represented to be

‘ Like steel amid the din of arms,
Like wax when with the fair.’

Deeds of crime are often narrated by these romances as historical facts, but instead of being dwelt upon with zest, they are in general depicted with so much pathos that abhorrence of the crime is heightened by the sympathy excited for the victim. Female frailty, however, appears from these romances to have been as common in Spain in the olden time as in our own day, and to have been regarded with eyes no less lenient; yet even in this respect the ballads of Spain are well matched by those of our own country.

In giving our readers some specimens of Spanish ballads, we select those relating to the Cid. The Cid is the great hero of Spanish history, whose glorious deeds have for eight centuries been the theme of song, and doubtless tended to fire the courage of a Gonsalo and a Cortes, and perhaps in our own times to stir up many a Spanish hero to resist the yoke of a conqueror greater than they. He is thus addressed in one of the ballads which recount his history :—

‘ Mighty victor, never vanquish'd,
 Bulwark of our native land,
Shield of Spain, her boast and glory,
 Knight of the far-dreaded brand,
Venging scourge of Moors and traitors,
 Mighty thunderbolt of war,
Mirror bright of chivalry,
 Ruy, my Cid Campeador!’

‘ Campeador’ is a term hardly translatable into English, for our word ‘champion,’ to which it most nearly answers, excites little of that proud triumphant feeling which thrills the Spanish bosom at the mention of the ‘Campeador.’ It is a name which none living has a right to claim but our own hero of a hundred battle-fields.

All the chivalrous virtues are concentrated in the person of the Cid. He was in truth a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, the beau-ideal of a knight-errant, yet not the mere creation of fancy. His existence has indeed been called into question by Masdeu and some few others, on the ground that, as depicted by the romances, he is too extraordinary and perfect a character to be real. But though it be very possible that the popular voice has arrayed its darling in colors not his own, has sung his praises only and concealed his

defects, there is, independently of the romances, such a mass of evidence to prove his real existence as must put the fact beyond all doubt to the mind of every candid reader, and assure him that the Cid was something more than a mere imaginary embodiment of the chivalrous virtues. Not only are his deeds recorded by a lengthy poem written within half a century of his death, as well as by the earliest prose chronicles, but he is mentioned by the Arab historians of Spain, who, while admitting his victories, depict him in those shadowy hues in which the vanquished are ever inclined to regard their conqueror. The Cid then, as we gather his history from the numerous romances which have come down to us, we propose to introduce to our readers, translating such portions of those poems as will suffice to impart a knowledge of his history and give an insight into the peculiar character of Spanish romances.

It may be as well to remark, that all the romances of the Cid cannot lay claim to an equal antiquity ; some, as is evident from their language, being among the most ancient Spanish romances extant, while others are known to have been written as late as the sixteenth century.

For the chronological arrangement of these detached poems, and to supply gaps in the history occasioned by the deficiencies of certain romances and the loss of others, we shall have recourse for guidance to the 'Poem of the Cid,' already mentioned, which Southey thinks the work of a contemporary, and says is 'unquestionably the oldest poem in the Spanish language ;' and also to two prose 'Chronicles of the Cid,' supposed to have been written about the thirteenth century, but first printed in black letter in the years 1541 and 1552 respectively. The latter embodies all the substance of the former, with much additional matter ; and claims to be a translation from the Arabic, though it is more probably a compilation partly from Arabic sources.

We must say a few words on the structure of these ballads. They are in lines of seven or eight syllables, or rather of three and a half or four feet, generally trochaic ; but correctness of quantity was little regarded by the artless writers of these romances, who for the most part moulded their lines as best suited their convenience. But it is the rhyme which constitutes the peculiar feature in the structure of these ballads, and gives them their unique character. It is what is called by the Spaniards the assonant rhyme, to distinguish it from the consonant rhyme, or such as is in use among us. The assonant demands that the last vowel, when the line ends in a single syllable, or that the last two vowels, when it ends in a trochee, should correspond in every alternate line, be the consonants what they may. Thus *voz*, *señor*, *jurò*, *son*, *dos*, are assonant rhymes of the first sort ; and *dado*, *malos*, *diablo*, *cano*, *Sancho*, are instances of trochaic assonant. The same rhyme is con-

tinued in alternate lines throughout a romance ; but the poem itself is divided into *coplas* or stanzas of four lines, occasionally lengthened to six when this form is better suited to the convenience of the writer. In our translations we shall not attempt to preserve the peculiar rhyme, which is altogether foreign to the genius of the English language ; for though the Spaniards are from habitude capable of thoroughly comprehending and enjoying the harmonies of the assonant, it would to an English ear cease to be rhyme at all. Nor shall we imitate the monorhymic verse, which is scarcely attainable in our inflexible language. We shall nevertheless adhere to the trochaic measure, endeavoring to represent in English not only the sentiments and expressions, but as nearly as possible the style and dress of the Spanish romances.

The Cid.—Part Second.

'Vengeance is secure to him
Who doth arm himself with right.'

Romances of the Cid.

RODRIGO (or, as he is commonly called, Ruy) Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, was born at Burgos in the year 1025. At that period the greater part of the Peninsula was in the hands of the Arabs, who had invaded it more than three centuries before. The handful of Goths who had remained unconquered among the mountains of the Asturias, had, by gradual inroads upon the Moslem territory, so extended their dominion as by this time to have regained possession of the north-western quarter of the Peninsula, *i. e.* Galicia, the Asturias, Leon, Old Castile, the northern half of Portugal, Biscay, and Navarre, beside part of the provinces of Aragon and Catalonia. This territory was divided into several petty kingdoms or counties, the principal of which, soon after the birth of Ruy Diaz, were united under the authority of Fernando I., founder of the Castilian monarchy. The rest of the Peninsula, which for three centuries after the conquest had been subject to the Arabian khalifs of Cordoba, was also, at the period we treat of, divided into a number of petty states, governed by independent sovereigns. Having thus premised, we return to our hero.

The father of Rodrigo was Don Diego Lainez, the representative of an 'ancient, wealthy, and noble race,' claiming his descent fourth from Lain Calvo, one of the two nobles elected by the Castillians in the preceding century to the supreme power under the name of 'Judges of Castile'—a title, says the historian Mariana, preferred to all others, as that which could least easily be made available for attacks on popular liberty, of which the Spaniards of those days were extremely jealous. That Lain Calvo was a great man in his day is evident from the pride with which the Cid claims him as a forefather; and we have ourselves seen on the great gate of Santa Maria at Burgos a statue to his honor, with an inscription styling him 'a most brave citizen, the sword and buckler of the city.' Of the mother of the Cid the romances make no mention, but on her tomb in the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña near Burgos, she is called 'Doña Teresa, daughter of the Count Don Nuño Alvarez'—a fact of importance, inasmuch as it shows the pedigree of the Cid to have been noble on both sides.

When Rodrigo was a mere stripling, his father Diego Lainez was grossly insulted by the haughty and powerful Count of Gormaz, Don Lozano Gomez, who dared even to smite him in the presence of the king and his court. The romances picture the consequent deep dejection of the worthy hidalgo, who, on account of his great age, despaired of obtaining vengeance of his powerful foe, and sat gloomily brooding over his disgrace :

‘ Sleep was banish’d from his eyelids ;
Not a mouthful could he taste ;
There he sat with downcast visage,—
Direly had he been disgrac’d.’

‘ Never stirr’d he from his chamber ;
With no friends would he converse,
Lest the breath of his dishonor
Should pollute them with its curse.’

At length he called together his sons, and seizing their tender hands—tender, the romance seems to imply, as much on account of their high birth, as of their age—he grasped them so rudely that they cried him mercy. But the hot blood of Rodrigo fired at this treatment, and he fiercely exclaimed—

‘ Loose me, sire ! and ill betide thee !
Curse upon thee !—let me go !
Wert thou other than my father,
Heavens ! I would smite thee low !’

‘ With this hand thou wring’st I’d tear thee—
Tear thy heart from out thy breast !’

The lad's fury, instead of enraging, cheers and delights the old man, who, with tears of joy, calls him 'the son of his soul !' acquaints him with the indignity done him, gives him his blessing and sword, and entrusts him with the execution of his vengeance, as the only one of his kindred worthy of such an emprise. The youth joyfully accepts it, and takes leave of his father, praying him to 'heed not the wrong, for when the Count insulted him, he knew not of his son.'

No light undertaking, however, was this, and so thought Rodrigo, when he called to mind his tender years, and the power of his adversary, whose arm was ever mightiest in the field, whose vote ever first in the councils of the king, and at whose call a thousand brands would flash from the Asturian mountains. Yet all this seemed little in comparison with his father's indignity, the first ever offered to the house of Lain Calvo ; and he resolved to risk his life for honor's sake, as became a valiant hidalgo.* Down he takes an old sword, with which, in times past, Mudara, the bold bastard, had taken deadly vengeance on Rodrigo de Lara, who had murdered the seven Infantes his brothers. This sword the young Rodrigo apostrophises ere he girds it on : 'Take heed, thou valiant sword, that the arm that wields thee is that of Mudara. Firm as thine own steel shalt thou behold me in the fight ; yea, thy second lord will prove as valiant as thy first. Shouldst thou be overcome through my cowardice, then will I sheath thee in my bosom up to the cross of thy hilt.† Let us hasten to vengeance—lo ! this is the hour to give the Count Lozano the punishment he meriteth.'

Having thus exalted his courage, he goes forth and meets the Count ; and accuses him of unknighthly and cowardly conduct in striking an old man in the face, and that man an hidalgo ; reminding him that those who have noble escutcheons cannot brook wrongs :

' How durst thou to smite my father ?
Craven caitiff ! know that none
Unto him shall do dishonor,
While I live, save God alone.

* *Hidalgo* is a contraction of *hijo de algo*—literally, son of something.

† It was the custom in the middle ages to make swords with hilts of this form, in order that they might answer the purposes of religion as well as of destruction. When a knight fell on the field of battle, the hilt of his sword was held to his lips instead of a crucifix, and in his last moments he was comforted and cheered by this emblem of his faith. We have seen in the Royal Armory at Madrid a number of swords purporting to have belonged to the earliest heroes of Christian Spain, most of which have cruciform hilts.

' For this wrong I must have vengeance—
 Traitor, here I thee defy !
 With thy blood alone my sire
 Can wash out his infamy !'

The Count, despising his youth, replies with a sneer,

' Go, rash boy ! go, lest I scourge thee—
 Scourge thee like an idle page.'

Rodrigo burning with wrath, draws his sword and cries—' Villain, come on ! Right and nobility on my side are worth a dozen comrades.' They fight—Rodrigo prevails, slays the Count, cuts off his head, and returns with it in triumph to his father's house.

Don Diego was sitting at his board, weeping sorely for his shame, when Rodrigo entered, bearing the bleeding head of the Count by the forelock. Seizing his father's arm, he shook him from his reverie, and said—

' See ! I 've brought the poisonous weed—
 Feed upon it with delight.
 Raise thy face, oh, father mine !
 Ope thine eyes upon this sight.'

' Lay aside this grievous sorrow—
 Lo ! thine honor is secure ;
 Vengeance hast thou now obtained,
 From all stain of shame art pure.'

' Ne'er again thy foe can harm thee ;
 All his pride is now laid low ;
 Vain his hand is now to smite thee,
 And this tongue is silent now.'

' Well have I aveng'd thee, father !
 Well have sped me in the fight.
 For to him is vengeance certain
 Who doth arm himself with right.'

The old man answered not, so that his son fancied he was dreaming, but after awhile he raised his head, and with eyes full of tears thus spake :—

' Son of my soul, my brave Rodrigo,
 Hide that visage from my sight ;
 God ! my feeble heart is bursting,
 So full is it of delight.'

' Ah ! thou caitiff count Lozano !
 Heaven hath well aveng'd my wrong ;
 Right hath nerv'd thine arm, Rodrigo—
 Right hath made the feeble strong.'

' At the chief place of my table,
 Sit thee henceforth in my stead ;
 He who such a head hath brought me,
 Of my house shall be the head.'

Forth rode Diego Lainez to kiss the hand of 'the good king' Ferdinand, with three hundred hidalgos in his train, and among them rode 'Rodrigo, the proud Castilian.'

' All these knights on mules are mounted—
 Ruy a war-horse doth bestride ;
 ' All wear gold and silken raiment—
 Ruy in mailed steel doth ride ;

 ' All are girt with jewell'd falchions—
 Ruy with a gold-hilted brand ;
 All a pair of wands come bearing—
 Ruy a glittering lance in hand ;

 ' All wear gloves with perfume scented—
 Ruy a mailed gauntlet rude ;
 All wear caps of gorgeous colors—
 Ruy a casque of temper good.'

As they ride on towards Burgos, they see the king approaching. His attendants tell him that yonder band is led by him who slew the Count Lozano. When Rodrigo drew near, and heard them thus conversing, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon them, and exclaimed with a loud and haughty voice—

' Is there 'mong ye of his kindred
 One to whom the Count was dear,
 Who doth for his death seek vengeance ?
 Lo ! I wait his challenge here.'

' Let him come, on foot—on horseback ;
 Here I stand—his enemy.'

The courtiers, however, were awed by the youth's boldness and impetuosity, and

' With one voice they all exclaimed,
 Let the foul fiend challenge thee !'

Diego Lainez and all his followers then dismounted to kiss the king's hand ; Rodrigo alone sat still on his steed. His father, vexed at this, called to him—

' Come, my son, dismount, I pray thee ;
Kneel, the king's right hand to kiss ;
Thou his vassal art, Rodrigo,—
He thy lord and master is.'

The proud spirit of the youth could not brook to be thus reminded of his inferiority ; ' he felt himself much aggrieved,' and fiercely cried—

' Had another such words utter'd,
Sorely had he rue'd the day ;
But sith it is thou, my father,
I thy bidding will obey.'

As he knelt accordingly to do homage to the king, his sword flew half out of its scabbard, which so alarmed the monarch, who knew the fierceness of the young hero, that he cried—' Out with thee ! stand back, Rodrigo ! away from me, thou devil ! Thou hast the shape of a man, but the air of a furious lion.' Rodrigo sprang to his feet ; called for his horse, and angrily replied—

' Troth ! no honor do I count it,
Thus to stoop and kiss thy hand ;
And my sire, in that he kiss'd it,
Hath disgrac'd me in the land.'

With these words he leaped into the saddle, and rode away with his three hundred followers.

The Cid.—Part Third.

'Justice, king ! I sue for justice—
Vengeance on a traitorous knight.
Grant it me !—so shall thy children
Thrive, and prove thy soul's delight.'

Loud shouts and cries, mingled with the clashing of arms, aroused the court in the royal palace at Burgos. In great astonishment King Ferdinand and his *ricoshomes*, or nobles, descended to the gate, and there found Ximena Gomez, daughter of the Count Lozano, attended by a numerous train. She was clad in robes of black ; a gauze veil of the same hue covered her head ; her hair hung in long and dishevelled tresses over her fair neck, and tears were streaming from her eyes. She fell on her knees at the king's feet, crying for justice against him who had slain her father :

'Justice, king ! I sue for justice—
Vengeance on a traitorous knight.
Grant it me !—so shall thy children
Thrive, and prove thy soul's delight.'

'Like to God himself are monarchs
Set to govern on this earth,
All the vile and base to punish,
And to gerardon virtuous worth.'

'But the king who doth not justice
Ne'er the sceptre more should sway—
Ne'er should nobles pay him homage—
Vassals ne'er his hests obey :'

'Never should he mount a charger—
Never more should gird the sword—
Never with his queen hold converse—
Never sit at royal board.'

Her eye then fell on Rodrigo, who stood among the attendant nobles :

' Thou hast slain the best and bravest
 That e'er set a lance in rest,
 Of our holy faith the bulwark—
 Terror of each Paynim breast.

' Traitorous murderer, slay me also !
 Though a woman, slaughter me !
 Spare not—I'm Ximena Gomez,
 Thine eternal enemy !

' Here's my throat—smite, I beseech thee !
 Smite, and fatal be thy blow !
 Death is all I ask, thou caitiff,—
 Grant this boon unto thy foe.'

Not a word did Rodrigo reply, but seizing the bridle of his steed, he vaulted into the saddle, and rode slowly away. Ximena turned to the crowd of nobles, and seeing that none prepared to follow him and take up her cause, she cried aloud, ' Vengeance, sirs ! I pray ye, vengeance !' A second time did the damsel disturb the king, when at a banquet, with her cries for justice. She had now a fresh complaint :

' Every day at early morning,
 To despite me more, I wist,
 He who slew my sire doth ride by,
 With a falcon on his fist.

' At my tender doves he flies it ;
 Many of them hath it slain.
 See ! their blood hath dyed my garments
 With full many a crimson stain.

' List !—The king who doth not justice,
 He deserveth not to reign ;' &c.

and she rebuked the king in the same strain as on the occasion of her former complaint. Fernando, partaking of the superstition of the age, did not relish her implied curses, and began to ponder on the course he had to pursue. ' God in Heaven help me and lend me his counsel ! If I imprison the youth, or put him to death, my Cortes will revolt, for the love they bear him ; if I fail to punish him, God will call my soul to account. I will at all events send a letter forthwith, and summon him to my presence.'

This letter was put into the hands of Diego Lainez. Rodrigo asked to see it, but the old man, suspecting some sinister design against his boy, refused to show it, saying, ‘It is nothing, save a summons for thee to go to Burgos ; but tarry thou here, my son, and I will go in thy stead.’ ‘Never !’ replied the youth,—

‘ Ne’er would God or Holy Mary
Suffer me this thing to do.
To what place soe’er thou goest,
Thither I before thee go.’

How tender is the filial affection here betrayed by the Cid, and yet is it by no means inconsistent with the fierce burst of passion which the paternal squeeze had before called forth.

That Rodrigo was not punished is evident, for Ximena repeated her visit to the king a third and a fourth time, still demanding vengeance. On this latter occasion she was attended by thirty squires of noble blood, arrayed in long robes of black which swept the ground behind them. The king was sitting on his high-backed chair listening to the complaints of his subjects, and dispensing justice, rewarding the good and punishing the bad, for ‘thus are vassals made good and faithful.’ The mace-bearers being commanded to quit the royal presence, Ximena fell on her knees and renewed her complaint :

‘ King ! six moons have past away
Since my sire was rest of life,
By a youth whom thou dost cherish
For such deeds of murderous strife,

‘ Four times have I cried thee justice—
Four times have I sued in vain ;
Promises I get in plenty—
Justice none can I obtain.’

The king thus comforts her :

‘ Say no more, oh, noble damsel !
Thy complaints would soften down
Bosoms were they hard as iron,—
Melt them were they cold as stone.

‘ If I cherish Don Rodrigo,
For thy weal I keep the boy ;
Soon, I trow, will this same gallant
Turn thy mourning into joy.’

Fernando probably saw, what the damsel herself did not understand, that Rodrigo's hawking at her doves in his daily rides by her dwelling, was but a rough mode of courtship, intimating that he himself was flying at higher game in their mistress.

The second feat of arms achieved by our young hero was his conquest of five Moorish chiefs, or kings, as the romances term them, who had made a foray into the territory of Castile. They had ravaged the land nearly to the gates of Burgos, the capital, every where unresisted; had taken many captives and a vast booty, and were returning in triumph, when Rodrigo, then but a beardless youth, who had not seen twenty summers, mounted his steed Babieca, gathered a host of armed men, fell suddenly upon the Moors as they were crossing the mountains of Oca, routed them with great slaughter, and captured the five kings, with all their slaves and booty.

'Rodrigo Diaz, great his honor;
Beardless tho' he be, and tender,
To him princes five of Moordom
Fealty and tribute render.'

The spoil he divided among his followers, but reserved the kings for his own share, and carried them home to his castle of Bivar, to present them as proofs of his prowess to his mother. With his characteristic generosity, which was conspicuous even at this early age, he then set them at liberty, on their agreeing to pay him tribute; and they departed to their respective lands, extolling his valor and magnanimity.

The fame of this exploit soon spread far and wide through the land, and as martial valor was in those chivalrous times the surest passport to ladies' favor, it must have had its due effect on Ximena's mind, and will in a great measure account for the entire change in her sentiments towards the youth which she manifested on her fifth visit to the palace at Burgos. Falling on her knees before the king, she spoke thus:—

'I am daughter of Don Gomez,
Count of Gormaz was he high,
Him Rodrigo by his valor
Did o'erthrow in mortal fight.'

'King! I come to crave a favor—
This the boon for which I pray,
That thou give me this Rodrigo
For my wedded lord this day.'

' Happy shall I deem my wedding,
 Yea, mine honor will be great,
 For right sure am I his fortune
 Will advance him in the state.

' Grant this precious boon, I pray thee !
 'Tis a duty thou dost owe ;
 For the great God hath commanded
 That we should forgive a foe.

' Freely will I grant him pardon
 That he slew my much-loved sire,
 If with gracious ear he hearken
 To my bosom's fond desire.'

' Now I see,' said the king, ' how true it is what I have often heard, that the will of woman is wild and strange. Hitherto this damsel hath sought deadly vengeance on the youth, and now she would have him to husband. Howbeit, with right good-will, I will grant what she desireth.' He sent at once for Rodrigo, who, with a train of three hundred young nobles, his friends and kinsmen, all arrayed in new armor and robes of a similar color, obeyed with all speed the royal summons. The king rode forth to meet him, ' for right well did he love Rodrigo,' and opened the matter to him, promising him great honors and much land if he would make Ximena his bride. Rodrigo, who desired nothing better, at once acquiesced :

' King and lord ! right well it pleaseth
 Me thy wishes to fulfil ;
 In this thing, as in all others,
 I obey thy sovereign will.'

The young pair then plighted their troth in presence of the king, and in pledge thereof gave him their hands. He kept his promise, and gave Rodrigo Valduerna, Saldaña, Belforado, and San Pedro de Cardeña, for a marriage portion.

On the day appointed, Rodrigo was arrayed by his brothers for the wedding. Having doffed his well-burnished and graven armor, he put on first a pair of galligaskins, or long loose drawers, with fringes of purple, then his hose, and over both a wide pair of Walloon breeches, ' such as were worn in that golden age,' saith the romance. His shoes were of cow's leather and scarlet cloth, fastened over the instep with buckles. His shirt was even-edged, without fringe, embroidery, or stiffening, ' for starch was then food for children ; ' his doublet or waistcoat was of black satin, with loose sleeves, and quilted

throughout, the which doublet ‘his father had sweated in three or four battles;’ over this he wore a slashed leathern jerkin or jacket, ‘in memory of the many slashes he had given in the field,* a German cloak lined with plush, and a cap of fine Flemish cloth with a single cock’s feather, completed his costume. But we must not forget his sword *Tizona*, ‘the terror of the world,’† which he girt about him with a new belt, which, says the romance, ‘cost him four quartos,’ a sum that might have been considerable in those days, but is now only a fraction more than an English penny. Thus gaily attired, he descended to the court of the palace, where the king, his nobles, and the bishop who was to perform the ceremony, awaited him on foot. All then moved in procession to the church to the sound of music, Rodrigo walking in the midst.

After awhile came Ximena, with a veil over her head, and her hair dressed out in large flaps hanging down over her ears. She wore an embroidered gown of fine London cloth, and a close-fitting spencer with a flap behind. She walked on high-heeled clogs of red leather. A necklace of eight medals or plates of gold, with a small pendent image of St. Michael, which together were ‘worth a city,’ encircled her neck.

The happy pair met, seized each other’s hands, and embraced. Then said Rodrigo with great emotion, as he gazed on his bride—

‘I did slay thy sire, Ximena,
But, God wot, not traitorously;
'Twas in open fight I slew him :
Sorely had he wronged me.

‘A man I slew—a man I give thee—
Here I stand thy will to bide !
Thou, in place of a dead father,
Hast a husband at thy side.

‘All approved well his prudence
And extolled him with zeal :
Thus they celebrate the nuptials
Of Rodrigo of Castile.’

* If we may rely on the authenticity of a suit of armor shown in the Royal Armory at Madrid as that of the Cid, these slashes must have been fashionable in Spain at a very early age, for on the cuirass of that suit are engraved rude figures of men with short slashed breeches.

† Here the romance is guilty of an anachronism ; for, according to the chronicle, the poem, and other romances, Tizona did not become the property of the Cid till many years after, when he won it from the Moorish king Bucar beneath the walls of Valencia.

Another romance, apparently of more modern date, describes the wedding costume of the Cid with equal minuteness, but very differently, dressing him in a doublet of dove-colored satin, light scarlet hose, and slashed shoes of yellow silk, a short-jacket with sleeves closely plaited beneath the shoulder, a folded handkerchief hanging from his girdle, a collar of gold and precious stones about his neck, and a short black cloak with hood and sleeves over all. This costume appears to belong to a less remote age than the former ; but we have no means of determining the question, as the chronicles are wholly silent on the subject.

A third romance gives an animated description of the procession from the church to the royal palace, where the wedding feast was laid out, and tells us how the streets of Burgos* were strewn with boughs of sweet cypress—how flowered cloths were hung from the windows—how the king had raised a festive arch of great elegance at the cost of thirty-four quartos—how minstrels sung their lays to the honor of the wedded pair—and how buffoons and merry-andrews danced and played their antics, one with bladders in hand, another in the disguise of a bull, and a third in the likeness of a demon, to whom the king gave sixteen maravedis, ‘because he scared the women well.’ At the head of the procession marched the bridegroom and the bishop who had performed the ceremony, with their attendants ; then followed a crowd of these boisterous merry-makers ; and the king, leading the fair Ximena by the hand, with the queen and many a veiled lady, brought up the rear. As they passed through the streets, wheat was showered from the windows upon the bride—a mute but emphatic expression of a desire that she might prove prolific. The seeds fell thick on the neck and into the bosom of the blushing Ximena, and the king officiously plucked them forth with his own hand ; whereat exclaimed the wag Suero—

‘ ‘ ‘Tis a fine thing to be a king, but Heaven make me a hand !
The king was very merry when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, should give the boy a kiss.

‘ The king went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said :
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.’

* The romances are not agreed as to whether the wedding was celebrated at Burgos or Palencia, but the chronicles determine it to have been at the latter city.

The Cid.—Part Fourth.

‘ Of the king right well beloved
Was Rodrigo of Bivar;
For his mighty deeds of valor
Through the world renowned far.’

WHAT Bucephalus was to Alexander, Babieca was to the Cid—a faithful servant through a long course of difficulty and danger, and a sharer of his perils on many a battle-field. Like the Grecian steed, Babieca fell into the hands of his master when he was but a youth; but had the better fortune not only to survive his lord, rendering him good service even after his death, but to end a life of warfare in peace. The word Babieca signifies noodle, booby—a strange cognomen for a beast which is said to have been ‘more like a rational being than a brute;’ but why he was thus called is explained by the Chronicle, which says that Rodrigo, when a youth, asked his god-father, Don Peyre Pringos, for a colt; and the worthy priest took him out into a paddock where his brood-mares were feeding, in order that he might make his choice; but Rodrigo ‘suffered the mares and their colts to pass out and took none of them; and last of all came forth a mare with a colt right ugly and scabby, and, said he, ‘This colt will I have.’ But, said his god-father with wrath, ‘Booby, (Babieca,) a bad choice hast thou made!’ ‘Nay,’ said Rodrigo, ‘a right good horse will this be.’ And Babieca was he henceforth called, and he was afterwards a good steed and a bold, and on his back did my Cid win many battle-fields.’ We have already seen that he stood Rodrigo in good stead in the affair of the five Moorish kings: we next find him acting the part of the Samaritan’s beast, and our hero in the novel character of a pilgrim.

Very soon after his marriage, Rodrigo made a pilgrimage to Compostela, to the shrine of Santiago, the patron saint of Spain. This was no wedding-trip,

in the modern sense of the term ; for instead of his bride, whom he left at home in the care of his mother,*

‘ Twenty young and brave hidalgos
With him did Rodrigo take;
Alms on every side he scattered
For God and Our Lady’s sake.’

On the road he saw a leper in the midst of a slough, crying loudly for help. The generous youth on the instant dismounted and dragged him out ; then, having seated him on his own beast, he led him to an inn, made him there sit down to supper with him at the same table, to the great wrath of the twenty hidalgos, and, finally, shared with him his bed. At midnight Rodrigo was awakened by a sharp and piercing blast blowing on his back. He started up in great alarm, and felt for the leper, but found him not in the bed. He sprung to his feet, and called for a light. A light was brought, but no leper could he find. He again lay down, when presently a figure, in robes of shining white, approached the bed, and thus spoke :—

‘ I Saint Lazarus am, Rodrigo ;
Somewhat would I say to thee—
I the leper am to whom
Thou hast shown such charity.
Thou of God art well beloved—
He hath granted this to thee,

‘ That on whatsoe’er thou enterest,
Be it war, or what it may,
Thou shall end it to thine honor,
And shall prosper day by day.

‘ To respect and pay thee reverence,
Moor or Christian ne’er shall fail ;
None of all thy foes shall ever
Over thee in fight prevail.

‘ Life shall bring thee no dishonor—
Thou shalt ever conqueror be ;
Death shall find thee still victorious,
For God’s blessing rests on thee.’

* In a former article it was stated that the romances make no mention of the Cid’s mother: it should have been said that they do not mention her name.

With these prophetic words the saint vanished ; the hero fell on his knees, and continued in thanksgiving to God and Holy Mary till the break of day, when he pursued his pilgrimage.

From the shrine at Compostela, Rodrigo turned his steps to Calahorra, a town on the frontiers of Castile and Aragon, the possession of which was contested by the kings of those realms. To avoid war, the monarchs agreed to settle the dispute by single combat, each appointing a knight to do battle in his name. Martin Gonzalez was chosen by Ramiro of Aragon, and our hero by King Fernando. On the first meeting of the combatants, Martin arrogantly boasted of his prowess and his certainty of victory :

‘ Sore, Rodrigo, must thou tremble
Now to meet me in the fight,
Since thy head will soon be sever'd
For a trophy of my might.

‘ Never more to thine own castle
Wilt thou turn Babieca's rein ;
Never will thy lov'd Ximena
See thee at her side again.'

Rodrigo replied :

‘ Thou mayst be right stout and valiant,
But thy boastings prove it not ;
Truce to words—we come to combat,
Not with tongues, but swords, I wot.

‘ In the hands of God Almighty
Doth the victory abide ;
And He will on him bestow it
Who hath right upon his side.'

We have here an instance, and many such will be found in the romances of the Cid, of the belief prevalent in the chivalrous ages, that right and might were in certain cases identical, that God was peculiarly the God of battles, and that trial by combat was the most efficacious mode of exercising justice.

After the prophecy above recounted, it were needless to say that the boasting knight was vanquished and slain, and that Calahorra was annexed to the kingdom of Castile.

‘ Loud to arms the trumpets sounded,
Beat the drums the call to war,—
Deadly strife, and fire, and slaughter,
Were proclaimed wide and far.

' Ruy my Cid his warmen gathering,
 Marshall'd them right speedily ;
 Then forth came Ximena Gomez,
 And all tearfully did cry,
 ' King of my soul ! lord of my bosom ! stay !
 Oh, whither go'st thou ? leave me not, I pray !'

 ' Moved by her sad complainings,
 Lo ! the Cid his pain confess ;
 Weeping sore, he claspt Ximena,
 Claspt his lov'd one to his breast.

 ' Weep not, lady dear,' he whispereth ;
 'Till I come back, dry thine eye !'
 Stedfast still on him she gazeth,
 And still bitterly doth cry,
 ' King of my soul ! lord of my bosom ! stay !
 Oh, whither go'st thou ? leave me not, I pray !',

On what warlike expedition Rodrigo was bound when this tender parting took place is not made evident by the romances ; but it was probable that he was hastening to attack the Moors, 'great hosts' of whom about this time overran Estremadura. He overtook them, put them to flight, freed the captives they had made, slew so many of the infidels 'that the number could not be counted,' and returned to Bivar laden with spoil and glory.

The city of Coimbra in Portugal had for seven years been invested by King Fernando, who was despairing of overcoming the resistance of the Moors, when St. James the apostle, in the guise of a knight in white robes and burnished armor, and mounted on a snowy charger, delivered the city into the hands of the Christians. On the mosque being consecrated as a church, our hero was therein created a knight ; for it seems by the Chronicle, as well as by the romances, that up to this time he was nothing but an esquire. The king girt on the sword with his own hands, and kissed his lips as a knightly salutation ; while, to testify his great respect for the young hero, he refrained from striking the customary blow on the neck.* The queen, to do him honor, brought him his horse, and the Infanta Urraca stooped to attach the golden

* Father Berganza, in his 'Antiquities of Spain,' says that the buffet was given with the hand upon the neck, with the words 'Awake, and sleep not in affairs of chivalry !' and that it was also usual to say, 'Be a good and faithful soldier of the realm !' but that King Fernando spared the buffet in this instance, as he knew the Cid needed not such exhortation.

spurs. The king then called upon him to exercise his newly acquired privilege of knighting others, and he accordingly dubbed nine valiant esquires before the altar.

Whilst Rodrigo was with the king's court in the city of Zamora, there came to him messengers from the five Moorish kings he had conquered, bringing him tribute. This consisted of a hundred horses, all richly caparisoned :

Twenty were of dapple gray,
Twenty were as ermine white,
Thirty were of hardy sorrel,
Thirty were as black as night;

together with many rare jewels for his lady Ximena, and chests of silken apparel for his attendant hidalgos. Kneeling at Rodrigo's feet, the messengers offered him these gifts in token of the allegiance of their masters to him their Cid or lord.

‘Out then,’ spake Rodrigo Diaz,
‘Friends, I wot, ye err in this;
I am neither lord nor master
Where the King Fernando is.

‘All ye bring to him pertaineth—
Nought can I, his vassal, claim.’

The king, charmed with the humility of so noble and doughty a knight, refused to accept any portion of the tribute, and replied to the messengers—

‘Say ye to your lords, albeit
This their Cid no crown doth wear,
To no monarch is he second;
With myself he may compare.

‘All my realm, my wealth, my power,
To this knight’s good sword I owe;
To possess so brave a vassal,
Well it pleaseth me, I trow.’

Rodrigo sent back the messengers laden with presents; and ‘from that day forth,’ says the romance, ‘he was called the Cid, a name given by the Moors to a man of valor and high estate.’

The Cid.—Part Fifth.

' I 'm the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz,
Honor of Castile and Spain ;
Look unto my deeds of prowess !
Who could greater glory gain ?'

IN the year 1055, Henry III., Emperor of Germany, complained to Victor II., who sat in the chair of St. Peter, that Fernando of Castile alone, of all the potentates of Christendom, refused to acknowledge his superiority and pay him tribute. The holy father lent a favorable ear to his prayer, and despatched a messenger to Fernando, threatening a crusade against him unless he tendered his obedience ; and this threat was seconded by many other sovereigns, whose letters accompanied the Pope's. Fernando, in great alarm, hastily called together a council for deliberation and advice. His nobles counselled him to submit, lest he should lose his kingdom. ' The good Cid' was not present when the council commenced its deliberations, but he now entered the hall ; and hearing what had passed, ' it grieved his heart sore,' and he thus broke forth :—

' Woe the day thy mother bore thee !
Wee were for Castile that day,
Should thy realm, oh, King Fernando,
This unwonted tribute pay !

' Never yet have we done homage—
Shall we to a stranger bow ?
Great the honor God hath given us—
Shall we lose that honor now ?

' He who would such counsel lend thee,
Count him, king, to be thy foe ;
He against thy crown conspireth,
And thy sceptre would o'erthrow.

' Thy forefathers erst did rescue
 This fair realm from Paynim sway ;
Sore they bled, and long they struggled—
 None to aid them did essay.

' Sore they bled—my life I'd forfeit
 Ere I'd wear the brand of shame,
Ere I'd stoop to pay this tribute,
 Which none hath a right to claim.

' Send then to the Holy Father,
 Proudly thus to him reply—
Thou, the king, and I, Rodrigo,
 Him and all his power defy.'

Notwithstanding the daring boldness of this counsel, it pleased the king ; and he sent back the messengers to the Pope, begging his Holiness not to interfere, and at the same time challenging the Emperor and all his tributary kings. Straightway a host of eight thousand nine hundred men was gathered, and commanded by the Cid and accompanied by the king, it crossed the Pyrenees, and met the Count of Savoy, 'with a very great chivalry' (twenty thousand men, says the Chronicle,) on the plains of France. The Emperor's forces were routed and the Count made prisoner ; but the Cid released him on his giving up his daughter as a hostage. Rodrigo having in another battle defeated 'the mightiest power of France,' the allied sovereigns in alarm wrote to the Pope, beseeching him to prevail upon the king of Castile to return to his own land, and they would ask no more for tribute, for none might withstand the power of the Cid. On these terms Fernando withdrew his forces. The Chronicle adds, that the Pope and the allied sovereigns made a solemn covenant with him that such a demand should never again be made upon Castile.

In order that we may not withdraw the attention of our readers from what bears an immediate reference to the Cid, we pass over Ximena's letter to the king, complaining of the long absence of her lord, the king's reply, the ceremony of her purification after her first delivery, the subsequent death-bed scene of 'the good king' Fernando, and the distribution of his territories among his children—which things are recorded in many romances full of interest—and we proceed to notice the next striking event in the life of our hero.

Sancho II., who in 1065 succeeded his father on the throne of Castile, went to Rome to attend a council convoked by the holy father. On his arrival, he

was admitted to kiss the pope's hand, which we are informed he did 'with great courtesy,' as did also the Cid and the other knights in his train, each in turn, according to his rank. After this our Cid chanced to stray into the church of St. Peter, and there beheld seven marble seats set for the Christian kings then in Rome ; he remarked that that of the French king was placed next the papal throne, while that of his own liege was on a lower step. This fired his wrath, and he kicked the French king's seat to the ground with such violence as to break it to pieces, and set his own lord's chair in the place of honor. Hereon exclaimed a noble duke called the Savoyard, who stood by,—

‘Cursed be thou, Don Rodrigo !
May the Pope's ban on thee rest ;
For thou hast a king dishonor'd
Of all kings, I wot, the best.’

The Cid replied—

‘ Speak no more of kings, Sir Duke ;
If thou dost of wrong complain,
It shall straightway be redressed—
Here are none beside us twain.’

But the Duke did not seem inclined to fight, so the Cid stepped up to him, and gave a hard thrust,—a departure, it must be confessed, from his wonted courtesy, but to be accounted for, if not excused, by the state of irritation in which he was at the moment. The Duke received the insult in silence, but made his complaint to the Pope, who immediately excommunicated the Cid. Rodrigo, whose wrath had now subsided, hereon fell prostrate before his Holiness, and besought absolution :

‘ I absolve thee, Don Ruy Diaz,
I absolve thee cheerfully,
If while at my court, thou shovest
Due respect and courtesy.’

Hardly had Sancho ascended the throne of Castile, when he sought to wrest from his brothers, Alfonso, king of Leon, and Garcia, king of Galicia, the dominions they had inherited from their father, and in both cases, owing to the wisdom and valor of the Cid, he was eminently successful. On his first encounter with Alfonso, Sancho had the worst of it, his troops being put to the rout, but he was cheered by the counsel of the Cid :—‘ List, my liege ! Thy brother's hosts are now feasting and making merry in their tents, as is the wont of the Leonese and Galicians after a victory ; and soon will they be

buried in slumber, neither heeding nor fearing thee ; but gather thou together as many of thine own men as may be, and at break of day fall on the foe manfully, and verily thou wilt have thy revenge.' This counsel was followed with great success, the men of Leon were overthrown, and Alfonso himself made prisoner, but his troops rallied, and in their turn captured Don Sancho. As he was being led off the field by fourteen knights, 'the renowned one of Bivar' came up, and begged his release in exchange for their King Alfonso. They sternly replied—

‘ Hie thee hence, Rodrigo Diaz,
An thou love thy liberty ;
Lest, with this thy king, we take thee
Into dire captivity.’

At this, ‘great wrath seized on the Cid,’ and, regardless of their numbers, he attacked them, and with his single arm routed them, and set his king at liberty.

Our hero was equally instrumental in the conquest of Don Garcia, but we refrain from particulars, as it is not our intention to dwell so much on his warlike deeds as on the other events of his life, which will prove of more general interest. We pass then at once to the expedition against Zamora.

Having deprived his brothers of their kingdoms, and his sister Elvira of the town of Toro, her only inheritance, Don Sancho marched against Zamora, which the old king had bequeathed to his other daughter, Urraca, but which the new monarch considered his rightful inheritance, and eagerly desired to possess, in order that his dominion might in no way be inferior to that of his predecessor. His army being encamped before the town, the king rode out with the Cid, to reconnoitre the place, and thus expressed his admiration of its strength :—

‘ See ! where on yon cliff Zamora
Lifteth up her haughty brow,
Walls of strength on high begird her,
Duero swift and deep below.

‘ Troth ! how wondrous strong she seemeth
In her panoply of towers ;
She, I wot, might bid defiance
To the world and all its powers !

‘ Wert sho mine, that noble city,
Spain itself were not so dear ;
Cid, my sire did thee much honor,
Great love eke to thee I bear.

' Wherefore charge I thee, Rodrigo,
 As a vassal loyal and true,
 Hie thee straight unto Zamora,
 This my bidding for to do.'

He charged the Cid to tell his sister Urraca to deliver up the city, either for a sum of gold or in exchange for some other town, and promised to swear, with twelve of his vassals, that he would fulfil the agreement; but as the strongest inducement for her to accede to his demand, he added—

' If she will do none of these,
 I will e'en by force possess it.'

The Cid obeyed with great reluctance, for he had before endeavored to dissuade the king from his unrighteous purpose, and had sworn that he would not himself take up arms against Zamora. As he approached the walls, the Infanta Urraca calls out to him from the ramparts,—

' Back ! begone with thee, Rodrigo !
 Proud Castilian, hence ! away !
 How canst thou thus dare assail me ?
 Hast forgot that happy day,

 ' When, at Santiago's altar,
 Thou wast made a belted knight ?
 The king, my sire, was thy godfather,
 And put on thy armor bright ;
 My mother brought to thee thy charger,
 By my hands thy spurs were dight.

 ' Woe is me ! I thought to wed thee ;
 Fondly did I love thee, Cid ;
 But my sins, alas ! forbad it,
 Thou didst with Ximena wed.

 ' With her thou hadst well-fill'd coffers,
 Honor wouldst have won with me ;
 And, if wealth be good, still better
 Rank and honor were to thee.'"

* Though the romances make mention of but one Ximena, it may be doubted whether the Cid had not two wives of that name. Father Berganza, who spared no pains to verify the events of our hero's life, seems to regard his marriage with Ximena Gomez as fictitious, and thinks his true wife was Ximena Diaz, daughter of Don Diego, Count of the Asturias, and of the royal blood of Leon, and that he married her in the reign of

These words rendered the Cid very sorrowful, and he returned to the camp without having accomplished the purpose of his embassy. But, according to another romance, which agrees with the 'Chronicle' in this, as well as in omitting all notice of Urraca's confession, he entered the city, and delivered his message. The Infanta heard it with many tears, and cried—

- ' Woe is me, a lonely woman !
 Woo is me, a maid forlorn !
 King, thy dying sire remember ;
 Be not Sancho still forsworn !
- ' From thy brother Don Garcia
 Thou hast crown and kingdom ta'en ;
 Cast him eke into a dungeon,
 Where he ruefully hath lain.
- ' Next, thy brother Don Alfonso
 Thou didst drive him from his throne ;
 Fled he straight unto Toledo,
 Where he dwelleth woe-begone.
- ' From my sister, Doña Elvira,
 Toro hast thou wrested, too ;
 Now of me thou wouldest Zamora ;
 Woe is me ! what shall I do ?'

Hereon arose Arias Gonzalo, an aged noble, who was the Infanta's chief counsellor, and, to console her, he proposed that the sense of the citizens should be taken with regard to this matter. This was accordingly done, and—

- ' Then did swear all her brave vassals
 In Zamora's walls to die,
 Ere unto the king they'd yield it,
 And disgrace their chivalry.'

When the Cid returned with this answer, the king was exceeding wrathful, and accused him of having suggested it, because he had been brought up in

Sancho II. Certain it is that on her tomb, which we have seen in San Pedro de Cardena, she is styled 'Ximena Diaz, grand-daughter of the King Alfonso V. of Leon.' Sandoval and Berganza give at length the marriage settlement of the Cid and Ximena Diaz, dated 1074, and still preserved, it is said, in the archives of the cathedral at Burgos. Lest it should be supposed that she was so called from the surname of her husband, we must observe that Spanish females do not lose their maiden names on their marriage.

Zamora, and was ill-affected towards the expedition. So wrathful was Don Sancho, that he exclaimed, ‘Were it not for the love my father bore thee, I would straightway have thee hanged ; but I command thee to begone in nine days from this my realm of Castile. The Cid went his way to the Arab court of Toledo, but his exile was not of long duration, for the king, through the representations of his nobles, soon began to regret the loss of so valiant a liegeman, and sent to recall him. When he heard of his approach,

‘Forth two leagues he went to meet him,
With five hundred in his train ;
When the Cid beheld the monarch,
From his steed he sprung amain.
Kneeling, the king’s hands he kissed,
Lowly homage did he pay ;
Then, with joy of all, uprising,
Took he to the camp his way.’

One day during the siege of Zamora there came running from the city, hard pursued by the sons of Arias Gonzalo, one who made straight for the tent of the King Don Sancho. This fellow, whose name was Bellido Dolfos, said that he had been forced to fly for his life, for having advised Arias to surrender the city ; he professed himself a warm partisan of the king, and offered to show him a postern through which he and his forces might enter Zamora. Though the king was warned by Arias Gonzalo from the ramparts,—

‘Ware thee ! ware thee ! King Don Sancho,
List to my admonishment !
From Zamora’s walls a traitor
Hath gone forth with foul intent,’

he was imprudent enough to sally forth with Bellido alone, in order to see this postern, and even handed to him, for a moment, the hunting-spear he bore in his hand. Dolfos, seeing him unprotected, raised himself in his stirrups, and with all his force hurled the spear into the king’s back. It passed completely through him, and he fell in the agonies of death. The traitor spurred away towards the town, but not alone, for the Cid had seen the deed, and, springing to his horse, galloped after him ; but not having buckled on his spurs, he was unable to overtake him before he reached the gates. Then cried he in his wrath,—

‘Cursed be the wretch ! and cursed
He who mounteth without spur !
Had I arm’d my heels with rowels,
I had slain the treacherous cur.’

The Castilian knights gathered around their dying king, and all flattered him with the hope of recovery, save the veteran Count of Cabra, who charged him to take no heed to his body, but to commend his soul to God without delay, for his end was at hand. While faltering out his thanks for this counsel, the hapless Don Sancho expired.

' Such-like fate awaiteth all
Who in traitors put their trust.'

The Cid.—Part Sixth.

*death
of Sancho*

' Dead the king Don Sancho lieth,—
Lo! where round his body kneel,
Sorely wailing, knights and nobles,
All the flower of Castille.
But my Cid Rodrigo Diaz
Most of all his loss doth feel.

' Tears adown his cheeks come trickling
As he thus in grief doth say,—
' Woe is thee, my king, my lord!
Woe! woe for Castille that day,
When, in spite of me, Zamora
Leaguer'd was with this array !

' Neither God nor man he feared,
Who to this did counsel thee;
Who did urge thee thus to trespass
'Gainst the laws of chivalry.'

Then, turning to the surrounding nobles, he proposed that a challenge should be sent to Zamora before the sun went down. This he, by reason of his oath, could not offer, but it was undertaken by Diego Ordoñez, the flower of the renowned house of Lara, ' who had been wont to lie at the king's feet.' He rode up to the walls of the city, and cried with a loud voice,—

' Lying hounds and traitors are ye,
 All who in Zamora live ;
 For within your walls protection
 To a traitor ye do give.

' Those who shelter lend to traitors,
 Traitors are themselves, I trow ;
 And as such I now impeach ye,
 And as such I curse ye now.

' Cursed be your wives and children !
 Cursed be your babes unborn !
 Cursed be your youth, your aged—
 All that joy, and all that mourn !

' Cursed eke be your forefathers,
 That they gave ye life and breath !
 Cursed be the bread, the water,
 Which such traitors nourishest !

' Cursed be men, women, children !
 Cursed be the great, the small !
 Cursed be the dead, the living—
 All within Zamora's wall !

' Lo ! I come to prove ye traitors—
 Ready stand I on this plain
 Five to meet in single combat,
 As it is the wont in Spain.'

' Out then spake the Count Gonzalo—
 Ye shall hear what he did say :—
 ' What wrong have our infants done ye ?
 What our babes unborn, I pray ?

' Wherefore curse ye thus our women ?
 Why our aged and our dead ?
 Wherefore curse our cattle ? wherefore
 All our fountains and our bread ?

' Know that for this foul impeachment
 Thou must battle do with five ?'
 Answer made he, ' Ye are traitors—
 All who in Zamora live !'

Then said Don Arias, 'Would I had never been born, if it be in truth as thou sayest; nevertheless, I accept thy challenge, to prove that it is not so.' Then, turning to the citizens, he said, 'Men of great honor and esteem, if there be among ye any who hath had aught to do with treachery, let him speak out and confess it, and I will straightway quit this land, and go in exile to Africa, that I may not be conquered in battle as a traitor and a villain.'

With one voice all replied,

'Fire consume us, Count Gonzalo,

If in this we guilty be!

None of us within Zamora

Of this deed had privity.

'Dolfo only is the traitor;

None but he the king did slay.

Thou canst safely go to battle—

God will be thy shield and stay.'

Though the Infanta with tears besought Don Arias to regard his hoary head, and forego so perilous an emprise, he insisted that he and his four sons should accept the challenge, 'because he had been called a traitor.'

'Deem it little worth, my lady,

That I go forth to the strife;

For unto his lord the vassal

Oweth wealth, and fame, and life.'

The combat which ensues brings to mind the description given by Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Fair Maid of Perth,' of old Torquil and his sons in the battle between the Highland clans Chattan and Quhele. We must not, however, omit to notice a romance which describes the knighting of Pedro, one of the sons of Don Arias, previous to the battle. It tells us that after he had watched his arms before the altar, mass was sung by the bishop, who also blessed each piece of armor ere it was donned, and that the young squire was then dubbed by his father, who added some knightly counsel:—

'Rise a knight, son of my bosom!

A knight of noble race thou art;

That God make thee all thou shouldst be,

Is the fond wish of my heart.

'True and upright be to all men;

Traitors shun thou and despise;

Of thy friends be thou the bulwark—

Terror of thine enemies;

' Firm in trial, bold in peril,
 Mighty in the battle-field,
 Smite not, son, thy vanquish'd foeman,
 When the steel he cannot wield ;

' But as long as in the combat
 He doth lance or sword oppose,
 Spare thou neither thrusts or slashes,
 Be not niggard of thy blows.'

The 'fond wishes' of the old Count were, alas ! soon disappointed, for on the first encounter with Don Diego Ordoñez, Pedro Arias was slain. Such was also the fate of his two brothers Diego and Hernan, but the latter when mortally wounded, struck Don Diego's charger, which, furious with pain, carried his rider out of the lists, so that the umpires declared it to be a drawn battle.

Bravely did the old Count bear up against his heavy loss, as is shown by a short but beautiful romance which describes the funeral procession of one of his sons. In the midst of a troop of three hundred horsemen was borne the corpse, in a wooden coffin :

' Five score noble damsels wail him,
 Of his kindred every one;
 Some an uncle, some a cousin,
 Some bewail a brother gone.

' But the fair Urraca Hernando,
 Deepest is her grief, I ween.'

This was probably his true love, or it might have been the Infanta herself, who was his foster-sister. 'How well,' says the romance, 'doth the old Arias Gonzalo comfort them !'

' Wherefore weep ye thus, my damsels ?
 Why so bitterly bemoan ?
 In no tavern-brawl he perish'd ;
 Wherefore then so woe-begone ?

' But he died before Zamora,
 Pure your honor to maintain ;—
 Died he as a knight should die,
 Died he on the battle-plain.'

It does not appear that Arias Gonzalo or his sons were in any way guilty of the treacherous murder of the king Don Sancho. Suspicion would rather

attach to the Infanta Urraca, who, according to the Chronicle, had promised Eellido Dolfos whatever he might ask, if he would cause the siege to be raised. On the ultimate fate of this miscreant, further than that he was imprisoned by Don Arias, both Chronicle and romances are wholly silent.

The Cid.—Part Seventh.

' One true and upright vassal better
Than a thousand fawners is ;
For a king from many bad men
Cannot make one good, I wiss.'

IMMEDIATELY on the death of King Sancho, which happened A. D. 1073, Doña Urraca sent messengers to her brother Alfonso, then in exile at the Arab court of Toledo, to inform him of his succession to the throne of Castile and Leon. He and his little band of attendants escaped by letting themselves down by night from the city-walls, and having taken the precaution of reversing the shoes on their horses' feet, they eluded pursuit, and reached Zamora in safety. Here the nobles all paid homage to Alfonso as their king, save the Cid, who refused to kiss his hand till he had publicly sworn that he had no part whatever in the assassination of his brother.

' Don Alfonso ! Don Alfonso !
Thou art heir unto this throne ;
None thy right would wish to question,
None thy sovereignty disown.
But the people sore suspect thee,
That by thee this crime was done.

' Wherefore, if thou be but guiltless,
Straight I pray of thee to swear,
Thou and twelve of these thy liegemen,
Who with thee in exile were,
That in thy late brother's death
Thou hadst neither part nor share,
That none of ye to his murder
Privy or consenting were.' '

The king agreed to take this oath, and the public ceremonial was appointed to take place in the church of Santa Gadea at Burgos—one of those churches, says Father Berganza, which it was the custom in those days in Spain, as in other countries of Europe, to set apart for the swearing of oaths, in order that the ceremony might thus acquire greater awe and solemnity. The Cid himself administered the oath on ‘the book of the Evangelists,’ and on a crucifix, or, as say other romances, on a wooden cross-bow and iron bolt which had been blessed by the priest, and which the Cid held to the king’s breast as he uttered these words :

‘ ‘ By this holy roof above us,
I do call on ye to swear,
Don Alfonso, and ye nobles,—
And of perjury beware ;

‘ Swear then—if ye to the murder
Of the king consenting were ;
May ye die a villain’s death,
If ye aught but truth declare ! ’

The king hesitated a moment, but one of his favorite knights exclaimed :

‘ ‘ Take the oath, good king, I pray thee,
Thou no hindrance hast or let ;
Pope was never interdicted—
King was never traitor yet.’ ’

On this the king took the oath, with his twelve nobles. Whether it was, as the Chronicle says, that Alfonso changed color, or because it was agreeable to the ancient law of Castile, the Cid insisted upon administering the oath three times, which so incensed the king that he exclaimed,—

‘ ‘ Sore thou pressest me, Rodrigo ;
Needless thy demand, I wiss.
Though to-day thou mak’st me swear,
To-morrow thou my hand must kiss.
By my fay, I vow that on thee
I will be aveng’d for this.’ ’

‘ King and lord, do as it please thee,’
Thus the Cid in answer said ;
‘ As a knight of truth and honor
I have duty’s hest obey’d.’ ’

According to one romance, the king, no longer able to control his wrath, replied—

‘ ‘ Out upon thee, knight disloyal,
From my realm, O Cid, begone !
And return not, I command thee,
Till a year away hath flown.’ ’

‘ Quoth the good Cid, ‘ King, with pleasure,
I thy hast obey ; nay more,
For one year thou dost me banish,
I will exile me for four.’ ’

‘ Away my good Cid then he goeth,
Nor doth kiss the monarch’s hand ;
Full three hundred noble knights
Follow at the Cid’s command.’ ’

Other romances agree with the Chronicle in stating that the Cid’s banishment was much subsequent to the day of swearing, though from that time forth the king bore him no good will. In truth, he was not enough of a courtier to gain the young monarch’s favor ; he was too sternly honest and too plain-spoken to give other than good and wholesome counsel, however unpalatable it might prove. He was one day with the king in the cloisters of San Pedro de Cardeña, when Alfonso proposed to him to go and attack Cuenca, then held by the Moors. Rodrigo replied,—

‘ ‘ Thou a young king art, Alfonso—
New thy sceptre in the land ;
Stablish well at home thy power,
Ere thou drawest forth the brand.

‘ Grievous ill doth ever happen
To those kings who war espouse,
When their new-gain’d crowns have scarcely
‘ Gan to warm upon their brows.’ ’

One of the friars here took up the word for the king, and made answer—

‘ ‘ Art thou sick to see Ximena ?
Dreadest thou the toils of war ?
Leave unto the king th’ emprise—
Back, Rodrigo, to Bivar ! ’ ’

The Cid indignantly exclaimed, ‘ Who called thee, thou cowled one, to a

council of war? Take thy cope, good friar, to the choir, and leave me to bear my pennon to the border:

‘‘ Peril, war, fatigue, ne’er daunt me;
 Love on me no chains hath tied.
 More, God wot, have I, Tizona
 Than Ximena by my side.’’

Rodrigo’s counsels and reproofs were in truth by no means as agreeable to the monarch as the flatteries of the sycophants who surrounded him, and who, jealous of the Cid’s great power and fame, did their utmost to foster the king’s resentment against him. Even his brilliant success in a campaign into Andalucia failed to conciliate Alfonso, and he lent a willing ear to a complaint made shortly after against the Cid by Ali Maimon, the Arab King of Toledo, who charged him with having laid waste his territories, and taken 7000 captives and much spoil.

Though this foray had been provoked by the depredations of the Arabs, Alfonso chose to make it a cloak for his vengeance, and commanded Rodrigo to begone from Castile in nine days, confiscated all his lands and goods, and even threatened to hang ‘the Cid, the honor of his realm.’

Nobly did the hero reply,—

parish priest

‘‘ I obey, O king Alfonso,
 Guilty though in nought I be,
 For it doth behoove a vassal
 To obey his lord’s decree;
 Prompter far am I to serve thee
 Than thou art to guerdon me.

‘ I do pray our Holy Lady
 Her protection to afford,
 That thou never may’st in battle
 Need the Cid’s right arm and sword.

‘ Well I wot at my departure
 Without sorrow thou canst smile;
 Well I wot that envious spirits
 Noble bosoms can beguile:
 But time will show, for this can ne’er be hid,
 That they are women all, but I the Cid.

‘ These high-soul’d and valiant courtiers,
 Who are wont with thee to eat,
 Think ye that their lying counsel
 For a kingly ear is meet?

' Prithee say, where were these gallants,
 (Bold enough when far from blows,)
 Where were they, when I, unaided,
 Rescued thee from thirteen foes ?'

' Where were then these palace-warriors,
 That for thee they drew no brand ?
 Verily, we all do know them,
 Quick of tongue, but slow of hand.
 Yea, time will show, for this can ne'er be hid,
 That they are women all, but I the Cid.'

As he passed through the streets of Burgos, Rodrigo was met on every side by lamentations, for 'all Castile mourned him as an orphan bewaileth his sire.'† The women cried from the windows, 'God ! what a good vassal were he, if he had but a good lord !' yet none dared to show him favor, nor even to supply him with provisions, for the king had forbidden it, under pain of loss of goods and eyesight. He found even the door of his own abode barred against him. He went on to his Castle of Bivar, and, finding it utterly despoiled by his enemies, he was perplexed about the means for his journey into exile, for he had not even wherewithal to meet the expenses of the way :—

' Then two Jews of well-known substance
 To his board inviteth he,
 And of them a thousand florins
 Asketh with all courtesy.

' Lo !' saith he, 'these two large coffers,
 Laden all with plate they be ;
 Take them for the thousand florins—
 Take them for security.
 In one year, if I redeem not,
 That ye sell them, I agree.'

* The romance is in error here, for the reader will remember that it was Don Sancho whom the Cid rescued from fourteen of Alfonso's knights, or rather thirteen, that being the number overcome by the Cid, one having taken to flight. It seems not improbable that this romance was originally written with a reference to the banishment of the Cid by Don Sancho, recorded in No. V. of this series of articles, and that in process of time it came to be applied to his second and much more important banishment by Don Alfonso, undergoing, in its course of oral tradition, such alterations and additions as adapted it to the latter event, while the allusion to the rescue was ignorantly suffered to remain.

† It is with this part of the Cid's history that the Poem begins. We shall in future trust to its guidance in preference to that of the Chronicle, as it is of greater antiquity, and accords better with the romances.

' Trusting to the Cid's great honor,
 Twice the sum he sought they lend ;
 To their hands he gave the coffers—
 Full were they of nought but sand !'

The romancist, in astonishment at this, the only base action recorded of the Cid, breaks forth—

' Oh, thou dire necessity !
 Oh, how many a noble soul,
 To escape thy gnawing fetters,
 Hath recourse to deeds as foul !'*

' The good Cid Campeador, whom God keep in health and safety !' before quitting his native land, made a vigil in the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña ; for—

' The Christian knight it aye behooveth,
 Ere he putteth lance in rest,
 With the armor of the church
 Well to fortify his breast.'

When mass had been sung, the abbot and monks blessed his pennon. Then said the Cid, holding the two ends of the pennon in his hands—

' ' Holy pennon ! blessed pennon !
 A Castilian beareth thee
 Far away to other lands,
 Banish'd by his lord's decree.'

' Lying tongues of foul-mouth'd traitors—
 Heaven's curse upon them light !—
 With this ill the king have counsell'd
 My good service to requite.'

* One of these chests is to this day preserved in the cloisters of Burgos cathedral. The Poem of the Cid describes them as covered with red leather, and studded with gilt-headed nails ; but this covering, if such ever existed, has been stripped off, and you now see a plain wooden chest, about four feet by two, strongly bound by ribs of iron, and fastened by three antique locks. It is said to contain certain musty documents relative to our hero, but we were not able to verify the report, as it is raised to the height of twenty feet or more from the ground, and supported by brackets against the wall. The wood is very rotten, and, were the chest within the reach of pilferers, it would soon cease to exist.

' King Alfonso! King Alfonso!
Rouse, bestir thee, rouse and think,
These vain siren-songs which charm thee
Lull thee to destruction's brink.

' Sorely, God wot, hast thou wrong'd me,
Yet I wish thee nought but good;
For to suffer wrongs with meekness
Doth betoken noble blood.*

' I forgive thee,—yea, to prove it,
I do swear to yield to thee
All my own good sword may henceforth
Conquer from the enemy.'

Then, with a parting embrace of Ximena and his two daughters, whom he commended to the care of the abbot of San Pedro, he tore himself from them 'as the nail is torn from the flesh,' and went forth, leaving them 'drowned in tears and speechless woe.' Turning to the band of knights who determined to follow his fortunes, he said, as they rode away,—

' Comrades, should it please high Heaven
That we see Castile once more—
Though we now go forth as outcasts,
Sad, dishonor'd, homeless, poor—
We'll return with glory laden
And the spoilings of the Moor.'

' He was resolved,' says the historian Mariana, ' to dispel by the splendor of his deeds the clouds of calumny with which his enemies had assailed him.'

* The Cid must mean wrongs from his sovereign alone, for he was not the man meekly to put up with injury from his equals, and we have his own word for it that ' those who have noble escutcheons cannot brook wrongs.'

The Cid.—Part Eighth.

‘Then strike, my knights, with joyous hearts ! be valiant in the war,
For I’m Rodrigo of Bivar, the Cid Campeador !’

Poem of the Cid.

IT were a tedious task to follow the Cid in his long and unremitting course of hostilities against the Moslems, after his exile from Castile. The romances indeed omit all mention of many of the exploits he performed during this period, as recorded by the Poem and the Chronicle. Yet we must not pass them over in utter silence. In the short space of three weeks he won two strongholds from the Moors, and defeated a powerful force sent against him from Valencia. Thirty horses, part of the spoil, each with a scimitar hanging at the saddle-bow, he sent as a present to King Alfonso, who received the gift, and gave permission to any of his knights to join the Cid’s standard, but thought it yet too early to grant him pardon. Rodrigo continued his forays into the Arab territory, ravaged it far and wide, laid many of the principal cities in the east of Spain under tribute, and gained great spoil and greater glory. He even extended his incursions as far south as Alicant. Nor was it the Moors alone with whom he had to contend ; for he signally defeated and captured Ramon, count of Barcelona, and won from him the famous sword Colada, ‘worth more than a thousand marks of silver.’ He also worsted Don Pedro, king of Aragon, who on one occasion sent one hundred and fifty horsemen to surprise him as he was riding attended by only a dozen knights ; but the hero’s individual prowess saved him, and he routed the Aragonese and captured seven of their number, whom, with his wonted generosity, he immediately set at liberty.

The fortress of Rueda had been wrested from the Castilians by the Moors, who had also treacherously slain Ramiro, the son of Don Alphonso. This monarch thereon recalled the Cid from banishment, and prayed him to march

against Rueda and reduce it. Rodrigo kissed the royal hand, but refused to accept the offered pardon, unless the king would pledge his word that thenceforth every hidalgo under sentence of banishment should have thirty days allowed him before going into exile, to prove, if possible, his innocence ; for, said he,

‘ Ne’er should be a vassal banish’d
Without time to plead his cause ;
Ne’er should king his people’s rights
Trample on and break the laws ;

‘ Ne’er should he his liegemen punish
More than to their crimes is due,
Lest they rise into rebellion—
That day sorely would he rue.’

The king pledged his word to this, and the Cid marched against Rueda, was as usual victorious, and on his return was received with all honor by his grateful sovereign. This took place A. D. 1081.

We next find ‘the good one of Bibar’ captain-general of the Christian force before Toledo, which for some years had been besieged by Don Alfonso ; and on its surrender, in 1085, the Cid was appointed its governor. The ill will of the king towards him was not, however, entirely removed, but being kept alive by the malicious representations of the Cid’s enemies, a pretext was soon found for a renewed sentence of banishment. He pursued his former course of hostilities against the Moors, and with the like success, and ere long had carried his victorious arms to the gates of Valencia, which city he resolved to make his own, and therefore sent heralds through Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, proclaiming that all who loved a merry life and a glorious might join his standard, but they must come out of pure love of blows. Adventurers flocked to his camp from all quarters, and his force soon amounted to three thousand six hundred men. He then laid siege to the city.

In his camp was an Austrian knight, named Martin Pelaez, of stout and powerful frame, but of a weak and craven spirit. When the Cid and his followers were one day engaged in deadly combat with the Paynims, this Pelaez left the fight and returned secretly to his tent, where he remained concealed till the battle was over, and the Christians, weary of the work of slaughter, returned to refresh themselves in the camp.

‘ The Cid he sat him down to eat,
With him of his knights sat none,

For it was his daily wont
 At his board to sit alone.
 At another sat his knights,
 All who were of high renown.'

For so did the good Cid ordain, that their valor might be made known to all, and that the rest might strive to emulate them in the field.

'Thinking that my Cid Rodrigo
 Had not witnessed his shame,
 In came Martin, neat and cleansed,
 Straight unto the board he came;
 Where did sit Don Alvar Fanez
 With his mighty men of fame.'

'Up the good Cid then arose,
 Seiz'd his arm, and whisper'd low,
 'Friend, to eat with these great warriors
 Is not meet for such as thou.'

'These are knights of proved valor,
 Better men than we are they;
 Sit thee then at this my table,
 Of my viands eat, I pray.'

'Down then sat he with Rodrigo,
 At his board with him did eat;
 Thus the Cid with wondrous mildness
 Did rebuke him, as was meet.'

After the meal, the Cid, with the same considerate gentleness, took him aside, and in plain terms upbraided him with his cowardice. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that a man nobly born as thou art, can fly through terror of the strife? Knowest thou not that it is honorable to die on the battle-field? Better hadst thou turn monk; peradventure thou mayest be able to serve God in the cloister, though thou canst not in the war. Nathless, try once more; go forth this evening to the fight, place thyself at my side, and let me see what spirit thou canst show.'

Deeply did Martin feel this rebuke, and grievous was his shame. He resolved to go forth to the field, and strive to redeem his character. Accordingly, the next day, when the Cid and his host rode up to the very gates of Valencia,

' Martin was the first that rushed
 Headlong on the coming foe;
 No fear then, I wot, he proved,
 Wondrous valor he did show;
 His right arm wrought grievous slaughter,
 Many Paynims he laid low.

' As they fell right fast before him,
 ' Whence this furious fiend ?' they cried :
 ' Ne'er have we beheld such valor ;
 None his onset can abide.'

The Saracens were driven back into the city, and Martin returned to the camp, his arms bathed in blood up to the elbows. The Cid stood awaiting him, and warmly embracing him, said, ' Friend Martin, thou art verily a good and doughty knight. No longer must thou eat with me at table ; henceforth thou shalt sit with Alvar Fañez, my cousin-german, and my other knights of highest valor and renown.' From that day forth Martin Pelaez proved himself a right valiant knight, and thus, says the romance, was exemplified the proverb—

' Who to a good tree betakes him,
 Shelter good he there will find.'

The Valencians being hard beset and hopeless of succor, an aged prophet ascended a lofty tower on the ramparts, and when he beheld the city so fair and beautiful, and the camp of ber enemies pitched against her, his heart smote him sore, and he sighed forth this lament :—

' Oh Valencia ! my Valencia !
 Worthy thou to rule for aye ;
 But if Allah do not pity,
 Soon thy glory must decay.

' Lo ! I see thy mighty ramparts
 Shake and totter to their fall.
 Yea, thy proud and lofty towers,
 And thy snowy turrets all,

' Which thy sons rejoic'd to gaze on,
 As they glitter'd from afar,
 Woe ! I see them sink and crumble—
 Ruin doth their beauty mar.

' See, thy fertilizing river
 Now hath stray'd from out its bed ;
 All thy springs and gushing fountains
 Now are dried up at their head.

' Green thy fields and fair thy flowers
 As they once in beauty shone ;
 Now their beauty is defiled,
 All their bloom and odour gone.

' Yonder broad and noble strand,
 Once thy pride and once thy boast,
 Now by foot of foe is trampled—
 By Castilla's robber host.

' Rapine, death, and desolation,
 On thy land these Christians pour ;
 Yea, the smoke of yonder burnings
 All the landscape doth obscure.

' Gone are all the charms which made thee
 To thy children so divine.
 Could these walls but weep and wail thee,
 They would add their tears to mine.

' Oh Valencia ! my Valencia !
 Allah quickly succor thee !
 Oft have I foretold what now
 Sore it grieveth me to see.' '

After a siege of ten months the Cid gained possession of the city, A. D. 1094, and, says the poem—

' Right joyful was the Perfect One, with all his men of might,
 To see upon Valencia's keep his banner waving bright.
 All who were squires were dubbed knights for their deeds' sake that day ;
 How much of gold each soldier won, I prithee, who can say ?'

According to the romances, he made a mild and generous use of his victory. He gave orders that the dead should be buried and the sick and wounded attended to, and cheered the citizens by assuring them that respect should be paid to their persons and property, for that though fierce and mighty in war, he was mild and gentle in peace. But the Moorish chroniclers tell a different tale, and relate the cruelties inflicted upon the unhappy governor of Valencia by the tyrant Cambitor (Campeador,) ' Allah curse him ! ' Rodrigo's earliest

care was to appoint a Christian bishop to his newly-won city—‘God ! how all Christendom did rejoice !’ His next, to despatch Alvar Fañez to Burgos to pray the king Alfonso for the company of Ximena and his two daughters, whom he had left in the care of the abbot of S. Pedro de Cardeña. He told Don Alvar to take with him thirty marks of gold for the expenses of their journey to Valencia, and as many of silver for the abbot.

‘ To the worthy Jews two hundred
 Marks of gold bear with all speed,
 With as many more of silver,
 Which they lent me in my need,

‘ In my knightly honor trusting ;
 But I basely did deceive,
 And in pledge thereof two coffers
 Full of nought but sand did give.

‘ Pray ye of them, for my solace,
 Pray them now to pardon me,
 Sith with sorrow great I did it
 Of my hard necessity.

‘ Say, albeit within the coffers
 Nought but sand they can espy,
 That the pure gold of my truth
 Deep beneath that sand doth lie.’

He sent also to the king Alfonso, ‘ his own good and liege lord,’ a rich gift of captives, horses, and treasures, and instructed Don Alvar what to say :

‘ Say, friend, to the king Alfonso,
 May it please him now to take
 This unworthy gift and offering
 Which a banish’d lord doth make ;

‘ Yea, unworthy all in value,
 But some favor in his eyes
 It may gain when that ye tell him
 ’Tis of Christian blood the price.

‘ In two years with my good falchion,
 I have won more land than he
 Did inherit from his father ;
 (May he now in glory be !)

' Tell him all this land and treasure,
 All I've won with my good sword,
 I do hold of him in fief,
 As a vassal of his lord.

' Yea, I pray God that my prowess
 To his wealth may increase yield,
 While my heel can strike Babieca,
 While my hand Tizona wield.

' One boon only I do ask him—
 Can I crave this boon in vain ?
 That he send my lov'd Ximena,
 And my tender daughters twain,
 Dearest treasures of my bosom,
 To relieve my lonely pain.' '

Alvar Fañez faithfully executed his mission, and repeated his lord's words in the presence of the king at Burgos. Hardly had he ceased speaking, when a certain count, one of the Cid's enemies, arose, and warned the king to beware of deceit, and give no credit to what he had heard. ' Perchance the Cid meaneth to follow his gift, and beard thee to thy face on the morrow.' Alvar Fañez plucked his bonnet from his brows, and replied, all stammering with rage,

' Let none stir, upon his peril !
 Speak not ! none of ye—take heed
 That the Cid himself is present,
 For I stand here in his stead !

' Who will dare to utter falsehoods—
 Foul and lying words declare ?
 In the Cid's name, I do warn him,
 Let him of his head have care ! ' '

Then remembering in whose presence he had spoken, Don Alvar, as a loyal knight, asked pardon of the king, without however retracting aught that he had uttered. The result of his mission was that he carried back to Valencia Ximena and her two daughters, to the great joy of the Cid.

Soon after this, the great Miramamolin, king of Tunis, landed on the Spanish shore, with 50,000 horse and a countless host of foot, to wrest Valencia from the hands of the Christians. Rodrigo took Ximena and his two daughters to the roof of the highest tower in the Alcazar, or citadel, and showed them this vast armament.

' Toward the sea they cast their eyes—
 Foes did swarm along the coast;
 Round about the town they looked—
 Every where a mighty host.

' Tents were pitching, trenches digging,
 All to battle did prepare;
 Shouts of men, and war-steeds neighing,
 Drums and trumpets rent the air.'

The ladies were terrified at this novel sight, but the Cid, stroking his long beard, cheered them.

' ' Fear not thou, my lov'd Ximena,
 Fear not ye, my daughters dear,
 While I live to wield Tizona,
 Ye, I wot, have nought to fear.' '

' See ye not,' he added, ' that the more numerous the foe, the richer will be the spoil, and the larger your dowries, my daughters?' Verily my heart swelleth now that ye are present!'^{*} Perceiving then that some of the Moors had entered the orchards near the city, he despatched Don Alvar Salvadores with two hundred horse to drive them out, and make a slaughter of the pagan dogs for the gratification of the ladies. This was done, the Moors were driven out, but Don Alvar, too eager in the pursuit of the flying foe, was taken prisoner.

On the morrow, ' he who in a lucky hour girt the sword,' as the Poem frequently terms the Cid, made a general sally against the Moors, the bishop of Valencia, who, like many of the ecclesiastics of that day, was as expert with the sword as with the mass-book, marching in complete armor at the head of the troops. The small band of Christians soon found themselves in imminent danger of being hemmed in by the overwhelming hosts of the foe :

' But my good Cid, this perceiving,
 Rushed on the enemy;
 'Gainst their ranks he spurr'd Babieca,
 Shouting loud his battle-cry,

 ' Aid us, God and Santiago!
 Many a Paynim he laid low;
 To despatch a foe he never
 Needed to repeat his blow.

* This saying of the Cid, ' The more Moors, the more gain,' became proverbial in Spain, and continues so at the present day.

' Well it pleas'd the Cid to find him
 Mounted on his steed once more,
 With his right arm to the elbow
 Crinson'd all with Moorish gore.'

The Moors took to flight and were pursued with great slaughter by the Christians who took the Moslem camp, where they found Don Alvar Salvadores, with a vast booty in gold and horses, 'and the richest tent ever seen in Christendom,' which the Cid sent, together with part of the spoil, to 'Alfonso the Castilian.' The king, overcome by the Cid's noble forgetfulness of wrongs, thereon granted him pardon and restored him to favor.

The Cid.—Part Ninth.

' God grant, who all created hath, and over all is Lord,
 That to my Cid these weddings may content and joy afford.'

Poem.

' Some there be, I trow, more valiant
 With their feet than with their hands.'

Romance.

So widely was the renown of the Cid now spread abroad through the world, that the Sultan of the East, the renowned Soliman, hearing of his valorous deeds, sent an ambassador to Valencia with costly presents of silks, purple and scarlet cloth, incense and myrrh, and gold and silver ornaments, in token of his friendship, charging him to say, 'As the Prophet liveth,' saith my lord, 'he would give his royal crown could he but behold thee in his land.' With great courtesy did the Cid receive the ambassador, replying, that were his lord a Christian, he would joyfully visit him. Then he showed him all his wealth and power, and the pagan returned home marvelling greatly at his abundant riches. According to the Chronicle, the Sultan was induced to despatch this embassy, not so much from disinterested admiration of the Cid's heroism, as to deter him from joining the princes of Europe in the crusade which had been proclaimed against him.

At this time also the two counts of Carrion were induced, by the great fame and wealth of the Cid, to beseech the king to give them to wife his two daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Alfonso wrote to the Cid, asking him to meet him at Requena, to consult with him on the matter. Rodrigo did not much relish the proposal, thinking the counts too haughty and courtier-like for his sons-in-law; but he advised with Ximena, 'for in such-like matters,' says the romance, with much truth, 'women are wont to be of great importance.'

'Out then spake the dame Ximena,
'Troth, my Cid, no wish have I
To ally me with these lordlings,
Though they be of lineage high.'

'But I would thou in this matter
Do as best it seemeth thee;
'Tween thee and the king, of counsel
Good and wise no lack can be.'

'When was ever seen in Castile so many choice mules, so many swift palfreys, so many strong and sure-footed chargers, so many gay pennons fluttering from lance-heads, so many shields embossed with gold and silver, so many rich garments of silk and fur, as when the Good One of Bibar met Alfonso the Castillian' at Requena? 'He who in a lucky hour was born' cast himself at the king's feet, but Alfonso raised him up, telling him to kiss his hands and not his feet. Mass was then said, and the king opened the matter of the marriage. The Cid returned thanks to his sovereign for the honor intended to be conferred upon him, and added that he, his daughters, and all he possessed, were in the king's hands, to be dealt with as it pleased him; 'for whatever his lord wished, who was so much worthier than he, that did he wish also.' Whereon Alfonso ordered 8000 marks of silver to be given to the sisters as their dowry, and deputed Don Alvar Fañez, their kinsman, to act in his stead in giving away the brides. Then he commanded the Counts to kiss the Cid's hands and pay him homage; and the Cid departed with them for Valencia, having first invited all the nobles to be present at the ceremony. The double wedding took place accordingly, and for eight days all was feasting, dancing, jousting, and bull-fighting within the city of Valencia. The Cid, according to the custom of those days, gave gifts of great value to the lords and magnates present; for as the romance sagaciously observes,

'He who's great in deeds of battle,
Will be great in all beside.'

These two counts of Carrion were, however, sad cravens ; not worthy to be the sons-in-law of the Cid. They chanced one day to be sitting joking with Don Bermudo, one of the Cid's nephews, in the same room where Rodrigo himself lay stretched on his couch in an after-dinner slumber, when

' Lo, loud outcries rent the palace,
Shook its walls and turrets high!
' Ware the lion ! ware the lion !
He is loose !' was heard the cry.

' Don Bermudo nought was moved,
Nought his soul could terrify ;
But the brother counts of Carrion
' Gan right speedily to fly.'

Fernan Gonzales, the younger, crept for protection under the Cid's couch, and in so doing burst his garment across the shoulders ; while Diego his brother betook himself for refuge to a dirty closet hard by, or, as the Poem says, crept beneath the beam of a wine-press. Bermudo drew his sword and put himself on his guard. The uproar awoke the Cid, who started from his couch just as the furious beast, followed by a number of armed men, entered the hall. To the astonishment of all, the lion came crouching and fawning to the feet of the Cid. The romance hints that this was a miracle. It was certainly not less marvellous that Rodrigo threw his arms about the beast, and 'with a thousand caresses' bore him off to his den without receiving any injury. Returning to the hall, he inquired for his sons-in-law ; and when they were dragged ignominiously from their places of refuge, their bridal gear woefully disarranged and soiled, ' never was beheld such merriment as ran through the court.' The Cid, gazing on each in turn, was for some moments unable to speak, through the excess of his astonishment and indignation.

' ' God ! are these your wedding garments ?
In the devil's name, what fright,—
Say what terror hath possess'd ye,
That ye thus should take to flight ?

' Had ye not your weapons by ye ;
Why then fled ye in such haste ?
Was the Cid not here ?—then surely
Ye could stand and see the beast.

‘ Of the king ye sought my daughters,
 Thinking they had gold and land ;
 God wot, I did never choose ye,
 But I bow’d to his command.’

‘ Are ye then the sons I needed,
 To protect me when I’m old ?
 Zounds ! a good old age will mine be,
 Since ye are as women bold.’

According to the Poem, the Cid did not reproach the counts, and suppressed the mirth of his knights, when they were disposed to be merry at their expense. However this be, the Counts were stung with shame, and secretly swore to obtain revenge. The Cid, with his wonted generosity, seems soon to have forgiven them ; for in a council of war convoked shortly after, on the occasion of Bucar, king of Morocco, beleaguering the city with a vast host, he made them sit at his right hand, though, while he, as the romance beautifully expresses it,

‘ With excess of valor trembled,
 They with utter fear did quake.’

The Moorish king sent a herald to Valencia to demand the immediate surrender of the city. This was the Cid’s reply :—

‘ Let your king prepare his battle,
 I shall straightway order mine ;
 Right dear hath Valencia cost me,
 Think not I will it resign.’

‘ Hard the strife, and sore the slaughter,
 But I won the victory ;
 Thanks to God and to the valor
 Of Castilian chivalry ! ’

As Ximena with her own hands was arming her lord for the field, he gave her these parting instructions :—

‘ If with deadly wounds in battle,
 I this day my breath resign ;
 To San Pedro de Cardeña
 Bear me straight, Ximena mine.

‘ Wail me not, lest some base panic
 On my chiefless warriors seize ;
 But amid the call to battle
 Make my funeral obsequies.

' This, my lov'd Tizon, whose gleamings
 Every foeman's heart appal;
 Never let it lose its glory,
 Ne'er to hands of women fall.

' Should God will that Babieca
 Quit the strife alone this day;
 And without his lord returning,
 At thy gate aloud should neigh;

' Open to him and caress him,
 Let him well be hous'd and fed;
 He who well his master serveth,
 Right well should be guerdoned.

' Dear one, give me now thy blessing!
 Dry thine eyes and cease to mourn!'
 Then my Cid, he spur'd to battle—
 Grant him, Heaven, a safe return!''

The Cid, knowing the cowardice of his sons-in-law, advised them to remain within the city, and not sally forth with him to the war; but they angrily announced their intention to accompany him. During the combat a bold and stalwart Moor came up, lance in hand, to assail the younger of the Counts, who dared not abide his onset, but instantly turned and fled. None witnessed his cowardice but Don Ordoño, the Cid's nephew, and he pursued the Moor, slew him, spoiled him of his horse and arms, and generously offered them to the Count.

" Take this steed and spoil, Don Fernan,
 Say that thou the Moor didst slay;
 On my knightly troth I pledge thee,
 Never will I this gainsay;

" Saving thou to speak compel me,
 None shall ever know the truth.'

The Count was base enough to accept this offer of second-hand glory, and was highly extolled for his valor by the Cid, who came up at the instant. He stroked his beard, and said, 'I thank Christ, Lord of the world, that my sons-in-law have fought so nobly with me in the field.' Victory, as usual, declared for 'him who in a lucky hour girt the sword,' and my Cid returned to Valencia with eighteen Moorish kings as trophies of his prowess, and with the renowned sword Tizona, 'worth more than a thousand marks of gold,' which

he had won from the royal grasp of Bucar, who narrowly escaped swelling the number of his captives,*

The brother Counts had meanwhile been plotting revenge against the Cid, and no less cruel than cowardly, they resolved to take it on the persons of his daughters. They demanded their wives, that they might depart with them to their own land. Rodrigo committed his daughters to them; but having seen by the flight of birds, that the nuptials would not be propitious, he charged them to treat them with all gentleness and kindness. This the Counts promised; and the Cid, who had begun to hope better things of their courage, gave them as parting gifts his two swords—Tizona and Colada, which he called ‘the best of all his goods,’ together with chains of gold of costly Arabian workmanship, presents to him from the Sultan, vessels of gold and silver, and many mules and war-horses. He and his knights also accompanied them for the distance of a league from the city.

‘The Cid he parted from his daughters,
Nought could he his grief disguise;
As he clasped them to his bosom,
Tears did stream from out his eyes.’

And he exclaimed, ‘Of a truth ye tear from me the very cords of my heart!’ He had a presentiment of some evil about to befall them, and he charged his nephew Ordoño to disguise himself and follow the Counts. These craven knights continued their journey, and were everywhere well received for the Cid’s sake. Arriving at length at Tormes, which was beyond his territories, they came to a halt, and ordered all their train to go forward, saying, that they and their wives would follow anon. Then, entering a thick oak wood, hard by the road, they dragged their wives from their mules, tore all the clothes from their backs, seized them by the hair and dragged them to and fro over the rough ground, buffeted and lashed their naked flesh with their saddle-girths, kicked them barbarously with their rowelled heels, till their tender bodies, ‘white as the sun,’ were bathed in blood—all the while pouring forth the most opprobrious language—and finally lashed them to trees, saying, as they left them to die of starvation, or to be torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the forest,

* Though a few of the romances agree with the Chronicle and Poem in stating that Tizona was won from Bucar at this time, the rest make frequent mention of it as wielded by our hero during the greater portion of his life. Such anachronisms are among the natural faults of ballad history.

“ Vengeance on your cursed sire
 Have we now obtain’d in ye ;
 We have done with ye—ye are not
 Fit to mate with such as we.”

They then rode after their people, and answered their inquiries after the ladies, by saying, ‘they are well cared for.’

The poor women rent the air with their shrieks, calling upon heaven for vengeance,—

‘ It was not the wounds and lashes—
 Not the pain that caus’d their woe :
 ’Twas the shame, the foul dishonor—
 Deadliest ills that women know.’

Don Ordoño, who was following the Counts at a distance in the garb of a pilgrim, heard their cries and entered the wood. On beholding his cousins in such a state, he rent his clothes, tore his hair, and thundered out a thousand curses on the heads of the recreant Counts. He untied the ladies, made them a couch of leaves and grass, threw his own cloak over them, and left them to seek assistance, saying, with tears in his eyes, as he strove to comfort them,—

‘ Cheer up, cousins, be not downcast,
 Heaven’s will must aye be done;
 Wherefore this thing hath befallen ye,
 It is known to God alone.

‘ Lay nought to your sire, I pray ye,
 He obey’d the king’s command ;
 Your sire he is the Cid, fair ladies,
 Leave your honor in his hands.’

He soon returned with an honest peasant, who conveyed them to his own cot, where his wife and daughters tended them with great care and tenderness.

Don Ordoño straightway returned to Valencia and told his tale. Rodrigo restrained all expression of his feelings :

‘ My Cid he seemed nothing moved,
 Though his grief was sore and deep :
 Him who looketh for his vengeance,
 It bchooveth not to weep.’

But Ximena gave vent to her sorrow in floods of tears. The Cid consoled her, swearing by his beard, ‘ which none had ever cut,’ that she should have

speedy vengeance, and despatched messengers forthwith to the king, demanding justice. According to another romance, the Cid went in person to the royal palace at Leon. It was the hour of mid-day by the clock, and the king was seated at dinner with his nobles, when the Cid, pale as death, and in complete armor, strode into the hall, and fixing his eyes on the king, exclaimed,—

“ Justice may I have of Heaven,
If I can have none of thee.”

All the nobles ceased to eat, in amazement at these words of the Cid ; his friends moved by anxiety, his foes by terror. After a pause he continued,—

“ Vengeance, king ! I pray thee vengeance !
Do I ask this right in vain ?
I have oft in blood of traitors
Wash'd mine honor from all stain ;
But to thee I would leave vengeance,
For to thee it doth pertain.

“ Lo ! my daughters have been outrag'd !
For thine own, thy kingdom's sake,
Look, Alfonso, to mine honor !
Vengeance thou or I must take.

“ If I have aggrev'd these traitors,
Let me meet them in the fight—
This right arm and this good falchion
Soon shall show ye who hath right.”

King Alfonso was exceeding wrathful when he heard this, and to confront the Counts with the Cid, he commanded that a Cortes should be proclaimed to be held at Toledo, and whosoever of his nobles did not obey the summons within thirty days, (or three months, as the Chronicle has it,) should be accounted a traitor and a rebel.

The Cid.—Part Tenth.

‘ May the God in heaven protect thee;
Guard thee from all treachery !’

WHEN the time was come for the departure of the Cid for Toledo, to join the Cortes, which had been convoked by the king, he arrayed himself ‘in sable armor studded with golden crosses from the gorget unto the greaves,’ mounted his horse Babieca, and was arranging his cloak about him, when Ximena seized his stirrup, and thus addressed him :—

“ Look ye well, my Lord Rodrigo,
That thy vengeance perfect be,
For the shame that through thy daughters
These base counts have brought on thee !

‘ Can it be that two such cravens
To affront my Cid can dare,
When two thousand mailed warriors
Would not meet thee in the war ?

‘ May the God in heaven protect thee;
Guard thee from all treachery !
For such as are cruel and craven,
Well, methinks, may traitors be.’

‘ Enter not, my lord,’ she added, ‘ into battle with these men; verily, it behooveth not one who hath vanquished so many kings thus to tarnish his glory; honor not with thy sword the filthy blood of these counts, for Babieca, with his neighing alone, hath overthrown much stouter foes.’ Having committed her and his daughters to the care of Martin Pelaez, the Cid struck spurs into his steed, and set out for Toledo.

Sorely did the Counts of Carrion dread to attend the Cortes, knowing they

should there meet the Cid ; but lest they should not be held for good and true liegemen, they obeyed the summons, accompanied by their uncle Don Suero, who had been with them in Valencia, and had counselled them to their dastardly revenge. The thirty days allowed by the king for his nobles to attend the Cortes and prove their loyalty, passed, and the Cid came not.

' Out then spake the Counts of Carrion,

 ' Hold him, king, a traitor now !'

But the good king gave then answer,

 ' Traitor !—none is he, I trow.

' My Cid he is right true and loyal ;

 He hath won full many a field ;

Yea, in all my wide dominions

 None like him the sword can wield.'

As he thus spake, in came the Cid with nine hundred hidalgos in his train, clad in robes of the same cloth and hue, and thus saluted the king :

' God preserve thee, king Alfonso !

 May God keep ye, nobles all !

Save you caitiff Counts of Carrion :

 Heaven's vengeance on them fall.'

He would have cast himself to the earth at the king's feet, but Alfonso swore by St. Isidore, (his favorite oath,) that it should not be so. ' We salute thee, Cid, with heart and soul ; what grieveth thy heart, grieveth ours also.' Whereon the Cid kissed his monarch's hands. The Court was adjourned to the following day ; and ' he who in a good hour girt sword,' spent the night in prayer and watching in San Servan.*

The Cortes assembled the next morning in the palace of Galiana, in a council-chamber hung with costly brocade, and carpeted with velvet. The poem gives a full description of the dress our hero wore on this occasion ; and considering the great antiquity of that work, it is much more likely to be accurate and characteristic of the age, than the descriptions of costume contained in the romances, which, being preserved orally, were subjected to the

* We think the poem must here refer to a castle of that name which still stands, though in ruins, on a height to the east of Toledo. It is said to have been built by the Moors, and if so, must have existed in the time of the Cid ; and it was probably in this, or in a sanctuary in the immediate neighborhood, that he kept his vigila, as it is evident that it was without the city, and on the opposite bank of the Tagus.

alterations of many succeeding ages. It is briefly this:—Hose of fine cloth, with elaborately wrought shoes; a linen shirt, ‘white as the sun,’ with fastenings of gold and silver, and tight wristbands: a gold-embroidered tunie worn under a red fleece fringed with gold, which fleece ‘my Cid was always wont to wear,’ even over his hauberk of mail; and over all a mantle of great price. His head was covered with a scarlet cap worked with gold, and his long beard was tied up with a cord. In his beard the Cid took great pride, and never suffered it to be cut, so that ‘it was the talk of both of Moors and Christians,’ for, according to the poem, he had sworn, on taking Valencia—

“ By the love of King Alfonso, who hath exiled me from home,
No hair shall of my beard be cut, no shears unto it come.”

When the Cid entered the Cortes, his long beard struck admiration and awe into all present, and all gazed steadfastly on him, for right manly was his aspect—all save the Counts of Carrion, who dared not for shame regard him.

The king opened the court by enjoining silence. He next appointed six *alcaldes* or judges, from his own royal council, and made them swear by the Evangelists that they would thoroughly inform themselves of the evidence on both sides, and judge without fear, favor, or prejudice. Then he called upon the Cid to state his charge. ‘He of the long beard’ straight arose, and commenced by urging his claims:

“ Long it is, oh! King Alfonso,
Many a year hath passed o'er,
Since Tizona in thy service
Hath been clean of Paynim gore.

‘ Many a weary year Ximena
On her widow'd couch hath mourned,
While a thousand Moorish banners
In the battle I o'erturned.’ ”

He proceeded to state his charge against the Counts, and then demanded his two swords Tizona and Colada, for they belonged not to the Counts, who were no longer his sons-in-law; and he said they must be ‘an hungered, as they were not fed as in former days.’ The king turned to the Counts, but they said nought in their defence, and the judges ordered them to restore the swords to him who had won them. The Chronicle says that they refused to obey this command; whereon the king arose in great wrath, and took them from their hands, and delivered them to the Cid. Rodrigo received them with

great delight ; ‘ his whole body was gladdened and his heart laughed with joy ;’ and he called them his dear pledges, not precious because bought with gold or silver, but dearly purchased by the sweat of his brow in battle. He next demanded that the two thousand marks and all the jewels he had given his daughters on their wedding-day should be returned to him. The judges, seeing that the Counts had deserted their wives, immediately acceded to this demand, and called upon the Counts to pay back the dowries, which they did by delivering up horses, mules, and swords to the full value. The Cid a third time arose from his seat, and with eyes flashing with ire, and hand grasping his beard, which ‘ no son of woman had ever touched,’ he opened his grand charge against them, calling them ‘ false and villain-hearted dogs of traitors. . . . As God liveth, ye are brave knights to lay hands on women ; had ye to do with king Bucar, I wot, we should hear another tale. Right truly saith the proverb, that some warriors are as valiant with their feet as others with their hands. Ye, methinks, are of the former.’ In conclusion he challenged the Counts and their uncle to mortal combat, for the stain they had inflicted on his honor was one which blood alone could wash away.

Hereon the king called upon the Counts for their defence :

‘ Out and spake the elder brother,
Turning to the king, said he,
‘ Sire, thou knowest we are noblest
Of Castile’s nobility.

‘ True it is, we left these women,
Whom it was not meet to wed.
Dire disgrace it were to mate us
With the daughters of the Cid.’

Furious was the rage of the Cid’s followers, but all held their peace save Don Ordoño, his nephew, who exclaimed,—

‘ Hold thy lying tongue, Diego,
Utter not such falsehood foul !
Strong and stalwart is thy body,
But thou hast a craven soul.’

‘ Thou tongue without hands ! how durst thou speak thus ? Inasmuch as they are women, and ye are men, they are in all respects better and worthier than ye.’ ‘ Remember,’ he proceeds to say to the other brother, ‘ thy shameful flight from the Moor beneath the walls of Valencia, when I slew thine

adversary for thee, and gave thee his spoil to show it as a trophy of thy prowess. I did it to honor thee, for that thou hadst wedded my cousin :—

“ Nought of this have I e'er utter'd,
Nought should from my lips depart,
Were I not this day constrained
To proclaim how vile thou art.”

He then reminds them both of their cowardice when the lion broke loose, and ends by branding them with baseness and cruelty :

“ He’s no noble, maugre lineage,
Who doth chivalry despite ;
He who layeth hands on women
Is a villain, and no knight.”

The Counts with their uncle Suero Gonzalez, were obliged to accept the challenge, for by victory alone could they hope to establish themselves guiltless of the charges brought against them ; and the Cid was called upon by the king to appoint three knights to do battle in his name, which he did, to wit, Pedro Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, and Nuño Bustos. As the court broke up, messengers came in from Navarre and Arragon, demanding the Cid’s daughters in marriage,—Doña Elvira, the eldest, for Don Ramiro, son of the king of Navarre, and Doña Sol for Don Sancho, heir to the throne of Arragon.

My Cid had already set out for Valencia, when he turned his rein and besought the king to take Babieca, saying, that it was not meet that he should keep so renowned a steed, which belonged of right to his liege lord. ‘ Nay,’ said the king, ‘ not so ; for were I to take him, he would not have so good a master as now. Verily, if he were mine, I would give him to thee, as to him who could employ him with most honor to himself and to me.’ Then the king crossed himself and said, ‘ I swear by St. Isidore, that in all my realm there is none like unto the Cid !’ Rodrigo kissed his lord’s hands, and with great joy and contentment proceeded on his way.

The traitor Counts excused themselves from the combat in Toledo, on the ground that they could not equip themselves to their satisfaction, save in their own town of Carrion. King Alfonso, therefore, courteously allowed them to depart, and followed them to Carrion, with the six judges of the fight and the three knights appointed to do battle in the Cid’s name. In the plain adjacent to the town he found the tents pitched and every thing prepared for the battle, but the kinsmen and partisans of the Counts mustered in such numbers,

and were so formidably armed, that Alfonso suspected treachery, and, knowing the Counts to have more treason than valor, he caused it to be proclaimed,—

‘ Whoso shall do wrong or outrage
To the squires of the Cid,
List ! his head and his possessions
Straightway shall be forfeited.’

This grieved the Counts sore, for they had agreed with their followers to slay the Cid’s men before the combat ; then they besought the king, saying,—

‘ ‘ King ! a boon we crave !—forbid it
That our foemen in the fight
Wield Tizona and Colada—
Falchions they of wondrous might ! ’ ’

‘ Nay, Sir Counts,’ replied the king, ‘ I can grant ye none of this. Ye can equip yourselves in what arms ye please, there is none to gainsay ye. Ye are stout and stalwart ; fight, then, with valiant hearts.’

Our limits will not allow us to give the details of the battle. The result was that the Cid’s warriors were victorious, and, according to a letter which the king wrote to him, giving a full description of the combat, one of the brothers was left dead on the field ; though another romance agrees with the Chronicle in saying that they all escaped with their lives, but were so covered with shame that ‘they fled from the land, and never more lifted up their heads.’ Pursuant to the prevalent but absurd notion of trial by combat, that right was always victorious, the six judges then decreed that the two counts of Carrion, with their uncle Suero Gonzalez, were base and infamous traitors, thenceforward incapable of honor, and all their possessions were forfeited to the crown.

The three victors returned to Valencia, to the very great joy and rejoicing of the Cid.

‘ Down upon his knees he cast him,
And his hands uprais’d to heaven,
Praise and thanks to God he render’d
For the vengeance he had given.’

“ He grasped his beard, and cried, ‘ I thank the King of Heaven, my daughters are avenged ! ’ He hastened to inform Ximena and his daughters of the joyful news. Elvira and Sol heard the tidings with manifestations of unbounded delight, ‘ with joy as great as joy could be.’

'Praise and thanks to God they render'd,
Then they ran with haste amain,
Forth to greet the good Bermudez
And his valiant comrades twain.

'Eager in their arms they caught them,
And would fain their hands have kiss'd,
But the warriors forbade them,—
Great the damsels' joy, I wist.'

After this the nuptials of the Cid's daughters were celebrated with the Princes of Arragon and Navarre,—‘See how honor floweth to him who in a good hour was born!—and thus the Cid became the progenitor of kings, ‘sending,’ says a modern traveller, ‘through almost every royal house of Europe a vein of heroism which is not slow to proclaim itself.’

The Cid.—Part Eleventh.

'That when dead the foe he routed,
'Tis no folly to believe;
For to whom the saints show favor
All is easy to achieve.'

WE now come to the closing scenes of our hero's life. When he had retained possession of Valencia for five years, he fell sick, worn out by age and the fatigues of his long continued warfare with the Moors. Tidings were at the same time brought him that the Moorish king Bucar, whom he had before driven from the plains of Valencia, had returned to the siege with a mighty force of horse and foot, and with thirty kings in his alliance.

'Sorely grieved the Cid these tidings,
As upon his bed he lay;
Straight he pray'd the God of heaven
For protection and for stay;

' That from out this grievous peril
 He would save his servant guide,
 Thus he pray'd, when on a sudden,
 Lo ! a man stood at his side.

 ' There he stood in bright apparel,
 Robed in raiment white as snow,
 Scarce the Cid his face could gaze on,
 For so dazzling was its glow.'

This figure proved to be Saint Peter, sent from heaven to declare to the Cid that he had but thirty days to live ; for at the expiration of that time he would meet the saints in glory.

' Dear art thou to God, Rodrigo,
 And this grace he granteth thee,
 When thy soul hath fled, thy body
 Still shall cause the Moors to flee ;
 And, by aid of Santiago,
 Gain a glorious victory.'

' This,' the Saint added, ' God hath granted to my prayers, for the honor thou hast always shown to my house and altar at Cardeña.' With these words the holy Apostle returned to heaven, leaving my Cid lost in praise and thanksgiving.

These tidings cheered the Cid's heart greatly, and he straightway made preparations for his approaching end. Having ordered all the Moors to quit the city for the suburbs, he gathered together his followers in the church of San Pedro, and there made known the prophetic vision with which he had been honored ; then having charged them after his death to obey the commands of Don Geronymo, the bishop, Alvar Fañez, and Pedro Bermudez, he took a solemn farewell of all, confessed his sins, received absolution, and returned to his palace. Here he sickened fast, and for seven days before his death could take nothing but a little of the myrrh and balsam he had received from the Sultan of the East.

The day before that appointed for his decease, the Cid called together his wife and his nearest kinsmen and friends, to give them directions how to act after his death :

' First when that my soul hath left it,
 Wash my body clean and sweet ;
 Fill it next with myrrh and balsam,
 And with spices, as is meet ;
 Then with ointments well anoint it
 From the head unto the feet.

Funeral
prep.

'Mourn me not, my dear Ximena—
 Mourn me not, ye maids, I pray;
 Lest your weeping and your wailing
 To the foe my death betray.'

Then turning to Alvar Fañez and Pedro Bermudez, his kinsmen and companions in arms, he said,—

'Should the Moorish king assail ye,
 Call your hosts and man the wall;
 Shout aloud, and let the trumpets
 Sound a joyful battle-call.

'Meantime then to quit this city
 Let all secretly prepare,
 And make all your chattels ready
 Back unto Castile to bear.

'Saddle next my Babieca,
 Arm him well as for the fight;
 On his back then tie my body,
 In my well-known armor dight.

'In my right hand place Tizona;
 Lead me forth unto the war;
 Bear my standard fast behind me,
 As it was my wont of yore.

'Then, Don Alvar, range thy warriors
 To do battle with the foe;
 For right sure am I that on ye
 God will victory bestow.'

The Cid then makes his will, which he commences in this manner,—

'He who spareth no man living,
 Kings or nobles though they be,
 At my door at length hath knocked,
 And I hear him calling me.

'As to go I am prepared,
 I do make my testament,' &c.

After repeating some of the above directions, he orders that Babieca, when he dies, should be decently and carefully buried, 'that no dogs may eat the

flesh of him who hath trodden down so much dogs'-flesh of Moors.' His own body he directs to be borne to San Pedro de Cardeña, and there buried under a bronze monument hard by the altar of the Holy Fisherman, as he calls St. Peter. He forbids any female mourners to be hired to bewail his death, as the tears of Ximena would suffice without the purchase of others. His conscience still rebuking him for the deceit he had practised on the two Jews who had lent him money on his departure into exile, he bequeaths them another coffer of silver; and after a few other legacies, he leaves the rest of his property to be distributed among the poor. Then turning to his friends, who were weeping around his couch, he said,—

‘ Friends, I sorrow not to leave ye ;
If this life an exile be,
We who leave it do but journey
Homeward to our family.’

On the day following the Cid prayed sore to heaven: ‘ Oh ! Lord Jesus, thy kingdom is over all—all rulers are in thy hands. Thou art King over all kings, and Lord over all lords. I beseech thee, seeing thou hast given me so much honor and glory, and so many victories over the enemies of thy holy faith, to be pleased to pardon all my sins, and take my spirit to thyself.’ Saying this, he gave up the ghost. He died in the year 1099, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Gil Diaz, his faithful servant, a Moor by birth, but a convert to Christianity, fulfilled all his instructions with regard to the body, and gave it a sitting and upright position, by placing it on a chair, and leaving it to stiffen between two boards.

On the twelfth day after his death every thing was in readiness for the departure of the Christians from Valencia. It was the hour of midnight when they led forth Babieca, who gazed at his dead lord ‘ with an air of sorrow more like a man than a brute.’ They strapped the body firmly down to the saddle, and tied the feet to the stirrups. His helmet and armor were of parchment, painted so as to resemble steel. A shield of the same, marked with his own device, was hung about his neck, and his beloved Tizona was fixed upright and bare in his right hand :

‘ There he sat all stiff and upright,
So Gil Diaz did contrive ;
He who had not known the secret,
Would have deem'd him still alive.

death

' By the fitful glare of torches
 Forth they go at dead of night;
 Headed by their lifeless captain,
 Forth they march unto the fight.'

The bishop of Valencia, Don Geronymo, led Babieca by one rein, and Gil Diaz by the other. Pedro Bermudez led the van, with the Cid's banner upraised, guarded by four hundred knights of noble birth. Then followed the beasts laden with the baggage under a similar guard. Next came the Cid's body, guarded by a hundred knights; and Ximena and her women, with six hundred knights, brought up the rear. The procession moved on into the plain

' All so silent and so softly,
 That there seemed not twenty there.'

As the day broke, they were met by the Moorish hosts, but Alvar Fañez assailed them with great fury.

At the head of the foe rode a Moorish woman, called 'the Star,' from her great skill in shooting, and by the Chronicle termed a queen, who with a hundred female companions, like the Amazons of old, did great execution with their long-bows. Had they been said to be Spanish Arabs, at that period the most polished and chivalrous race in Europe, we might deem this account unworthy of credit; but if we suppose them Africans, as we are at liberty to do, considering they were in the army of the king of Morocco, the fact loses all improbability, as we know, from the Arabian epic of 'Antar,' that among the tribes of the desert women not unfrequently took part in the perils of warfare, martial courage being regarded as one of the female virtues. These heroines were all conquered and slain by the Christians.

King Bucar and his thirty royal allies were astounded at beholding what, through a miraculous illusion, seemed to their eyes a prodigious force advancing against them:

' Seventy thousand Christian warriors,
 All in snowy garments dight,
 Led by one of giant stature,
 Mounted on a charger white;

' On his breast a cross of crimson,
 In his hand a sword of fire,
 With it hew'd he down the Paynims,
 As they fled, with slaughter dire.'

This terrible warrior was no other than Santiago, or St. James, who, as foretold by St. Peter, was to lend his aid to the Christians. Panic-struck, the Moors fled to their ships, but ten thousand were drowned in the attempt to get on board, and multitudes more were left dead on the field of battle. King Bucar himself escaped, but twenty of his confederate kings were slain. His camp fell into the hands of the Christians, who found in it so vast a spoil, that the poorest that entered came away rich. Thus laden, they continued their way to Castile; and wherever they halted on the road, they took the Cid's body from Babieca's back, and set it upright on a wooden horse which Gil Diaz had made for the purpose.

The Moors in the suburbs of Valencia, who had beheld the rout of King Bucar and his host, remained quiet all that day and the ensuing night, through fear of the Christians, but having neither seen nor heard them return to the city, they marvelled greatly, and on the following morning one of them ventured to ride round the walls. He saw no warders on the ramparts, heard no clashing of arms within, and found every gate closed, save that through which the Christians had gone forth, and on the wall he found a paper saying that the Cid was dead, and that the Christians had left Valencia to the Moors. Great was their joy to return within its walls.

The Cid.—Part Twelfth.

THE good Ximena had sent messengers to the princes of Arragon and Navarre, her sons-in-law, as well as to the other kinsmen of the Cid, inviting them to come and do his body honor. Alvar Fañez proposed that before they came the body should be put into a coffin, fastened down with nails of gold, and covered with a purple pall; but Ximena would not listen to this, saying that his daughters would rather behold him as he was:

“ My Cid hath still a beauteous visage,
And his eyes are nothing dim;
Whilst so fresh his body keepeth,
’Twere not meet to bury him.”

As the procession drew nigh to Olmedo, it was met by the Cid's daughters and their husbands. All the Aragonese knights in their train had their shields hanging reversed at their saddle-bows, and were clad in black cloaks with the hoods rent, according to the Castilian fashion of deep mourning, while the ladies were arrayed in robes of black serge. They would have wailed, but Ximena withheld them, as the Cid himself had forbidden it. Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, with their royal husbands, approached the body of their father :

‘ Weeping sore, his hands they kissed,
Greatly marvelling at the sight;
For no dead man then he seemed,
But a live and stalwart knight.’

All joined the procession as it continued on its way to San Pedro de Cardeña. Thither also came the good king Alfonso, to do honor to the dead hero, and he commanded that the Cid's body should not be buried at once, but should be clad in rich vestments sent him by the Sultan, and be set hard by the altar, on the seat he had been wont to use, on a cushioned cloth of gold, with his own good sword Tizona in his hand. All this was done, and

‘ There it sat, within that chapel,
More than ten long years, I ween.’

And a festival was held each year in honor of him, who ‘ though dead, hath a name that ne'er will die.’

On one of these yearly festivals, which were celebrated at San Pedro de Cardeña, whither multitudes flocked from every part of Castile, it chanced that a Jew entered the chapel at an hour when no one else was within its walls, as the abbot, by reason of the crowd, was preaching to the people without. There he beheld the Cid's body sitting upright on his seat, with his long white beard hanging down on his bosom, as though he were ‘ endowed with great gravity, and worthy of all reverence;’ his left hand holding the scabbard of his sword, and his right the strings of his mantle. This august sight failed however to awe the unbeliever, and he said within himself, as he gazed on the dead warrior :

‘ Lo, the Cid! this is his body,
Who through all the world was fear'd.
I've heard say in his lifetime
None did ever touch his beard.’

' Come, methinks I now will pluck it—
Nought can harm me, now he's dead.
Forth his hand the Hebrew stretched,
As these impious words he said.

' Ere the beard his fingers touched,
Lo, the silent man of death
Grasp'd the hilt, and drew Tizona
Full a span from out the sheath!

' Deadly fear the Hebrew seized
When he did behold this sight—
Down he fell unto the earth
Well nigh lifeless with affright.'

And there he was found by some of the congregation who entered the church. On recovering from his swoon, he recounted what had past, and gave thanks to God for that miracle, which wrought his immediate conversion to Christianity. He assumed the cowl in the same convent of Cardeña, and 'there ended his days, like any other good Christian.' But the Jew's word, if we may believe the Chronicle, was not the only voucher for this miracle; from that day forth the right hand of the dead Cid kept firm hold of the hilt of Tizona, so that his garments could no more be changed when dirty, as had been the wont before.

At the end of ten years, the tip of the Cid's nose dropped off; whereon the abbot and Gil Diaz thought it time for him to be interred, which was done accordingly in the same chapel; a deep pit being dug before the high altar, and his body being placed upright in it, on his own chair, as it had sat since his death.

Ximena and the faithful Gil Diaz spent the remainder of their lives in the convent of San Pedro, watching their lord's body; keeping vigils and singing masses for the benefit of his soul. Ximena died four years after him, but Gil Diaz lived many years longer. He carefully tended Babieca and took especial care that none should ever mount him who had carried the Cid for forty-two years; and that his race might not be lost, he made him the progenitor of the best breed of horses that ever existed in the realm of Spain. Babieca died two years after his master, and was buried by Gil Diaz before the gate of the monastery.

The remains of the Cid have several times been removed in the course of the seven centuries and a half which have elapsed since his death, the last time being by the French in 1809, to the Espanol or public promenade of

Burgos, but in 1826 they were restored with great solemnity to their original resting-place in the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.

In the centre of a small chapel called ‘the chapel of kings, counts, and illustrious men,’ now stands the monument containing the remains of our hero and ‘his wife so perfect, whom he loved as his own soul,’ as says the Poem. Their effigies in marble repose above, side by side. On a tablet below is a Latin inscription in doggerel hexameters, saying that ‘as Rome was honored by the warlike deeds of her heroes, as King Arthur was the glory of the Britons, and Charlemagne of the French, so is Spain no less ennobled by her unconquered Cid.’ The walls of this chapel are thickly covered with painted escutcheons, to each of which some name is attached, serving as the epitaph of the person whose remains lie enclosed in the wall at that spot. Here you read the name of the Cid’s great ancestor, Lain Calvo, the first judge of Castile—of his father Diego Lainez, and mother Doña Teresa—of the proud Count of Gormaz, who fell by his maiden sword. Here are also interred our hero’s two daughters Elvira and Sol, together with their royal husbands of Navarre and Arragon; and his only son Diego Rodriguez, of whom no mention is made by the romances, but who died at an early age, fighting by his father’s side against the Moors of Consuegra. Here also lies the dust of the Cid’s brave companions in arms—of Alvar Fañez Minaya, his first cousin, whom he was wont to call ‘his right arm, his better arm;’ of Martin Antolinez, Pedro Bermudez, and Ordoño, his nephews; of Martin Pelaez, the Asturian; and of others of his captains whose names we have not recorded.

Over the principal entrance to the convent is a mounted figure of the Cid, larger than life, and painted striking the Moors to the ground beneath the feet of Babieca. It was sadly mutilated during the War of Independence. Since the suppression of the monastic orders in Spain, in 1835, the convent has been uninhabited, save by a man who keeps it in order, and who, happily for the visitor, is deeply read in the Cid’s history. It stands about six or seven miles to the east of Burgos, in the midst of a bleak and dreary country, but which is yet not unfertile, as it is in many parts covered with corn. The village of Bivar lies about the same distance to the north of Burgos. We did not visit it when recently at that city, but heard that some remains of the Cid’s castle are still standing. The site of the house in Burgos in which the Cid was born is marked by three obelisks bearing escutcheons and a commemorative inscription, which informs us that ‘these monuments were raised on the ancient ruins of his family mansion in the year 1784.’ This, and the chest already spoken of as preserved in the cathedral, are, we be-

lieve, the only relics pertaining to the Cid now to be seen in Burgos; but we must not forget that his statue has a prominent place as 'the dread and terror of the Moors,' in the quaint gateway of Santa María, erected by Charles V. to the memory of the heroes of Burgos.

It may be remembered by the readers of 'Don Quixote' that the Manchegan knight speaks of Babieca's saddle being preserved in the Royal Armory at Madrid. We were there a few months since, but saw no such saddle, only the suit of armor mentioned in a former article as belonging to the Cid, but which is evidently of later date by several centuries; and a sword which is called Colada, but of which, judging from the hilt, we think the same may be said. We had no opportunity of examining it, but Southey states that on one side of the blade is graven, 'Yes, yes,' on the other, 'No, No.' 'Tizona,' according to the same authority, 'is an heir-loom in the family of the Marquis of Falces.' On one side of the blade is engraved, 'I am Tizona, made in era 1040,' i. e. A. D. 1002; on the other, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace!'

In concluding our sketch of the Cid's history, we must state our regret that the necessity we have all along felt of curtailing and condensing our matter as much as possible, has prevented us from dealing with the subject as it deserved. Yet we think our readers will allow that these ballads of the Cid, though seen through the medium of our defective translation, are far from deserving the sweeping condemnation of Dr. Southey, that 'the greater part of them are utterly worthless.' Among the nearly two hundred which are extant, there are certainly some of little value or interest, but we are satisfied that few who read them in the original will allow that this is characteristic of the mass, and that not a few will say, with Mr. Lockhart, that they have derived great pleasure from the perusal. In fact, those only who so read them can adequately admire them, for, to adopt the words of a modern critic on the early poetry of Spain, 'Spanish literature is of all others that which can be least appreciated by extracts or translations. Its excellence consists not in insulated beauties, but in that noble national spirit which, like a great connecting principle, pervades and harmonizes the whole.'

END OF THE ROMANCE OF THE CID.

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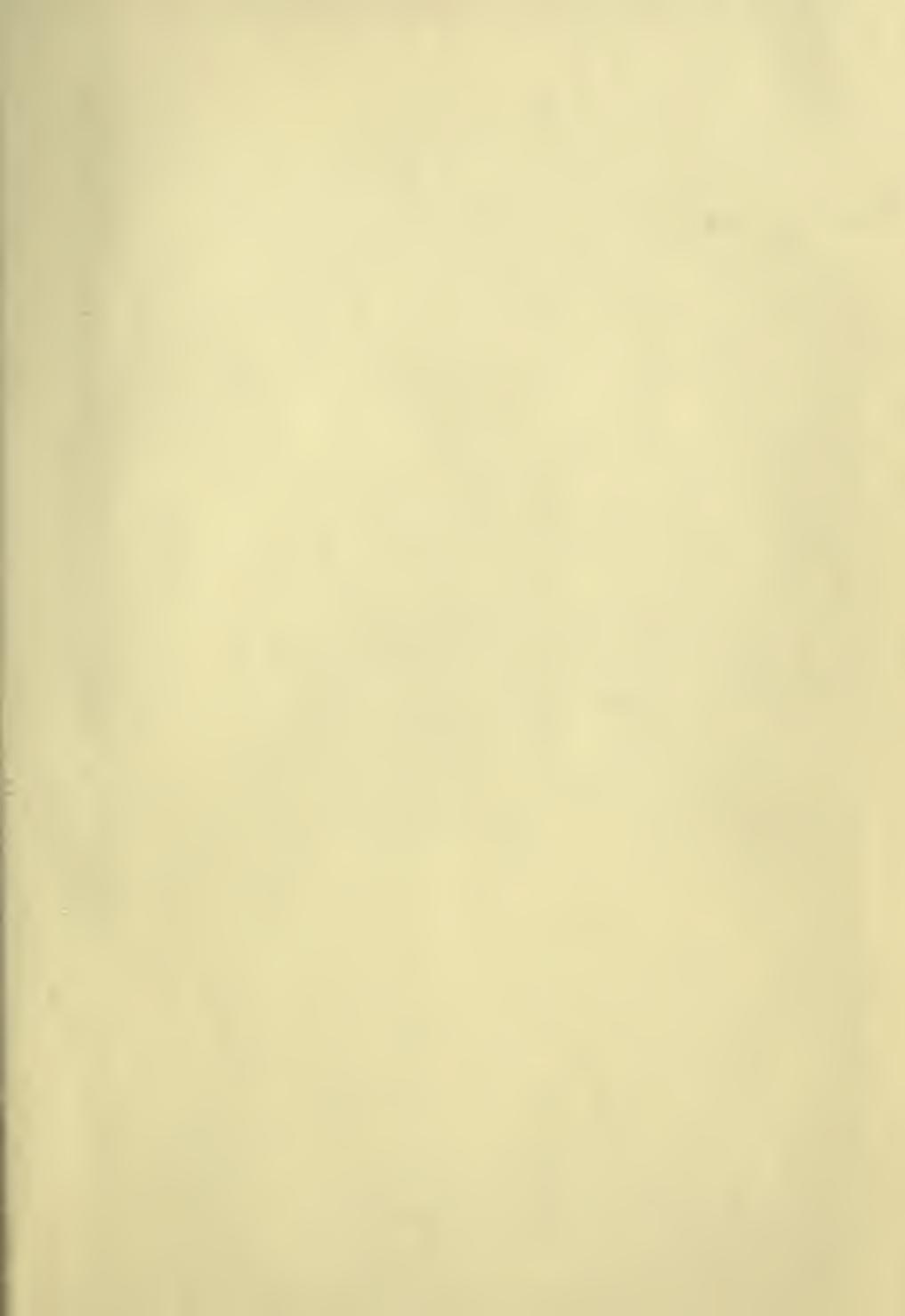
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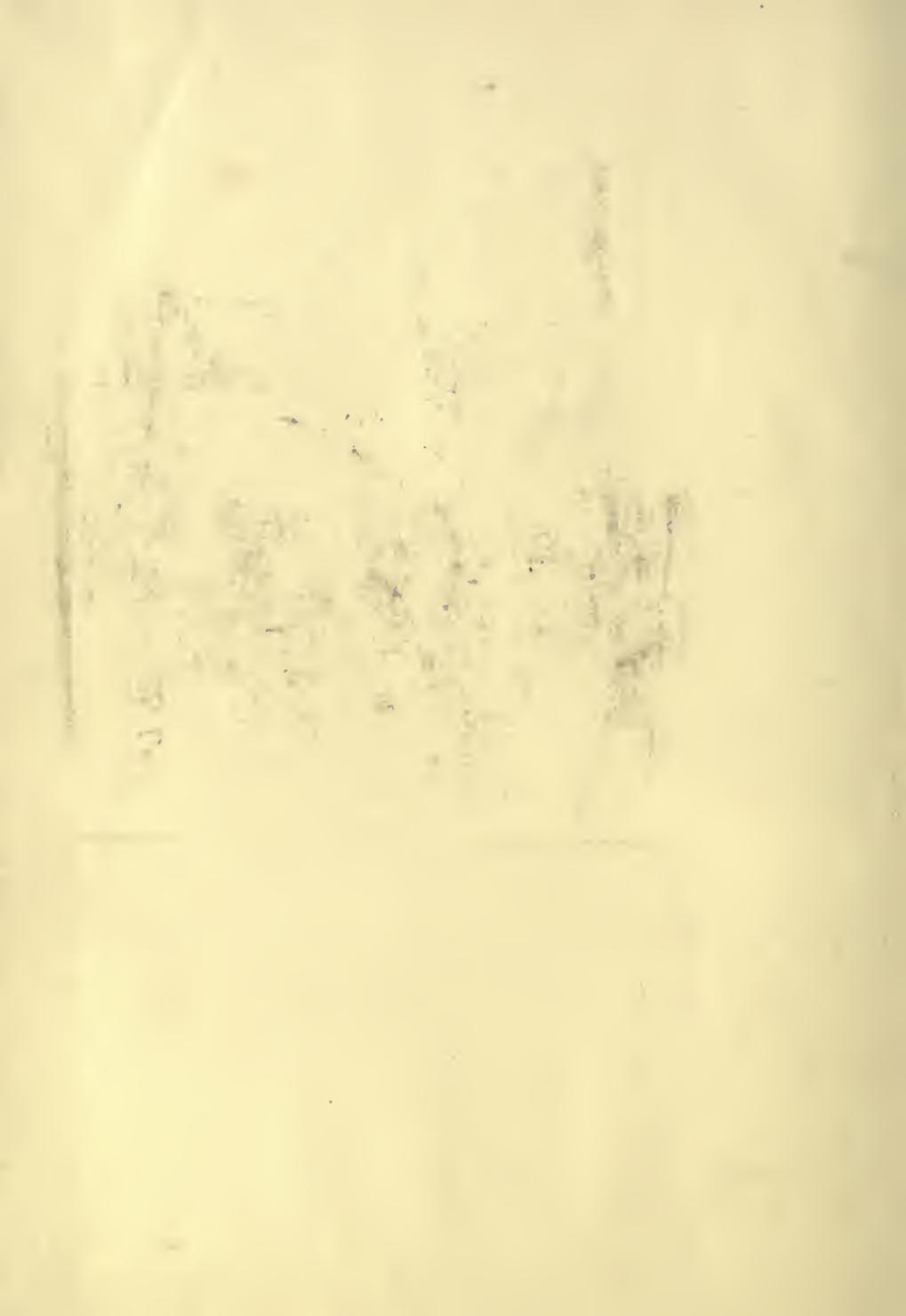
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